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Thomson, G.

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THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

*Let us, Ananda, timely woe, shed in soft rapture waste the day
Like them improve the hour that flies, among the barks of Invermay.*

Published at the Art Store, March 1829, by T. Procter, Strand, London, & by the Proprietors G. T. B. & Co. Edinburgh.

NEW EDITION,

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*You see where valedonous Genius mourns
And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns.*

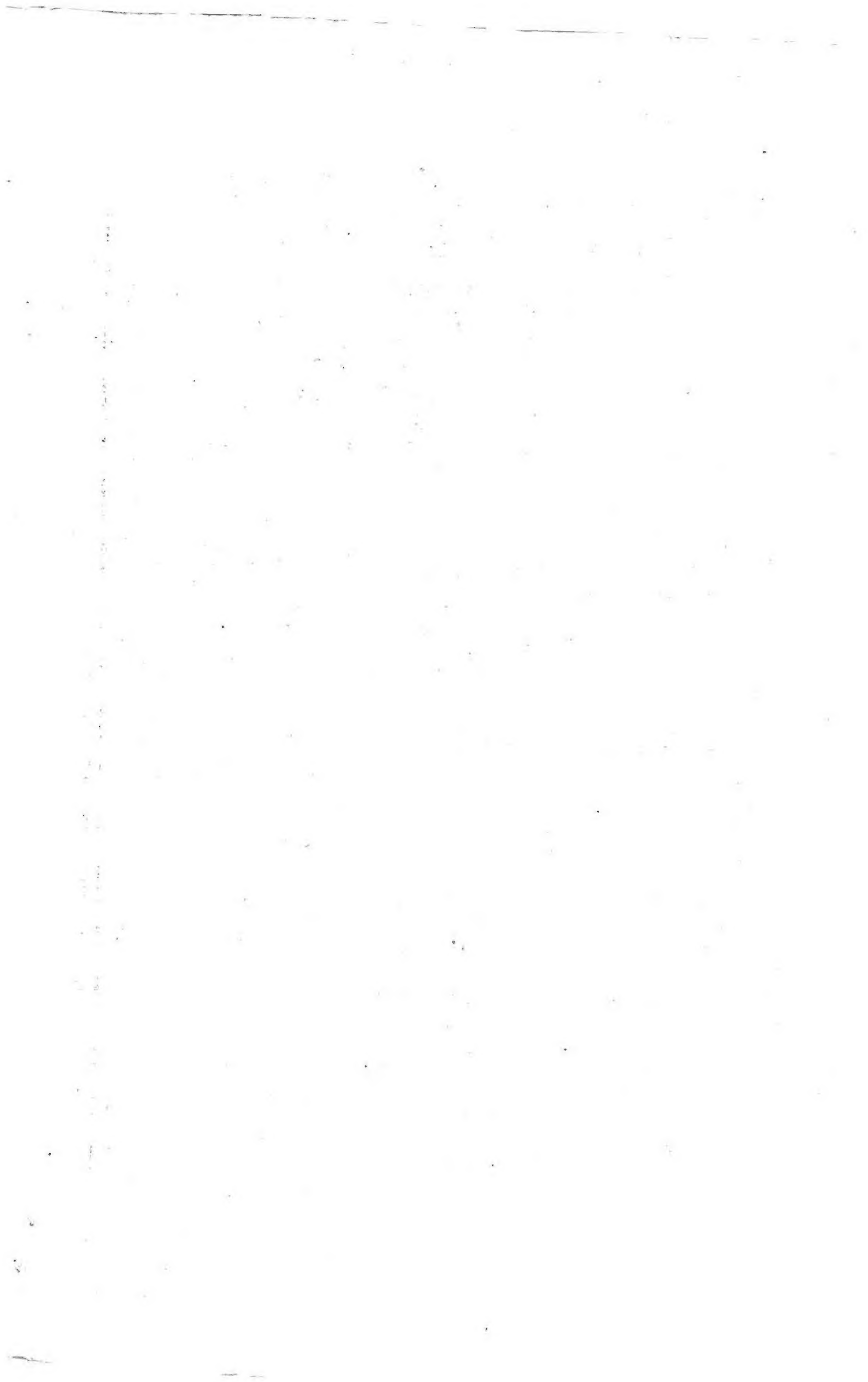
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G. Thomson

63

111



The smiling Morn.

Andante.

Violino

The smiling morn the breathing spring In
vate the tuneful birds to sing And while they war-ble from each spray Love
melts the u-ni-ver-sal lay: Let us A-man-da time-ly wise Like
them im-prove the hour that flies And in soft rap-tures waste the day A
mong the birks of In-ver-may.

* The above Sym.^o & Accompl.^o composed by Haydn & first pub^d in 1803.

THE SMILING MORN.

WRITTEN

By MALLETT.

AIR—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

<p>THE smiling morn, the breathing spring, Invite the tuneful birds to sing; And while they warble from each spray, Love melts the universal lay: Let us, Amanda, timely wise, Like them improve the hour that flies; And in soft raptures waste the day, Among the birks of Invermay.</p>	<p>For soon the winter of the year, And age, life's winter, will appear: At this thy lively bloom will fade, As that will strip the verdant shade. Our taste of pleasure then is o'er, The feather'd songsters please no more: And when they droop, and we decay, Adieu the birks of Invermay!</p>
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HOW OFT, LOUISA, HAST THOU SAID.

WRITTEN

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>How oft, Louisa, hast thou said, (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,) Thou wou'dst not lose Antonio's love, To reign the partner of a throne! And by those lips that spoke so kind, And by that hand I've pressed to mine, To be the lord of wealth and power, By Heav'n's, I would not part with thine!</p>	<p>Then how, my soul, can we be poor, Who own what kingdoms could not buy? Of this true heart thou shalt be queen, And, serving thee,—a monarch I. Thus uncontroll'd, in mutual bliss, And rich in love's exhaustless mine, Do thou snatch treasures from my lips, And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!</p>
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HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

<p>HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie, Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame; Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same. Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting, Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e; Welcome now Summer, and welcome my Willie; The Summer to Nature, my Willie to me.</p>	<p>Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, How your dread howling a lover alarms! Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows! And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms. But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie, Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main: May I never see it, may I never trow it, But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!</p>
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WHERE IS THE SMILE

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DR WOLCOT.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>WHERE is the smile that was heaven to our eye? Where is the voice that enchanted our ear? Nought now around us is heard but the sigh, Nought in the valley is seen but the tear! Blest is the cottage thy charms shall adorn, There will the moments be wing'd with delight; Pleasure with thee shall arise at the morn, Rapture retire with thy beauties at night.</p>	<p>Marian, thy form was a sun to our shade, Chac'd were the glooms when it beam'd on our plain: Leave not, O leave not the verdures to fade! Let not chill darkness surround us again! Tell us what tempts thee to fly from our grove? What is our crime that our valley should pine? Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love; The hearts of our shepherds already are thine.</p>
--	--

Here awa, there awa.

Violino

Larghetto

pia *f* *f* *f*

Here a - wa, there a - wa, wand - er - ing WIL - LIE, Here a - wa,

there a - wa, haud a - wa hame, Come to my ho - som, my ain on - ly

Dea - - rie, Tell me thou bring'st me my WIL - LIE the same.

Violino

What beauties does Flora disclose.

Duet
Larghetto

What beauties does Flora dis- close, How sweet are her smiles up on Tweed, Yet MARY'S still

What beauties does Flora dis- close, How sweet are her smiles up on Tweed, Yet MARY'S still

sweeter than those; But na- ture and fancy ex- ceed. No d i- sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

sweeter than those; But na- ture and fancy ex- ceed. No d i- sy nor sweet blushing rose, Nor

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid- ing gent- ly thro' those, Such beau- ty and

all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid- ing gent- ly thro' those, Such beau- ty and

pleasure does yield.

pleasure does yield.

WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD,

OF THE AUCHNAMES FAMILY.

AIR—TWEEDSIDE.

BURNE mentions, that the Heroine of this song was MARY STEWART of the Castlemilk family, afterwards Mrs John Ritchie ; while Sir WALTER SCOTT, in his Notes to Canto II. of Marmion, says, that the song was written in honour of MARY LILLIAS SCOTT of the Harden family, the Second Flower of Yarrow. Sir WALTER adds, that " he well remembers the talent and " spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name."

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed :
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed !

 BEHIND YON HILLS.

WRITTEN

 By BURNS.

AIR—MY NANIE, O.

The Heroine of this beautiful Song was Miss FLEMING, a Farmer's Daughter, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs and mosses many, O,
 The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa' to Nanie, O.

Tho' westlin' winds blaw loud and shill,
 And its baith mirk and rainy, O,
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, and young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it canie, O;
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weal, come woe, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O:
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nanie, O!

 O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

WRITTEN

 By DR PERCY.

THE SAME AIR.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer drest in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare;
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear?
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pangs of woe?

Say, shou'd disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy Love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair!

Behind you hills.

4

Andante
espressivo

Be - hind you hills where the fair flowers May
mutes and mo - ves ma - ny, O, The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And
I'll a - wa - to Nan - nie, O, Tho' west - lin winds blow loud and still; And its baith mirk and
rai - ny, O, I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hill to Nan - nie, O.

The same Air set for two voices.

With Symph^y & Accom^p by Haydn. First pub^d in 1822.

Andante
espressivo

Tenor voice.

2^d My Nan - nie's charm - ing sweet and young Nae art - fu' wiles to win ye O May
1st My Nan - nie's charm - ing sweet and young Nae art - fu' wiles to win ye O May

ill be - fa' the flatt - ring tongue that would be - guile my Nan - nie O.
ill be - fa' the flatt - ring tongue that would be - guile my Nan - nie O.

Her face is fair her heart is true As spot - less as she's bon - nie O The op - ning gow - an
Her face is fair her heart is true As spot - less as she's bon - nie O The op - ning gow - an

wet wi' dew nae pur - er than Nan - nie O.
wet wi' dew nae pur - er than Nan - nie O.

Hear me ye Nymphs.

Andante
Espressivo.

f *for* *h* *h* *f* *for* *h* *h* *rf*

f *for* *h* *h* *f* *for* *h* *h*

S. Hear me, ye Nymphs, and

ev'-ry Swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me Tho' thus I languish and complain, A

las! she ne'er believes me. My vows, and sighs, like si-lent air, Un heed-ed ne-ver

move - - her, The bon-ny bush a-boon 'Traquair, 'Twasthere I first did love her.

S.

S.

* Take either the upper or under notes.

 HEAR ME, YE NYMPHS.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

<p>HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain, I'll tell how Peggy grieves me; Though thus I languish, thus complain, Alas! she ne'er believes me. My vows and sighs, like silent air, Unheeded, never move her; At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,* 'Twas there I first did love her.</p> <p>That day she smiled, and made me glad, No maid seem'd ever kinder: I thought myself the luckiest lad, So sweetly there to find her. I tried to soothe my am'rous flame, In words that I thought tender: In nought that pass'd was I to blame, I meant not to offend her.</p>	<p>Yet now she scornful flies the plain, The fields we then frequented: If e'er we meet, she shews disdain, She looks as ne'er acquainted. The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May, Its sweets I'll ay remember: But now her frowns make it decay, It fades as in December.</p> <p>Ye rural powers, who hear my strains, Why thus should Peggy grieve me? Oh! make her partner in my pains, Then let her smiles relieve me. If not, my love will turn despair, My passion no more tender; I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair, To lonely wilds I'll wander!</p>
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* When Burns visited this far-famed Bush in 1787, it consisted of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near it, which he calls "The New Bush."

O, HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMILED ON ME.

WRITTEN

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>OHAD my Love ne'er smil'd on me, I ne'er had known such anguish; But think how false, how cruel she, To bid me cease to languish! To bid me hope her hand to gain, Breathe on a flame half perish'd; And then with cold and fix'd disdain, To kill the hope she cherish'd!</p>	<p>Not worse his fate, who on a wreck That drove as winds did blow it, Silent had left the shatter'd deck, To find a grave below it: Then land was cried! no more resign'd, He glow'd with joy to hear it:— Not worse his fate, his woe, to find The wreck must sink ere near it!</p>
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ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD,

AIR—I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

There is an incongruity in coupling a Greek with a Scottish name; and the Editor has sometimes heard Montgom'ry substituted for Adonis in this Song. The critical reader, it is hoped, will excuse the omission of a stanza of the Song.

ONE day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou shou'dst leave me;
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that's griev'd thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may'st believe me;
Such true love can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee!
O! that thought makes me sad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me!
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If he should leave me!

One day I heard Mary say.

Adagio

fer *rf* *pia*

fer *rf* *pia*

One day I heard MA - ry say

How shall I leave thee. Stay, dearest A - do - nis, stay Why wilt thou

grieve me. A - - las! my fond heart will break, If thou shouldst

leave me I'll live and die for thy sake; Yet ne - - ver leave thee.

f *s.* *s.*

My Latic is a lover gay.

Duet
Alligrette

My PATIE is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver mud-dy, His breath is sweet-er

My PATIE'S a lo-ver gay, His mind's ne'er mud-dy, His breath's sweeter

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape is hand-some middle size, He's stately in his

than new hay, His face is fair and rud-dy. His shape's handsome, middle size, He's stately

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

waw-king; The shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—CORN RIGGS.

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy :
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking :
 The shining of his e'en surprise :
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wou'd be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny !

COME, DEAR AMANDA QUIT THE TOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 And to the rural hamlets fly ;*
 Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky :
 The birds awake, the flow'rs appear ;
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
 'Tis joy and music all we hear !
 'Tis love and beauty all we see !

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
 'Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day ;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night !
 Arise, my love, and come away !

* Although the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th lines of this Song are each a syllable longer than the corresponding lines of the Scottish verses, they are more exactly suited to the Air, which requires lines of eight syllables each.

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

AIR—THE EWE-BUGHTS.*

<p>WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee. The sun, &c.</p>	<p>I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion, A cow and a brawney quey; I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion Upon her bridal-day. I'll gi'e, &c.</p>
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<p>O Marion's a bonny lassie, The blythe blink's in her e'e: And fain wad I marry Marion, Gin Marion wad marry me. And fain, &c.</p>	<p>And ye's get a green say apron, And waistcoat o' London brown; And wow but ye will be vap'ring Whene'er ye gang to the town. And wow, &c.</p>
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I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.
 And gin, &c.

** Though this beautiful old Air is commonly reckoned a production of the south of Scotland, Burns doubts whether it may not be a Northern composition, because there is a Song, apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts, Marion," which is sung to the same Air, and is evidently of the north; it begins thus:*

" The Lord o' Gordon had three daughters,
 " Mary, Margret, and Jean,
 " They wad na stay at bonnie Castle-Gordon,
 " But awa' to Aberdeen."

The following Song was a juvenile production of the Poet, who, when he transmitted it to the Editor, wrote thus of it:

" In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl; it is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of the Ewe-Bughts. You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion; and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish to me would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race."

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES MY MARY.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary, And leave auld Scotia's shore? Will ye go the Indies, my Mary, Across th' Atlantic's roar!</p>	<p>I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary, I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; And sae may the Heavens forget me, When I forget my vow!</p>
<p>O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; But a' the charms o' the Indies, Can never equal thine.</p>	<p>O plight me your faith, my Mary, And plight me your lily white hand; O plight me your faith, my Mary, Before I leave Scotia's strand.</p>

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join;
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!
 The hour, and the moment o' time!

Will ye go to the Ewe bughts, Marion?

8

Duet.

Andante.

Will ye go to the ewebughts Marion And wear in the

Will ye go to the ewebughts Marion And wear in the

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines

sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee The sun shines

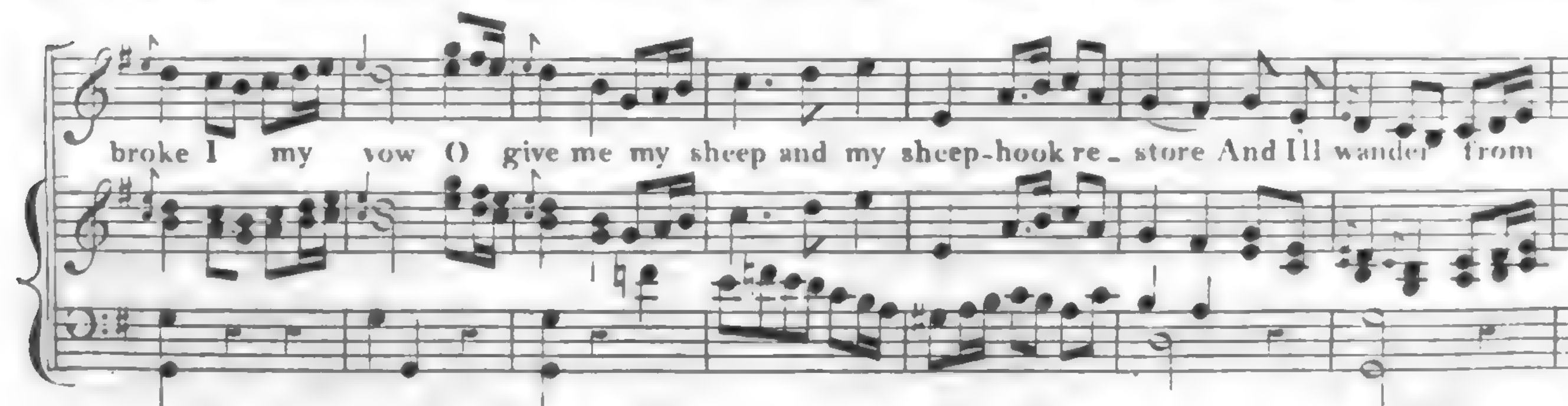
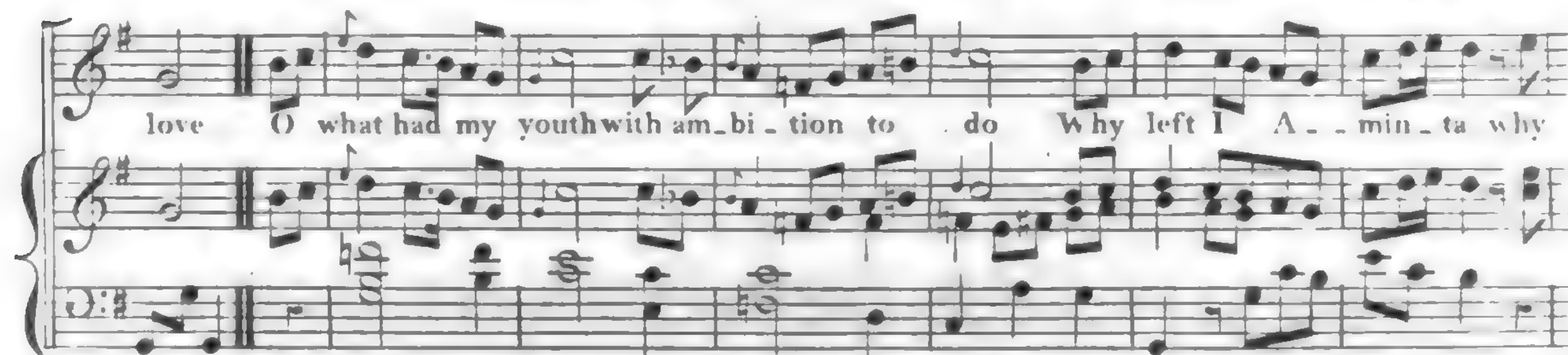
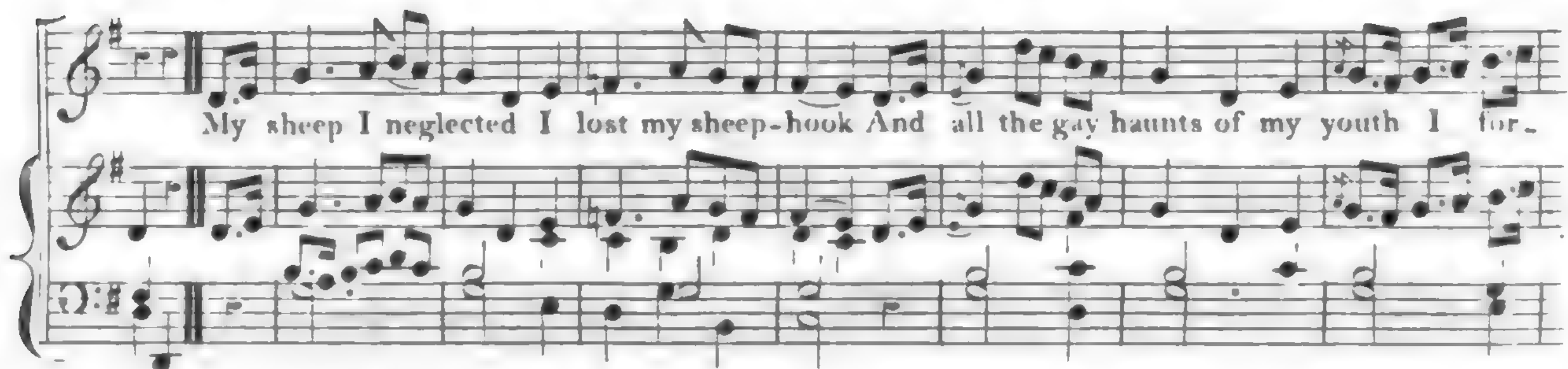
sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.

sweet my Marion But nae half sae sweet as thee.

* The above Sym.^y and Accomp.^y composed by Haydn & first pub.^d in 1803.

My sheep I neglected.

Larghetto



* The above Sym.^y & Accomp.^t composed by Haydn and first pub.^d in 1803.

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED, I LOST MY SHEEP-HOOK.

WRITTEN

By *SIR GILBERT ELLIOT*,

OF MINTO.

AIR—MY APRON DEARY.

M y sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,	Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,	And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;
No more for Aminta fresh garlands I wove;	O fool! to imagine that aught can subdue
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.	A love so well founded, a passion so true.
O! what had my youth with ambition to do!	O! what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?	Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?
O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,	O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.	I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine:—
 Poor shepherd, Aminta no more can be thine:
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again!
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do!
 Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—LOCHABER.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And not for the dangers attending on weir;
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my Love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

OF BANGOUR.

THE SAME AIR.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.
 Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine!
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine:
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
 The fair sleeps in peace; may she ever do so!
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs:
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspire me with hope, and yet bid me despair.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she should love whom she cannot admire:
 Hush all my complaining; and, dying her slave,
 Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave!

Farewell to Lochaber.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of sixteenth-note runs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean Where heartsome with thee I have

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction.

mony days been For Lochaber no more Lochaber no more, We'll may be re- turn to Loch-

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic structure.

- aber no more These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear And no for the dangers attending on

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic structure.

weir, Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore May be to re- turn to Lochaber no more.

The fourth system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic structure.

The piano coda consists of two staves. It features a series of sixteenth-note runs in the right hand and a steady accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand, mirroring the style of the introduction.

* The above Sym^y & Accom^p composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

Bran-lads on Yarrow bracs.

Violino

Andante con moto.

dol: *p*

dol:

rf

rf

rf

S. pia

pia

Braw braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye

wan-der thro' the bloo-ming heather; But Yar-row braes, nor

Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads of Gal-la wa-ter

Violino

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—GALLA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I loo him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

MARY'S CHARMS SUBDUED MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By the HON. ANDREW ERSKINE,

OF KELLIE.

THE SAME AIR.

MARY's charms subdued my breast,
Her glowing youth, her manner winning,
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
And still I've found her more endearing;
Each wayward passion she controul'd,
Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Fancy warmly on my mind,
Yet paints that evening's dear declining;
When raptur'd first I found her kind,
Her melting soul to love resigning.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
With artless look attention courting;
Their infant smiles dispel each gloom,
Around our hut so gaily sporting.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE, MY BONNY BONNY BRIDE.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

AIR—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.
B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare nae well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow;
For she has tint her luv'ly dear,
Her luv'ly dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream?
What yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.
Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in wae'ful wise
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow.
Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight? But to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.
Flows Yarrow sweet! as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luv', fair fair indeed thy luv',
In flow'ry bands thou him did'st fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lued thee better.
Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luv' on the braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow fields, may never never ruin,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my luv',
My luv', as he had not been a luv'.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing!
Ah! wretched me! I little little kend
He was in there to meet his ruin.
The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the tool of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that wae'ful wae'ful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
But lang ere night the spear was flown
That slew my luv' and left me mourning.
What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luv'ers blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow braes
My luv'ly naid in his coffin.
My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,
And strive with threat'ning words to move me:
My luv'ers blood is on thy spear,
How can'st thou ever bid me lue thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv'
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband luv'.
But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter;
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O! lay his cold head on my pillow;
Tak' aff, tak' aff, these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.
Pale tho' thou art art, yet best, yet, best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter!
And lie all night between my breasts;
No youth shall ever lie there after.
A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy luv'ly heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

THY BRAES WERE BONNY, O YARROW STREAM!

WRITTEN

By the Rev. Mr LOGAN.

THE SAME AIR.

THY braes were bonny, O Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, O Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover.
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love the flower of Yarrow.

He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promis'd me a little page,
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promis'd me a wedding ring,—
The wedding day was fix'd to-morrow:—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him:
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him.
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost:
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid,
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shalt never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

* The critical Reader will observe, that in the first and third lines of the first verse, the interjection O is added to suit the measure of the Air; but, in general, that liberties of this kind are taken only when found absolutely necessary.

It is here to be observed also, with respect to this as well as other Songs, that where the Air requires the first word of the line to be emphatic, and the Poet sometimes inadvertently throws his emphasis upon the second word or syllable—the Singer has only in such a case to supply a Quaver for the emphatic first word.

Busk ye, busk ye.

Allegretto.

The first system of musical notation for 'Busk ye, busk ye.' It features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The word 'pia' is written below the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Busk ye, buskye my bonny bonny bride, Busk ye, buskye, my win - some marrow,' are written below the treble staff.

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Busk ye, buskye my bonny bonny bride, And think nae mair on the braes of Yar - row.' are written below the treble staff.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Where got ye that bonny bonny bride? Where got ye that win - some mar - row?' are written below the treble staff.

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'I gother where I dare nae well be seen, Pu - ing the birks on the braes of Yar row.' are written below the treble staff.

The sixth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The word 'pia' is written below the bass staff.

In April when Primroses.

Duet.
Andante.

f *for*

S.
In April when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re -

S.
In April when Primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer ap - proaching re -

1st time *2^d*
-joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel - low - hair'd lad - die would oft - - entimes

1st time *2^d*
-joiceth the swain; -joiceth the swain; The yel - low - hair'd lad - die would oft - - entimes

1st time *2^d time*
go; To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow, hawthorn trees grow.

1st time *2^d time*
go; To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow, hawthorn trees grow.

S.
S.

IN APRIL WHEN PRIMROSES.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung :—'Tho' young Madie be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;

But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
 Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon is inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie is faithful, good humour'd and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

BE STILL, O YE WINDS, AND ATTENTIVE YE SWAINS.

WRITTEN

By EDWARD MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

COL. **B**E still, O ye winds, and attentive, ye swains,
 'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my strains;
 The sun never rose on, search all the world through,
 A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

PH. Glide softly ye streams, ye nymphs round me throng,
 'Tis Colin commands, and enlivens my song:
 Search all the world over, you never can find
 A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind.

COL. When Phebe is with me, the seasons are gay,
 And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May;
 The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,
 And linnets and nightingales sing through the meads.

PH. When Colin is absent, 'tis winter all round;
 How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground!
 Instead of the linnet or nightingale's song,
 I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
 Together shall wander, and love will be by;
 Her Colin shall guard her safe all the day long,
 Which Phebe at night will repay with a song.

PH. By moon-light, when shadows glide over the plain,
 His kisses shall cheer me, his arms shall sustain;
 The dark-haunted grove I can trace without fear,
 Or sleep in a church-yard, if Colin is near.

COL. Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
 How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!
 Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
 And learn to be happy from Phebe and me.

PH. Ye nymphs, who the pleasure of love never tried,
 Attend to my strains, and let me be your guide:
 Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
 And learn to be happy from Colin and me.

Both. 'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
 Our pleasure it brightens, drives sorrow away,
 Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

'T WAS IN THAT SEASON OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN

By *RICHARD HEWIT*.*

AIR—ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay :
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

O hark, my Love! on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song !
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms !

Awake, sweet Muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song :
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O come, my Love ! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away !
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine ;
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine !

* *The Author of this beautiful Song, when a boy, during the residence of Dr BLACKLOCK in Cumberland, who was blind, was employed in leading him, and for some years acted as his Amanuensis.*

WHEN DELIA ON THE PLAIN APPEARS.

WRITTEN

By *LORD LYTTLETON*.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear ;
No other wit but hers approve ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shady grove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

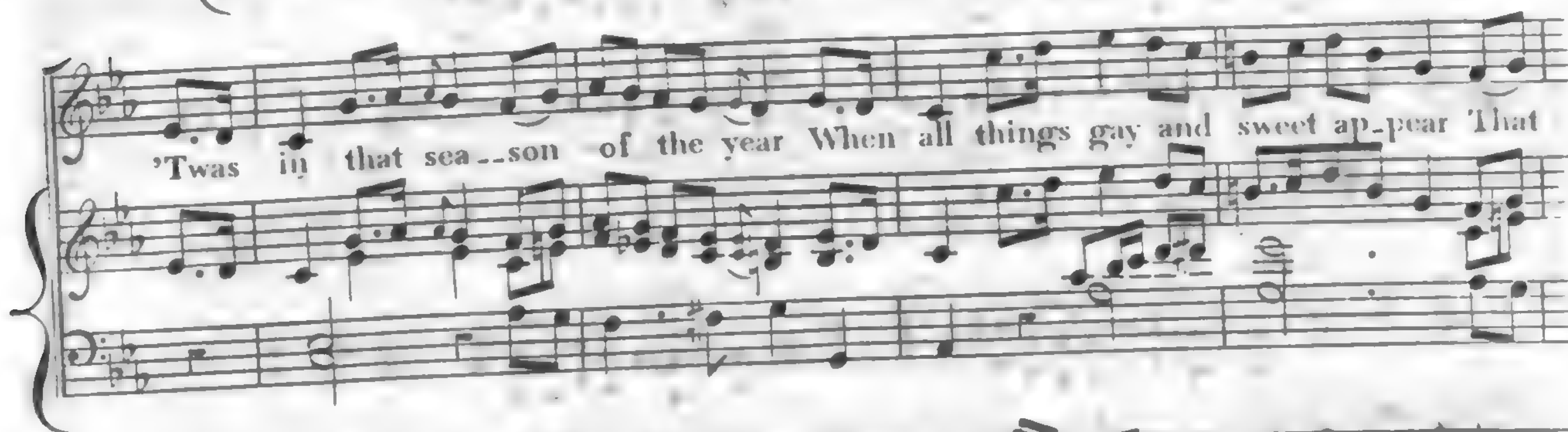
When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love !

'Twas in that season of the year.

Andante
Espressivo



'Twas in that sea-son of the year When all things gay and sweet ap-pear That



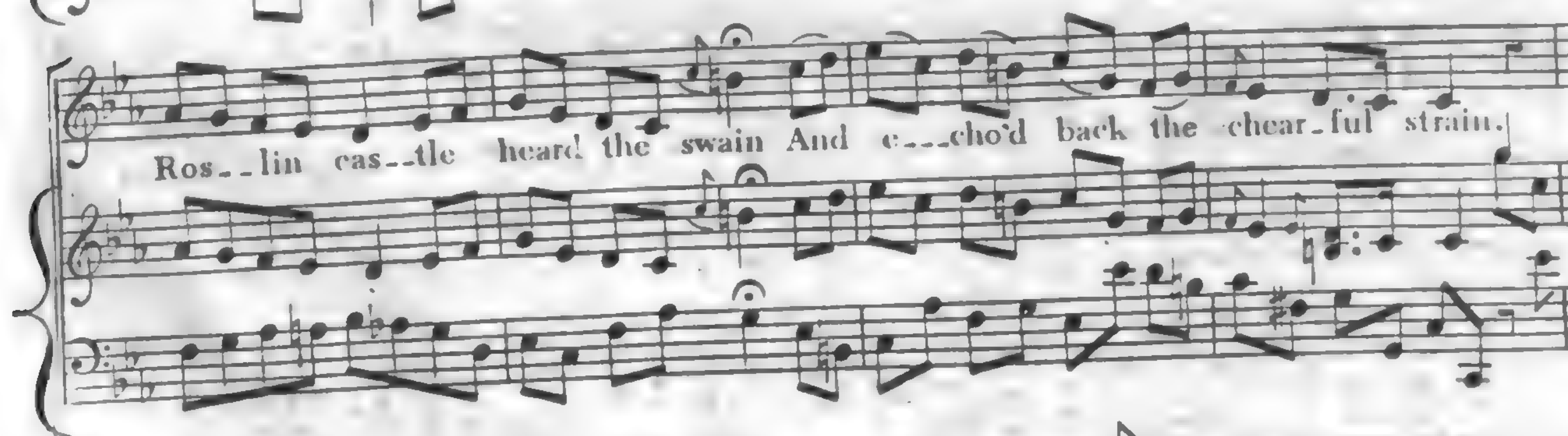
Col-lin with the morn-ing ray A-rose and sung his ru-ral lay; Of



Nan-ny's charms the shepherd sung, The hills and dales with Nan-ny rung While



Ros-lin cas-tle heard the swain And catch'd back the cheer-ful strain.



The above Song & Accompl^t composed by H. J. & first pub^d in 1805.

From thee Eliza, I must go.

Larghetto

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked *Larghetto*. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *rf* (ritardando forte) and *fp* (forzando piano). The vocal part enters in the second system with a melody that is more lyrical and expressive. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system is the piano introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody. The third system contains the first line of lyrics. The fourth system contains the second line of lyrics. The fifth system contains the third line of lyrics. The sixth system contains the fourth line of lyrics and ends with a double bar line. The piano part continues throughout, providing a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal melody.

From thee E - LI - ZA I must go, And from my native shore: The cru - el fates be
tween us throw A boundless o - cean's roar: But boundless o - cean's, roaring wide, Be
tween my Love and me, They ne - ver never can di - vide, My heart and soul from thee.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—DONALD.

The Heroine of this admirable song was Miss MILLER, afterwards Mrs Templeton, Mauchline.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore :
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never never can divide
My heart and soul from thee !

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore !
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more !
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN

By MRS BARBAULD.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, gentle God of soft repose,
Come, soothe this tortur'd breast ;
Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
And lull my cares to rest.
Come, gentle God, without thy aid
I sink in dark despair ;
O wrap me in thy silent shade,
For peace is only there.

Let Hope, in some propitious dream,
Her bright illusions spread ;
Once more let rays of comfort beam
Around my drooping head.
O quickly send thy kind relief,
These heart-felt pangs remove ;
Let me forget myself,—my grief,
And every care—but love !

GIN LIVING WORTH COULD WIN MY HEART.

AIR—THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth could win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain;
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Ne'er, ne'er to rise again.
 My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine;
 And oh! what a heart was that to lose!
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,
 Since Jamie's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit comes
 To shew me on my way,
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wond'ring at my stay!

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
 And oh! wi' what gude will!
 I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill!
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possest;
 Her wae fu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest!

O CEASE TO MOURN, UNHAPPY YOUTH.

THE SAME AIR.

O CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth
 Nor think this bosom hard:
 My tears, alas! must own your truth,
 And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating woe,
 This tortur'd breast endures,
 Too well, alas! must make me know
 The pain that dwells in yours.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
 I seek the darkest grove,
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
 No sound of comfort hears;
 And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
 To wake her into tears.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,
 In fancy I complain,
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
 Or see some perjured swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease
 Or blame the fates alone;
 For how can I restore your peace,
 Who quite have lost my own?

Gin living worth.

16

Andante
Affettuoso

Gin li - ving worth could

win my heart, You would na speak in vain - - - ; But in the dark - some

grave its laid, Neer neer to rise a - gain. My wae - - fu' heart lies

low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly mine - - - And oh! what a heart was

that to *lose; But I maun no re - pine.

* Take either G or F.

There's auld Rob Morris.

Duet

Andante

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude
 There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' gude

fellows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has
 fellows and wale of auld men; He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has

kine, And ae bon-ny las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.
 kine, And ae bon-ny las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

The musical score is written for a Duet and Andante. It features two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into several systems, each containing vocal staves and piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The first system is marked 'Duet' and 'Andante'. The second system contains the first line of the lyrics. The third system contains the second line of the lyrics. The fourth system contains the third line of the lyrics. The fifth system contains the fourth line of the lyrics. The sixth system contains the fifth line of the lyrics. The seventh system contains the sixth line of the lyrics. The eighth system contains the seventh line of the lyrics. The ninth system contains the eighth line of the lyrics. The tenth system contains the ninth line of the lyrics. The eleventh system contains the tenth line of the lyrics. The twelfth system contains the eleventh line of the lyrics. The thirteenth system contains the twelfth line of the lyrics. The fourteenth system contains the thirteenth line of the lyrics. The fifteenth system contains the fourteenth line of the lyrics. The sixteenth system contains the fifteenth line of the lyrics. The seventeenth system contains the sixteenth line of the lyrics. The eighteenth system contains the seventeenth line of the lyrics. The nineteenth system contains the eighteenth line of the lyrics. The twentieth system contains the nineteenth line of the lyrics. The twenty-first system contains the twentieth line of the lyrics. The twenty-second system contains the twenty-first line of the lyrics. The twenty-third system contains the twenty-second line of the lyrics. The twenty-fourth system contains the twenty-third line of the lyrics. The twenty-fifth system contains the twenty-fourth line of the lyrics. The twenty-sixth system contains the twenty-fifth line of the lyrics. The twenty-seventh system contains the twenty-sixth line of the lyrics. The twenty-eighth system contains the twenty-seventh line of the lyrics. The twenty-ninth system contains the twenty-eighth line of the lyrics. The thirtieth system contains the twenty-ninth line of the lyrics. The thirty-first system contains the thirtieth line of the lyrics. The thirty-second system contains the thirty-first line of the lyrics. The thirty-third system contains the thirty-second line of the lyrics. The thirty-fourth system contains the thirty-third line of the lyrics. The thirty-fifth system contains the thirty-fourth line of the lyrics. The thirty-sixth system contains the thirty-fifth line of the lyrics. The thirty-seventh system contains the thirty-sixth line of the lyrics. The thirty-eighth system contains the thirty-seventh line of the lyrics. The thirty-ninth system contains the thirty-eighth line of the lyrics. The fortieth system contains the thirty-ninth line of the lyrics. The forty-first system contains the fortieth line of the lyrics. The forty-second system contains the forty-first line of the lyrics. The forty-third system contains the forty-second line of the lyrics. The forty-fourth system contains the forty-third line of the lyrics. The forty-fifth system contains the forty-fourth line of the lyrics. The forty-sixth system contains the forty-fifth line of the lyrics. The forty-seventh system contains the forty-sixth line of the lyrics. The forty-eighth system contains the forty-seventh line of the lyrics. The forty-ninth system contains the forty-eighth line of the lyrics. The fiftieth system contains the forty-ninth line of the lyrics. The fifty-first system contains the fiftieth line of the lyrics. The fifty-second system contains the fifty-first line of the lyrics. The fifty-third system contains the fifty-second line of the lyrics. The fifty-fourth system contains the fifty-third line of the lyrics. The fifty-fifth system contains the fifty-fourth line of the lyrics. The fifty-sixth system contains the fifty-fifth line of the lyrics. The fifty-seventh system contains the fifty-sixth line of the lyrics. The fifty-eighth system contains the fifty-seventh line of the lyrics. The fifty-ninth system contains the fifty-eighth line of the lyrics. The sixtieth system contains the fifty-ninth line of the lyrics. The sixty-first system contains the sixtieth line of the lyrics. The sixty-second system contains the sixty-first line of the lyrics. The sixty-third system contains the sixty-second line of the lyrics. The sixty-fourth system contains the sixty-third line of the lyrics. The sixty-fifth system contains the sixty-fourth line of the lyrics. The sixty-sixth system contains the sixty-fifth line of the lyrics. The sixty-seventh system contains the sixty-sixth line of the lyrics. The sixty-eighth system contains the sixty-seventh line of the lyrics. The sixty-ninth system contains the sixty-eighth line of the lyrics. The seventieth system contains the sixty-ninth line of the lyrics. The seventy-first system contains the seventieth line of the lyrics. The seventy-second system contains the seventy-first line of the lyrics. The seventy-third system contains the seventy-second line of the lyrics. The seventy-fourth system contains the seventy-third line of the lyrics. The seventy-fifth system contains the seventy-fourth line of the lyrics. The seventy-sixth system contains the seventy-fifth line of the lyrics. The seventy-seventh system contains the seventy-sixth line of the lyrics. The seventy-eighth system contains the seventy-seventh line of the lyrics. The seventy-ninth system contains the seventy-eighth line of the lyrics. The eightieth system contains the seventy-ninth line of the lyrics. The eighty-first system contains the eightieth line of the lyrics. The eighty-second system contains the eighty-first line of the lyrics. The eighty-third system contains the eighty-second line of the lyrics. The eighty-fourth system contains the eighty-third line of the lyrics. The eighty-fifth system contains the eighty-fourth line of the lyrics. The eighty-sixth system contains the eighty-fifth line of the lyrics. The eighty-seventh system contains the eighty-sixth line of the lyrics. The eighty-eighth system contains the eighty-seventh line of the lyrics. The eighty-ninth system contains the eighty-eighth line of the lyrics. The ninetieth system contains the eighty-ninth line of the lyrics. The ninety-first system contains the ninetieth line of the lyrics. The ninety-second system contains the ninety-first line of the lyrics. The ninety-third system contains the ninety-second line of the lyrics. The ninety-fourth system contains the ninety-third line of the lyrics. The ninety-fifth system contains the ninety-fourth line of the lyrics. The ninety-sixth system contains the ninety-fifth line of the lyrics. The ninety-seventh system contains the ninety-sixth line of the lyrics. The ninety-eighth system contains the ninety-seventh line of the lyrics. The ninety-ninth system contains the ninety-eighth line of the lyrics. The hundredth system contains the ninety-ninth line of the lyrics.

The above Sym^y & Accom^{ts} composed by Haydn and first published in 1803.

THERE'S AULD ROB MORRIS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

But Oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
 The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my dead.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
 As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express!

THE NYMPH THAT UNDOES ME.

THE SAME AIR.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by Nature designed;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit ever pleasingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose:
 Love and destiny both attend on her will;
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
 In Sylvia they meet; so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

ONE MORNING VERY EARLY.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BEDLAM

By a NEGRO.

AIR—GRAMACHREE.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring, I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing ; Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she ; I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.	I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine ; With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ; And I'll present it to my Love when he returns from sea ; For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.
O ! cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea, And cruel, cruel was the ship, that bore my Love from me ; Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me ; And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.	Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast ! Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my Love to rest ! To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ; For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.
O ! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky, I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my Love to fly ; To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be ; For I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.	Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky ! I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might spy ; But ah, unhappy maiden ! that Love you ne'er shall see ! Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D.

WRITTEN

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you ;
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, your charms would make me true ;
To you no soul shall bear deceit, no stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest, and act a brother's part :
Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet, and brothers in the young.

(One morning very early)

18

Adagio
ma.
non tanto

One morning very ear-ly one morning in the spring I

heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing Her chains she rattled on her hands while

sweetly thus sung she I love my love because I know - - my Love loves me.

The above Sym^y & Accomp^t composed by Haydn and first published in 1803.

(wally wally)

Pleyel.

Allegretto *Dol.*

O Wally Wally, up the bank, And wally, wally, down the brae, And
wally by yon burn-side, Where I and my love went to gaze. I leant my back, un--
to an oak, I thought it was a trusty tree, But first it bowed and gave it brake, And
sae did my true love to me.

*Take either the F & G, or the notes under them.

The same Air set as a Duet.

Haydn.

First Publish'd in 1822.

Allegretto

2^d
O wally wally love is bonny, A little time when it is new But
1st
O wally wally love is bonny, A little time when it is new But
when its auld it wax-eth cauld And fades a-- way like morn-- ing dew.
when its auld it wax-eth cauld And fades a-- way like morn-- ing dew.
O where- fore should I busk my head O where- fore should I kame my hair For
O where- fore should I busk my head O where- fore should I kame my hair For
my true Love has me for-- sook And says he'll ne-- ver loe me mair.
my true Love has me for-- sook And says he'll ne-- ver loe me mair.

O WALY WALY UP THE BANK.

AIR—WALY WALY.

O WALY waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my Love wont to gae.
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trustie tree;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O waly waly love is bonny,
 A little time while it is new;
 But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O wherefore should I busk my head?
 O wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true Love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be warm'd by me;
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true Love's forsaken me.
 O Mart'mas wind! when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death! when wilt thou come,
 And tak' a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow toun,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My Love was i' the black velvet,
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, Oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gone,
 For a maid again I'll never be!

HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.

WRITTEN

By THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
 O! when her footsteps next are seen,
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green:

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O! tell her what she cannot blame,
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
 O! tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refined.

Not her own guardian angel, eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care!
 Nor purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

 AH! CHLORIS COULD I NOW BUT SIT.

AIR—GILDEROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit,
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 Nor happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 As metals in a mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid, at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a beauty, she
 Employ'd the utmost of her art;
 To make a lover, he.

 THE OLD SONG OF GILDEROY.

[The Hero of this elegant Lamentation was a celebrated Highland Freebooter, who was executed at Edinburgh.]

 THE SAME AIR.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses till his shoon;
 His stockings were of silken soy,
 Wi' garters hanging down.
 It was, I ween, a comelie sight
 To see sae trim a boy:
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming e'en he had!
 Breath sweet as ony rose:
 He never wore a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes.
 He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
 Nane e'er to him was coy:
 Ah, wae is me! I mourn the day
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae toun thegither;
 We scant were seven years befor
 We 'gan to luvè ilk ither.
 Our daddies and our mammies they
 Were fill'd wi' meikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine,
 Gude faith I freely bought
 A wedding sark of Holland fine,
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought:
 And he gied me a wedding-ring
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy:
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsum time
 Among the leaves sae green:
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
 And sweetly kiss and toy;
 While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life!
 But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in seats of strife.
 And he in many a vent'rous deed
 His courage bald wad try;
 And this now gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat my e'e;
 I gied him sic a parting look!
 'My benison gang wi' thee!
 'God speed thee weil mine ain dear heart,
 'For gane is all my joy;
 'My heart is rent sith we maun part,
 'My handsome Gilderoy!'

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in every toun;
 And bauldly bare awa' the geir
 Of mony a lawland loun.
 For man to man durst meet him nane,
 He was sae brave a boy;
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
 To hang a man for gear;
 To reave of life for sic a cause
 As stealing horse or mare!
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,
 I ne'er had lost my joy;
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He might hae banisht been;—
 Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
 To hang sic handsome men!
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy!
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy, sae fear'd they were,
 Wi' irons his limbs they strung;
 To Edinborow led him there,
 And on a gallows hung.
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae bauld a boy;
 There died the youth whom I luvè best,
 My handsome Gilderoy!

Soon as he yielded up his breath
 I bare his corse away,
 Wi' tears that trickled for his death
 I wash'd his comelie clay;
 And sicker in a grave right deep
 I laid the dear luvèd boy;
 And now for ever I maun weep
 My winsome Gilderoy!

Ah! Chloris could I now but sit. 20

Duet
Andante

fër *piu* *fër* *fër*

Ah! CHLORIS could I now but sit, As un-concern'd as when Your

Ah! CHLORIS could I now but sit, As un-concern'd as when

piu *piu*

in-fant beau-ty could be-get No hap-piness nor pain. When I this dawning

Your infant beauty could be-get No hap-piness nor pain. When I this dawning

did admire, And prais'd the com-ing day, I lit-tle thought that ri-sing fire Would

did admire, And prais'd the com-ing day, I little thought that ri-sing fire Would

Vio:
take my rest a-way.

take my rest a-way.

Oh! open the door—

Allegretto

p *for*

Oh!, o - - pen the door, some pi - - ty to shew Oh!

pua *pua*

o - - pen the door to me. Oh! Tho' thou hast been false, I'll

h. e - - ver prove true; Oh! o - - pen the door to me, — Oh!

rf *rf* *p*

OH, OPEN THE DOOR SOME PITY TO SHEW.

AS ALTERED FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh! open the door to me, Oh!

Oh! cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But colder thy love for me, Oh!
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
 Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh!
 False friends, false Love, farewell! for more
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
 "My true love!" she cried,—and sunk down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh!

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE MILL MILL, O!

The following incident, relative to this Song, was recently communicated to the Editor by a friend, a Clergyman in Dumfries-shire: "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill, with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn Soldier pass'd the window: of a sudden it struck the Poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures: after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'Garland and Singing Robes about him,' and the result was the admirable Song which he sent you for 'The Mill Mill, O!'"

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn, Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And gentle Peace returning, And lovelier was than ever:
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless, Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,
And mony a widow mourning: Forget him shall I never:
I left the lines and tented field, Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Where lang I'd been a lodger, Ye freely shall partake it,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth, That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
A poor and honest soldier. Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

A leal, light heart was in my breast, She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,—
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder; Syne pale like ony lily,
And for fair Scotia, hame again, She sank within my arms, and cried,
I cheery on did wander. Art thou my ain dear Willy?
I thought upon the banks of Coil, By Him who made yon sun and sky,
I thought upon my Nancy, By whom true love's regarded,
I thought upon the witching smile I am the man—and thus may still
That caught my youthful fancy. True lovers be rewarded!

At length I reach'd the bonny glen, The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
Where early life I sported; And find thee still true-hearted;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn, Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
Where Nancy aft I courted: And mair,—we'se ne'er be parted!
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
Down by her mother's dwelling! A mailin plenish'd fairly:
And turn'd me round to hid the flood And come, my faithful soldier lad,
That in my een was swelling. Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom, The farmer ploughs the manor,
O! happy, happy may he be But glory is the soldier's prize,
That's dearest to thy bosom: The soldier's wealth is honour;
My purse is light, I've far to gang, The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
And fain wad be thy lodger; Nor count him as a stranger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang, Remember, he's his country's stay
Take pity on a soldier! In day and hour of danger.

AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

AT setting day and rising morn, To all our haunts I will repair,
With soul that still shall love thee, By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return, Or where the summer day I'd share
With all that can improve thee. With thee, upon yon mountain.
I'll visit oft the birken bush, There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
Where first thou kindly told me From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush, By vows you're mine,—by love is your's
Whilst round thou didst enfold me. A heart that cannot wander.

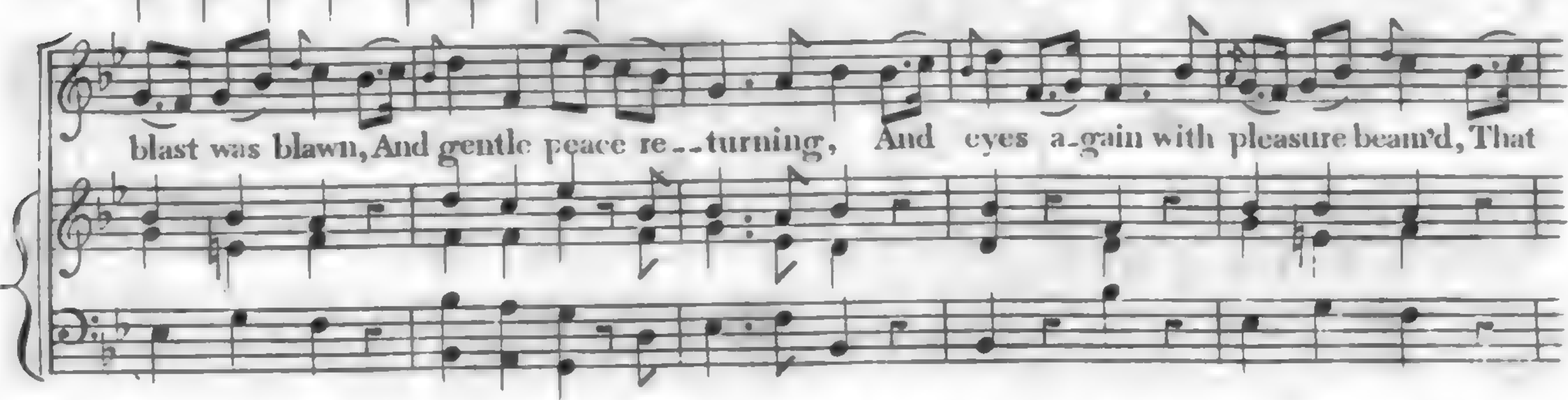
When wild war's deadly blast.

22

Andante



When wild wars dead--ly



blast was blawn, And gentle peace re--turning, And eyes a-gain with pleasure beam'd, That



had been bleard with mourning. I left the lines and tented field, Where long I'd been a



lod--ger, My hum-ble knapsack a' my wealth, A poor and ho-nest Sol--dier.



The night her silent sable wore.

Andante
Espressivo

For: *rf* *Pia:*

The night her si-lent sa-ble wore, And

Pia: *Pia:*

gloomy were the skies, Of glittering stars ap-pear'd no more, Than those in NELLY'S

eyes. When to her fa-ther's door I came, Where I had of-ten

been, I beg'd my fair, my love-ly dame, To rise and let me in.

 THE NIGHT HER SILENT SABLE WORE.

AIR—SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies,
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove ;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll ;
 But virtue only had the power
 To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part !
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.
 My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 'Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy :
 No greater blessing can I prove,
 So blest a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds never to depart.

 THE HEAVY HOURS ARE ALMOST PAST.

WRITTEN

By LORD LYTTLETON.

THE SAME AIR.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you, in every look, declare
 Your heart is still the same ?
 And heal each idle anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame !

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd, at length, to find
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and *think* you mine !

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEACH CAME.

AIR—SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
 Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;
 Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
 When Jocky's tost aboon the tide;
 Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been;
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on Anne, his faithful ain.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray;
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow,
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gie:
 What though my Jocky's far away,
 Tost up and down the awsome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Blaw soft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill:
 What though my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will braw in siller shine;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

TO FAIR FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

WRITTEN

By COLLINS.

THE SAME AIR.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And ruffle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours,
 Shall kindly lend his little aid.
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
 Or, midst the chace upon the plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

Sweet Annie frae the sea beach came

24

Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an instrumental introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto*. The piano part features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal part enters with the lyrics: "Sweet AN-NIE frae the sea-beach came, Where JOCKY spee'd the ves-sel's side; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame, When JOCKY'S tost a-boon the tide; Far aff to dis-tant realms he gangs, Yet I'll be true as he has been; And when ilk lass 'a-bout him thrangs, He'll think on ANNE, his faithful ain." The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (f, p, sf, hf), articulation (accents, slurs), and phrasing. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a final instrumental flourish.

Sweet AN-NIE frae the sea-beach came, Where JOCKY spee'd the ves-sel's side; Ah!

wha can keep their heart at hame, When JOCKY'S tost a-boon the tide;

Far aff to dis-tant realms he gangs, Yet I'll be true as he has been; And

when ilk lass 'a-bout him thrangs, He'll think on ANNE, his faithful ain.

sf * If G is found too high, E may be substituted.

2^d 24*Sweet Annie, for three Voices.*The Vocal harmony & the Sym^l & Accomp^t by Beethoven.First pub^d in 1829.

Andante
espress^o

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays a melody in G major, starting with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, and ending with a half note G. The left hand (bass clef) plays a harmonic accompaniment, starting with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, and ending with a half note G. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the expression is 'espress^o'.

Verse 2^d

The first system of the vocal harmony for Verse 2. It features three staves: Soprano (treble clef), Alto (treble clef), and Bass (bass clef). The lyrics are: "I met our wealthy Laird yestreen, Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me; He prais'd my brow my". The music is in G major, 4/4 time, and is marked 'Andante'.

The second system of the vocal harmony for Verse 2. The lyrics are: "roll-ing een, And made a brag of what he'd gie. What tho' my Jock-ky's far a-way, Tost". The music continues in G major, 4/4 time, and is marked 'Andante'.

The third system of the vocal harmony for Verse 2. The lyrics are: "up and down the awsome main; I'll keep my heart a--nother day, Since Jocky may re--turn a-gain." The music continues in G major, 4/4 time, and is marked 'Andante'.

The final system of the piece, featuring the piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: the right hand (treble clef) and the left hand (bass clef). The music is in G major, 4/4 time, and is marked 'Andante'.

Verse 3^d

Nae mair false Jamie, sing nae mair, And fair-ly cast your pipe a-way; My Joe-ky wou'd be
 Nae mair false Jamie, sing nae mair, And fair-ly cast your pipe a-way; My Joe-ky wou'd be
 Nae mair false Jamie, sing nae mair, And fair-ly cast your pipe a-way; My Joe-ky wou'd be

troubled sair, To see his friend his love be-tray: For a' your songs and verse are vain, While
 troubled sair, To see his friend his love be-tray: For a' your songs and verse are vain, While
 troubled sair, To see his friend his love be-tray: For a' your songs and verse are vain, While

Jocky's notes do faithful flow, My heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.
 Jocky's notes do faithful flow, My heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.
 Jocky's notes do faithful flow, My heart to him shall true remain, I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Shepherds I have lost my Love.

Duet.
Andante.

1 2 3 4 5 6

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - NA? Pride of ev'ry shady grove up -

Shepherds, I have lost my Love; Have you seen my AN - NA? Pride of ev'ry shady grove up -

7 8 9 10 11

- on the banks of Ban - na! I for her my home forsook, Near yon mis - ty

- on the banks of Ban - na! I for her my home forsook, Near yon mis - ty

12 13 14 15 16

moun - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, and foun - tain.

moun - tain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood shade, and foun - tain.

f

f

* Take either the G or C

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

AIR—THE BANKS OF BANNA.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love;
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Pride of every shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna!

Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning:
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning!

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade and fountain,

Whither is my charmer flown?
 Shepherds, tell me whither?
 Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever!

O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOODLARK, STAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

. By BURNS.

AIR—LOCHERROCH SIDE.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.
 Again, again, that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ;
 For surely that would touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?
 Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd
 Sic notes of woe could wauken !
 Thou tell'st of never-ending care,
 Of speechless grief, and dark despair :—
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair, '
 Or my poor heart is broken !

O stay sweet warbling Wood-lark. 26

Grazioso

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Grazioso*. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics "O stay, sweet warbling". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The third system contains the lyrics "Woodlark stay, Nor quit for me the trembling spray, A hap-less lo-ver courts thy lay, Thy". The fourth system continues with "soothing fond com-plain-ing. A-gain a-gain that tender part, That I may catch thy". The fifth system contains the lyrics "melt-ing art For sure-ly that wou'd touch her heart Wha kills me wi' dis-dain-ing.". The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the sixth system.

O stay, sweet warbling

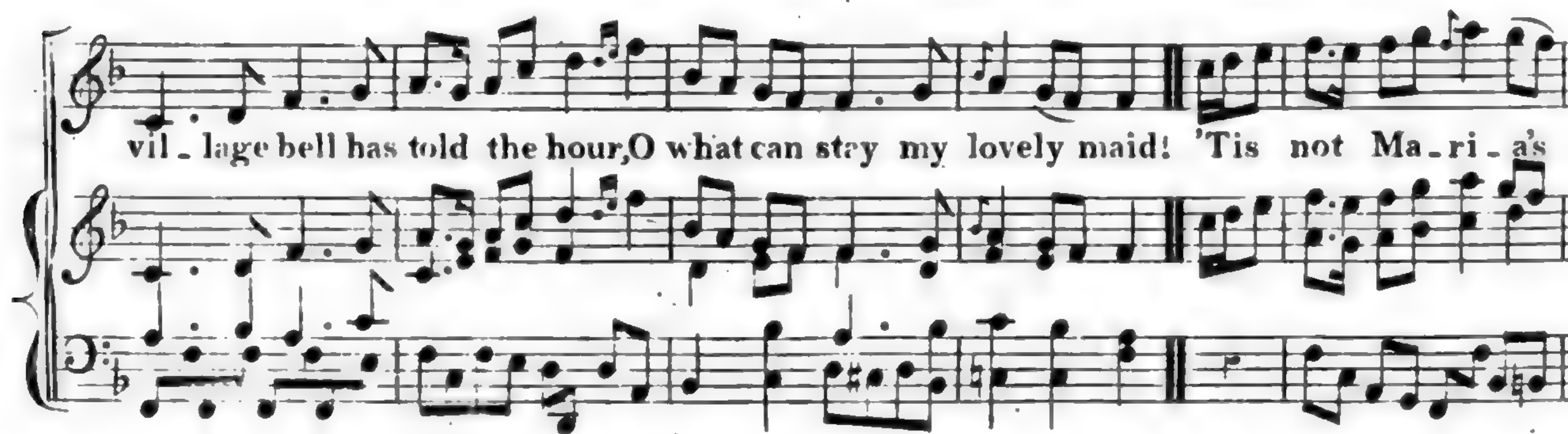
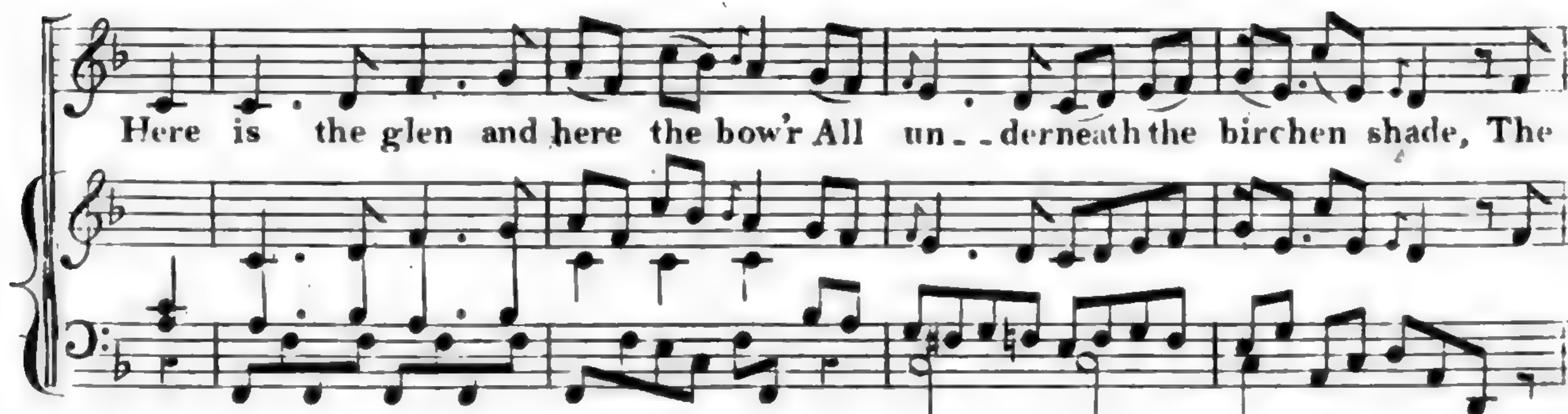
Woodlark stay, Nor quit for me the trembling spray, A hap-less lo-ver courts thy lay, Thy

soothing fond com-plain-ing. A-gain a-gain that tender part, That I may catch thy

melt-ing art For sure-ly that wou'd touch her heart Wha kills me wi' dis-dain-ing.

Here is the glen &c!

Andante



HERE IS THE GLEN AND HERE THE BOWER.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS*.

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

<p>HERE is the glen, and here the bower, All underneath the birchen shade; The village bell has told the hour, O what can stay my lovely maid! 'Tis not Maria's whispering call;— 'Tis but the balmy breathing gale, Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, The dewy star of eve to hail.</p>	<p>It is Maria's voice I hear! So calls the woodlark in the grove, His little faithful mate to cheer, At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! And art thou come, and art thou true! O welcome dear to love and me! And let us all our vows renew, Along the flowery banks of Cree.</p>
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THE SUN IN VIRGIN LUSTRE SHONE.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>THE sun in virgin lustre shone, May-morning put its beauties on; The warblers sung in livelier strains, And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains: When Love, a soft intruding guest, That long had dwelt in Damon's breast, Now whisper'd, "To the nymph, away! "For this is Nature's holiday!"</p>	<p>Forth came the maid in beauty bright, As Phœbus in meridian light; Entranc'd in rapture, all confest, The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast: Then gazing, with a speaking eye, He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh, A melting sigh, and seem'd to say, Consider youth's our holiday.</p>
<p>The tender impulse wing'd his haste, The painted mead he instant pass'd; And soon the happy cot he gain'd, Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd: Awake, my fair! (the shepherd cries,) To newborn pleasures ope thine eyes; Arise, my Sylvia! hail the May, For this is Nature's holiday!</p>	<p>Ah soft, (she said) for pity's sake! What! kiss one ere I'm well awake? For this so early came you here? And hail you thus the rising year? Sweet innocence! forbear to chide, We'll haste to joy, (the swain replied;) In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray, And this shall be Love's holiday.</p>

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak;
 Consent own'd Nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,
 To church he led the blushing maid;
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May;
 And now their life's all holiday!

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

"I composed this song (says the Poet) out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq. of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life."

In JOHNSTON'S Museum the Air is marked as the composition of the aforesaid gentleman. If it be so, BURNS'S silence as to that circumstance is unaccountable, considering how eagerly he enquired after the origin of our Airs.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet;
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live.
 When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to bid us part;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart!

Owere, Fou Larnassus hills.

Andante
espressivo.

O were I on Par-nas-sus hill Or had o He-li-con my fill, That

I might catch Po-e-tic skill, To sing how dear I love thee But Nith maun be my

Muse's well, My Muse maun be thy ho-nie sell, On Corsinon I'll glowr and spell And

write how dear I love thee.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—O JEAN I LOVE THEE.—COMPOSED BY OSWALD.

Mrs BURNS is the heroine of this beautiful Song.

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill,
Or had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonny sell;
On Corsincon* I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee lang simmer's day,
I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en,—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name,—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
'Till my last weary sand was run,
'Till then—and then I love thee!

* A high hill, near the source of the river Nith.

IF WINE AND MUSIC HAVE THE POWER.

WRITTEN

By PRIOR.

THE SAME AIR.

IF wine and music have the pow'r
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my Chloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
Kind goddess! to no other pow'rs
Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
The darling loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY.

By *H. MACNEILL, Esq.*

AS ALTERED AND CORRECTED BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

HIGHLAND AIR—DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of aught but play,
 Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sad'ning to Mora;
 Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
 As thus to the troubled air,
 She vented her sorrow.

" Loud howls the stormy west,
 " Cold, cold, is winter's blast :
 " Haste then, O Donald, haste,
 " Haste to thy Flora !
 " Twice twelve long months are o'er,
 " Since on a foreign shore
 " You promis'd to fight no more,
 " But meet me in Mora.

' Where now is Donald dear ?
 ' Maids cry with taunting sneer ;
 ' Say, is he still sincere
 ' To his lov'd Flora ?
 " Parents upbraid my moan ;
 " Each heart is turn'd to stone,—
 " Ah ! Flora, thou'rt now alone
 " Friendless in Mora !

" Come then, O come away !
 " Donald, no longer stay !
 " Where can my rover stray
 " From his lov'd Flora ?
 " Ah, sure he ne'er can be
 " False to his vows and me :
 " Oh heav'n !—is not yonder he
 " Bounding o'er Mora !"

' Never, ah wretched fair !
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger)
 ' Never shall Donald mair
 ' Meet his lov'd Flora !
 ' Cold as yon mountain snow,
 ' Donald, thy Love, lies low,
 ' He sent me to soothe thy woe,
 ' Weeping in Mora.

' Well fought our gallant slain
 ' On *Saratoga's* plain :
 ' Thrice fled the hostile train,
 ' From British glory.
 ' But ah ! though our foes did flee,
 ' Sad was each victory :
 ' Youth, Love, and Loyalty,
 ' Fell far from Mora !

' Here, take this love-wrought plaid,'
 (Donald, expiring, said)
 ' Give it to yon dear maid
 ' Drooping in Mora.
 ' Tell her, Oh Allan, tell,
 ' Donald thus bravely fell,
 ' And that in his last farewell
 ' He thought on his Flora.'

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair ;
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh'd out—" Poor Flora !
 " Ah, Donald ! ah, well-a-day !"
 Was all the fond heart could say :
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in Mora.

When merry hearts were gay.

30

LARGHETTO

When mer-ry hearts were gay, Careless of

aught but play, Poor Flo-ra slipt a-way, Sad'ning to Mo-ra: Loose flow'd her

golden hair Quick heav'd her bo-som bare Asthus to the troubled air She vented her

sor-row.

How lang & dreary is the night.

DUETT
Andantino

How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dearie I

How lang and dreary is the night When I am frae my Dearie I

restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er sae wea-ry. For oh! her lanely nights are lang And

restless lie frae e'en to morn Tho' I were ne'er sae wea-ry. For oh! her lanely nights are lang And

oh! her dreams are eerie And oh! her widow'd heart is sair That's absent frae her Dea-rie.

oh! her dreams are eerie And oh! her widow'd heart is sair That's absent frae her Dea-rie.

• The above Sym^l and Accomp^t composed by Haydn & first pub^d in 1805.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

How lang and drearie is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie. *For oh, &c.*
 How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day how dreary?
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie. *For oh, &c.*

YE DEAR DELIGHTS OF LOVE, ADIEU.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DR WOLCOT.

THE SAME AIR.

Ye dear delights of Love, adieu;
 From me, ah, fled for ever!
 Ah! how could fate our bliss pursue,
 And souls so constant sever?
 While Love his precious gifts did pour,
 We ask'd not Fortune's treasure!
 The flight of every parting hour
 Was wing'd by Hope and Pleasure.

Now lost in solitude I sigh,
 And swell with tears the fountain;
 Now seek the scenes of former joy,
 The grove, the vale, the mountain.
 Since Sandy's gone, no wish is mine
 To see another morrow;
 For what is *life* if doom'd to pine?
 One lengthen'd sigh of sorrow!

SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIEBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

This Song was addressed to a Miss LORIMER, who lived at Craigieburn Wood, near Moffat; the same Lady who, (under the name of CHLOEIS), is celebrated in several other Songs by BURNS.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride of spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow.
I see the flow'rs and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

WRITTEN

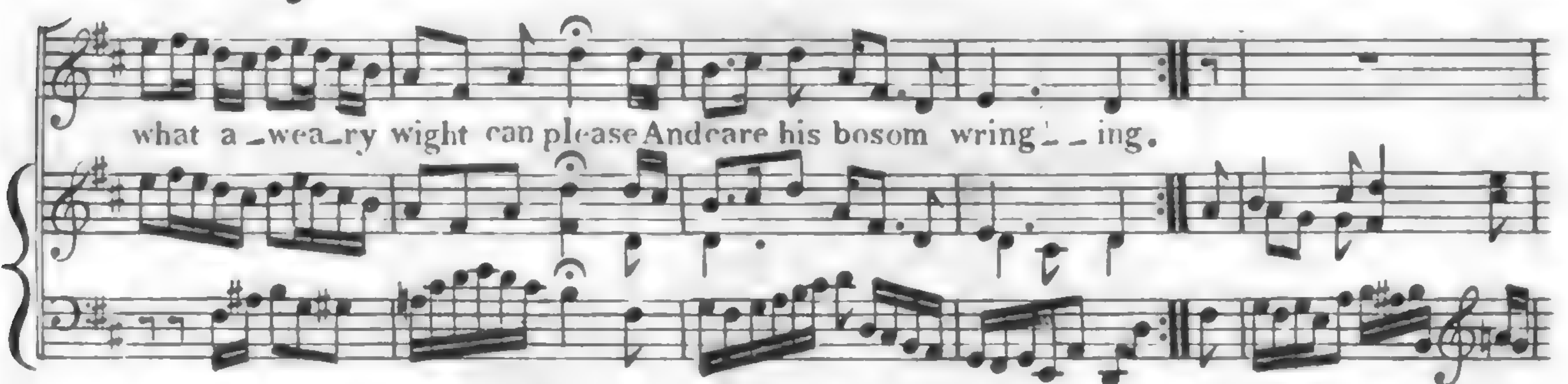
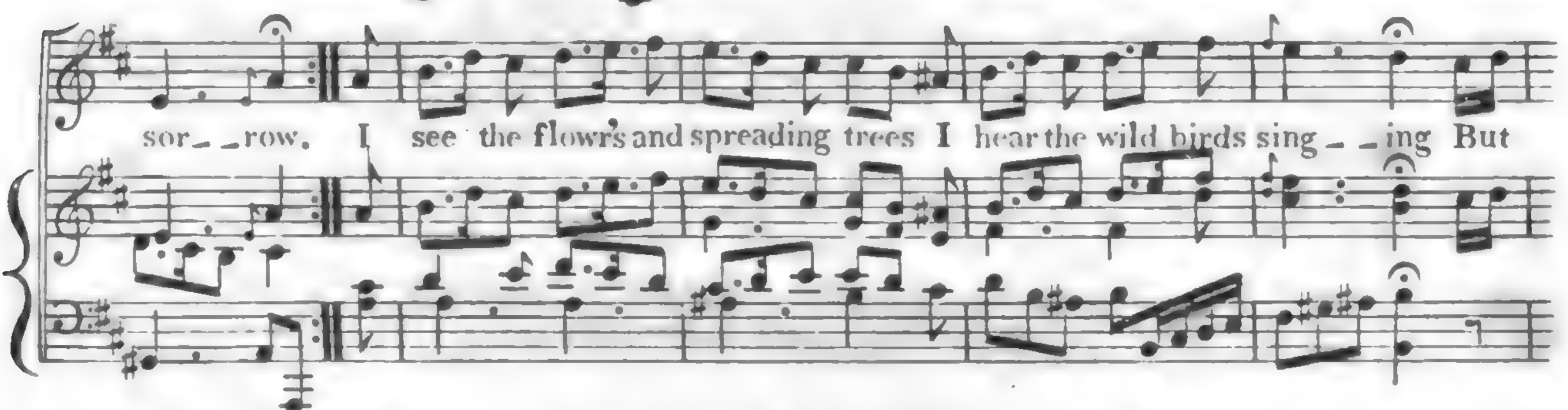
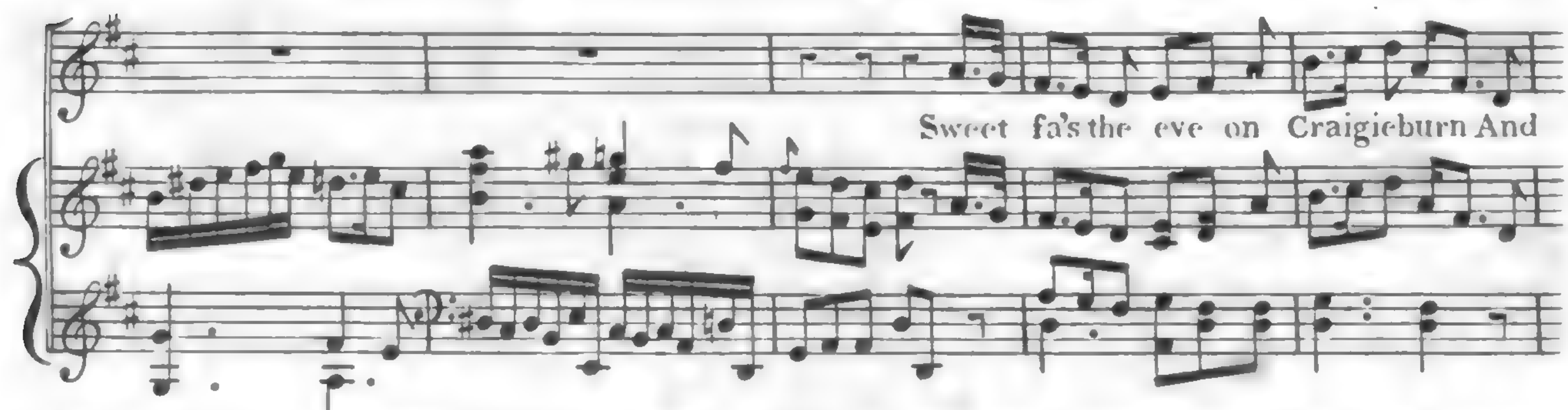
By DR BEATTIE.

THE SAME AIR.

COULD aught of song declare my pain,
Could artless numbers move thee;
The Muse should tell in mournful strain,
O, Delia, how I love thee.
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When pines the soul in anguish?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh,
The heartfelt pang discover;
And in the keen, but tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdain's art's gay disguising;—
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
The voice of Nature prizing.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn 32



The above Sym^y and Accomp^s composed by Haydn & first published in 1803.

O saw ye bonie Lesley

Allegretto

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto*. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal melody is introduced in the second system with the lyrics "O saw ye bonie". The third system continues the melody with the lyrics "Les -- ley, As she gaed o'er the border; She's gane like A - lex - an - der, To". The fourth system contains the lyrics "spread her conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her for". The fifth system concludes the phrase with "e - ver, For Na - ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic a - nother." The score ends with a final piano flourish. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando) at the end of the first piano system, after the second system, and at the end of the final system.

O saw ye bonie

Les -- ley, As she gaed o'er the border; She's gane like A - lex - an - der, To

spread her conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her for

e - ver, For Na - ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic a - nother.

O SAW YE BONIE LESLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE COLLIER'S BONIE LASSIE.

This song was written on Miss LESLEY BAILIE of Ayrshire, now Mrs CUMMING of Logie.

<p>O SAW ye bonny Lesley, As she gaed o'er the border? * She's gane, like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther. To see her is to love her, And love but her forever; For nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic anither!</p>	<p>Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, Thy subjects we before thee: Thou art divine, fair Lesley, The hearts of men adore thee. The De'il he cou'dna skaith thee, Or aught that would belang thee; He'd look into thy bonie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee."</p>
---	--

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a lass,
 There's nane again sae bonie.

* *That part of Scotland bordering on ENGLAND.*

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>DELUDED swain, the pleasure The fickle fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, Thy hopes will soon deceive thee. The billows on the ocean, The breezes idly roaming, The clouds' uncertain motion, They are but types of woman!</p>	<p>Heav'ns! art thou not ashamed To doat upon a feature? If man thou would'st be nam'd, Despise the silly creature. Go find an honest fellow, Good claret set before thee, Hold on till thou art mellow, And then to bed in glory!</p>
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LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

THE SONG WRITTEN

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

AIR—HE'S DEAR TO ME, THO' FAR FRAE ME.

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose :
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

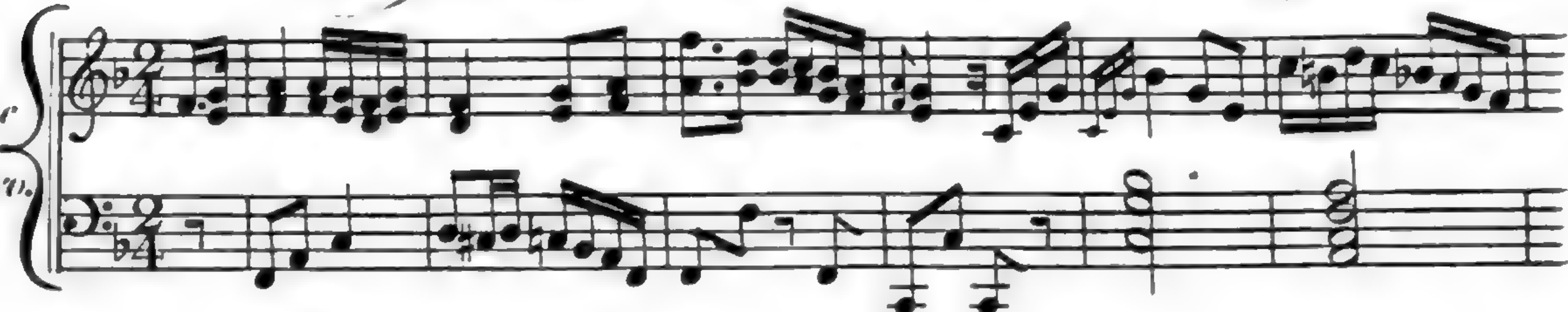
O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief


34

The Words and Music here first united, 1822.


Andante
Espressivo




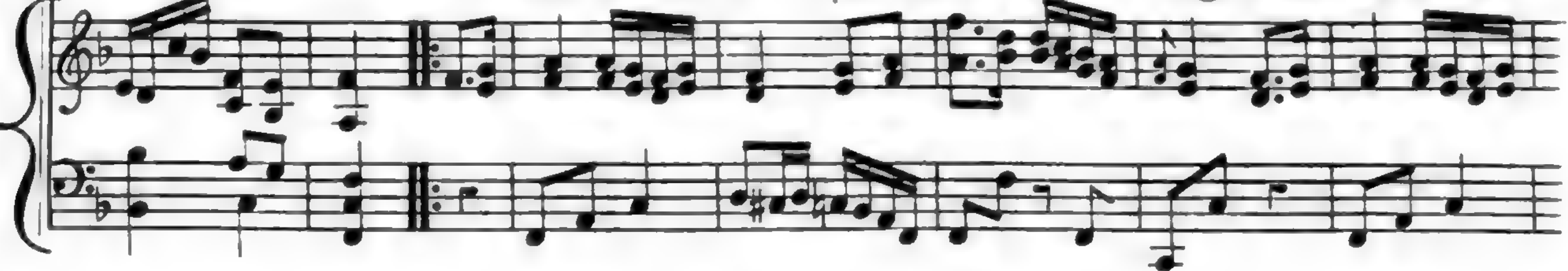
DUET.



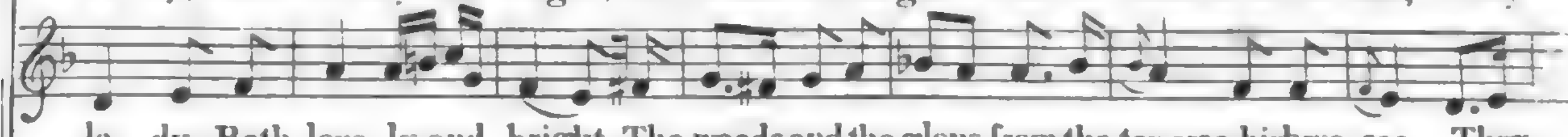
O hush thee my ba--bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy mo-ther a




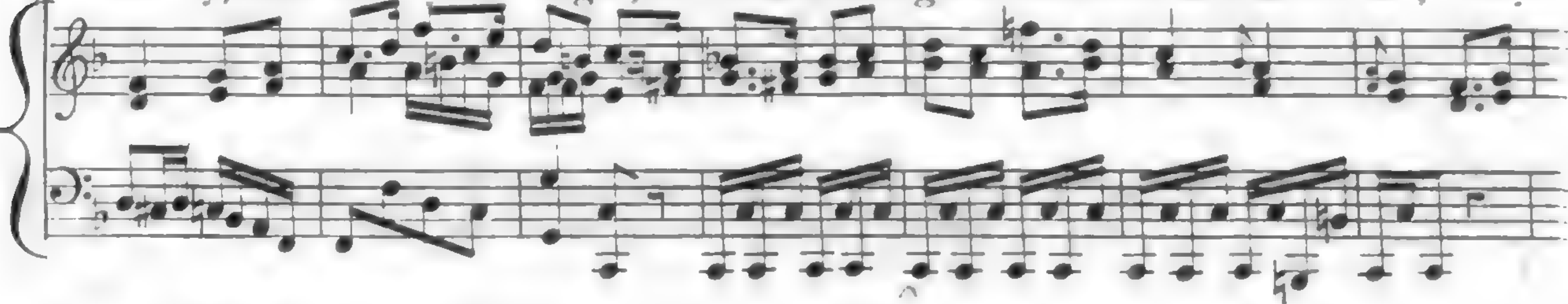
O hush thee my ba--bie, Thy sire was a knight; Thy mo-ther a




la--dy, Both love-ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the towers which we see, They



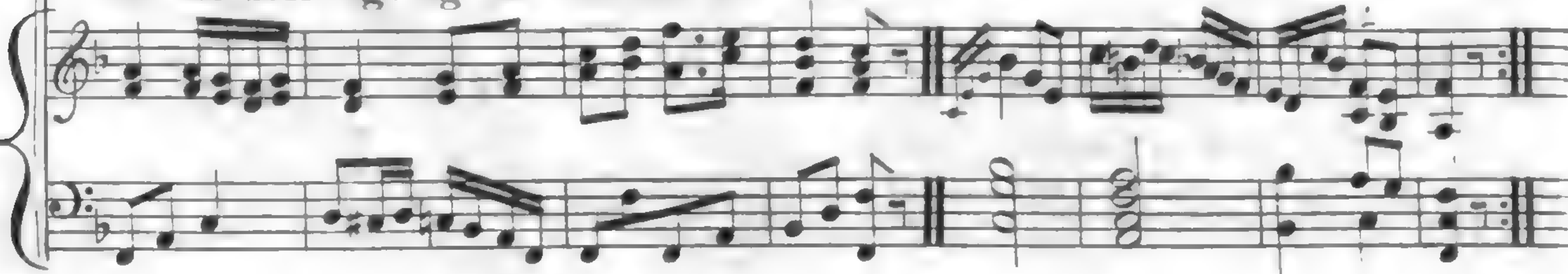
la--dy, Both love-ly and bright, The woods and the glens from the towers which we see, They



all are be--long-ing dear ba-bie to thee.



all are be--long-ing dear ba-bie to thee.

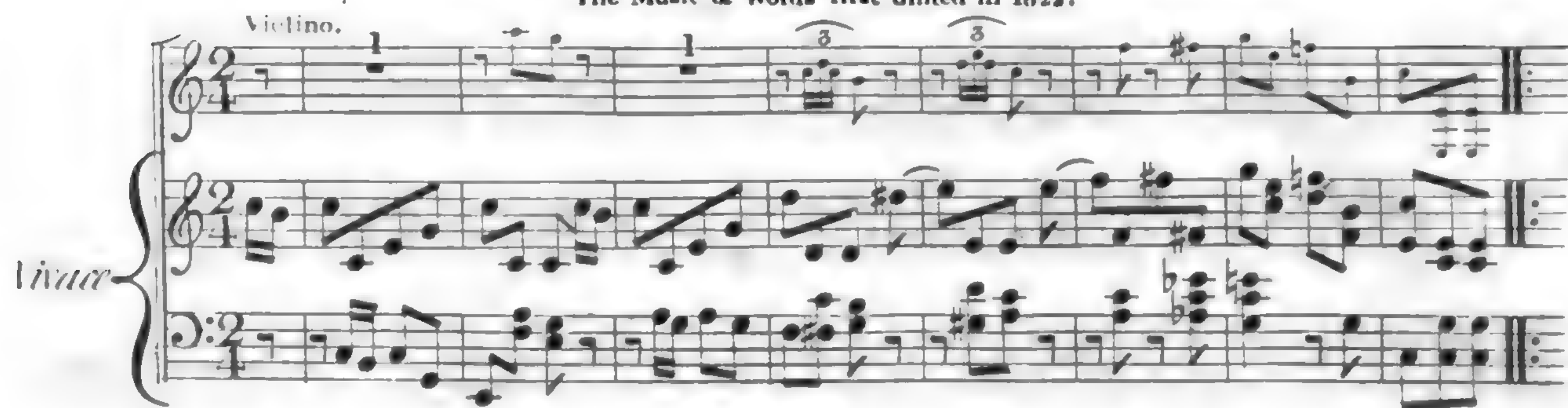


O wert thou in the caulest blast. Haydn.

The Music & Words first united in 1822.

Violino.


Vivace



O wert thou in the caulest blast, On yonder lea, on yonder lea, My plaidie to the



angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee. Or did Misfortune's bitter storms, A--



-round thee blaw, Around thee blaw, Thy bield should be my bosom ay, To share it a' to share it a'.



Violino.



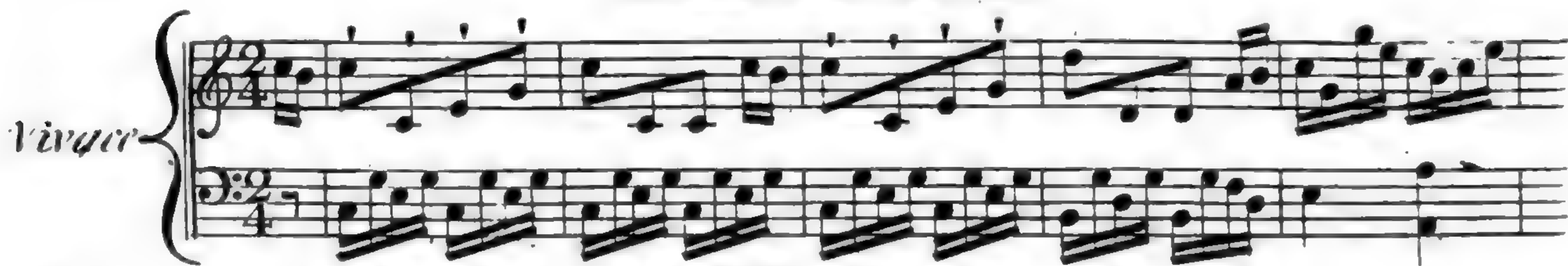
The same. - lir with other Sym: & Accom: ?

2^d 35

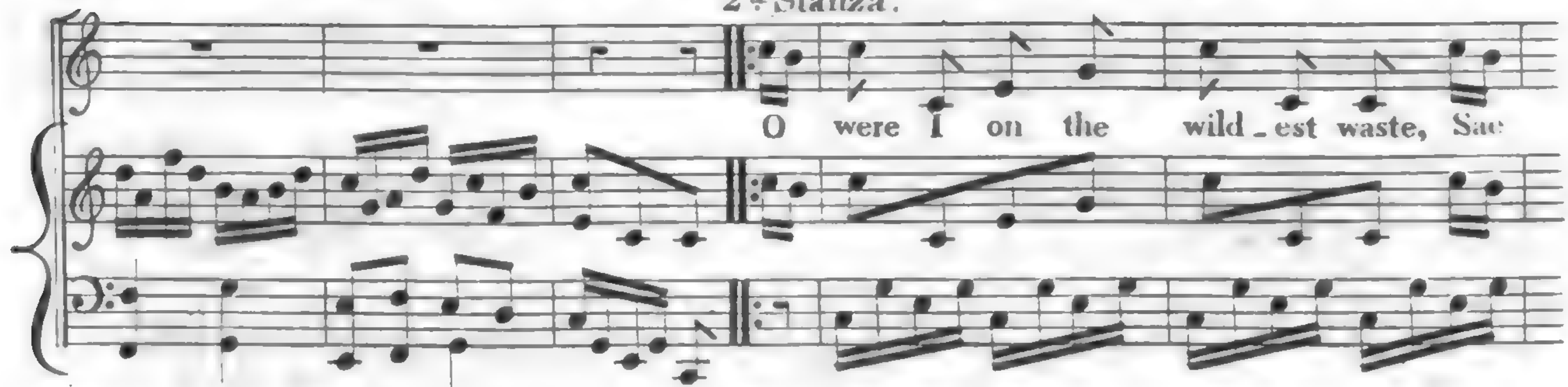
Koz:

First united to these words in 1822.

Vivace



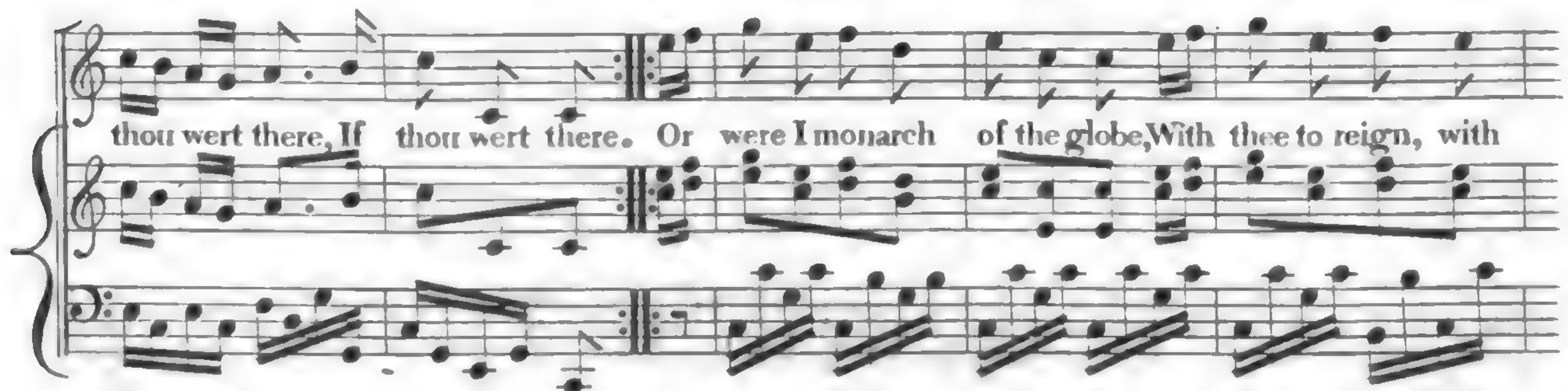
2^d Stanza.



O were I on the wild - est waste, Sae



bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare, The de - sart were a pa - ra - dise, If



thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I monarch of the globe, With thee to reign, with



thee to reign, The brightest jew - el of my crown, Would be my queen, would be my queen.



O love will venture in Sc.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a forte (*fz*) chord.

O love will venture in where it

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part begins with a piano (*po*) dynamic. The lyrics 'O love will venture in where it' are written below the vocal staff.

dare na weel be seen O love will venture in where wisdomance has been But

The second system continues the song with the lyrics 'dare na weel be seen O love will venture in where wisdomance has been But'. The musical notation follows the same pattern of a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

I will down yon river rove amang the woodsae green And a' to pu' a posie to my

The third system continues with the lyrics 'I will down yon river rove amang the woodsae green And a' to pu' a posie to my'. The piano accompaniment provides a consistent harmonic support for the vocal melody.

ain dear May.

The fourth system concludes the song with the lyrics 'ain dear May.'. The piano part ends with a piano (*po*) dynamic. The system includes various musical markings such as *fz* and *po*.

* The Song, as Accomplished above by M^r K 1501.

O LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE POSIE.

O LOVE will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen,
O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear:
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou':
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there:
The daisy for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
And a' to be posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

NORA'S VOW.

WRITTEN

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS—1822.

AIR—THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDY.

Nora's Vow is set to a Gaelic air, "Cha teid mis a chaoidh, I will never go with him," in Albyn's Anthology. The Editor finding, however, that the Song is finely suited to the above Lowland air, has here united them.

"In the original Gaelic, (says the Poet) the Lady makes protestations that she will not go with the Red Earl's son until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the lake—until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is but fair to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind,—except the vehemence of her protestation."

HEAR what Highland Nora said :
 " The Earlie's son I will not wed,
 " Should all the race of Nature die,
 " And none be left but he and I.
 " For all the gold, for all the gear,
 " And all the lands both far and near,
 " That ever valour lost or won,
 " I would not wed the Earlie's son."

' A maiden's vows,' old Callum spoke,
 ' Are lightly made and lightly broke ;
 ' The heather on the mountain's height
 ' Begins to bloom in purple light ;
 ' The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
 ' That lustre deep from glen and brae ;
 ' Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
 ' May blythely wed the Earlie's son.'

" The swan," she said, " the lake's clear breast
 " May barter for the eagle's nest ;
 " The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
 " Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn.
 " Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
 " Before their foes may turn and fly ;
 " But I, were all these marvels done,
 " Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
 Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
 Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
 Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river ;
 To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
 No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel :
 But Nora's heart is lost and won,
 —She's wedded to the Earlie's son !

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

This is an early production, and seems to have been written on the Poet's Highland Mary.

NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my muse's care :
 Their titles a' are empty show ;
 Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland Lassie, O.
 But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow ;
 My faithful Highland Lassie, O.
 For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland Lassie, O.

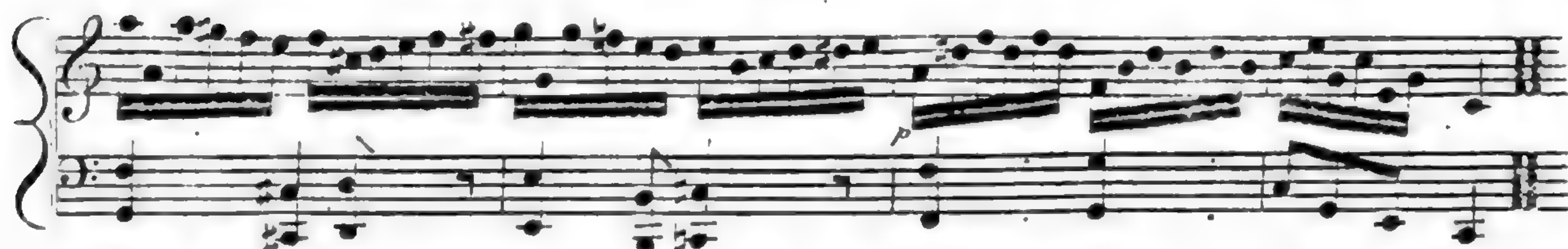
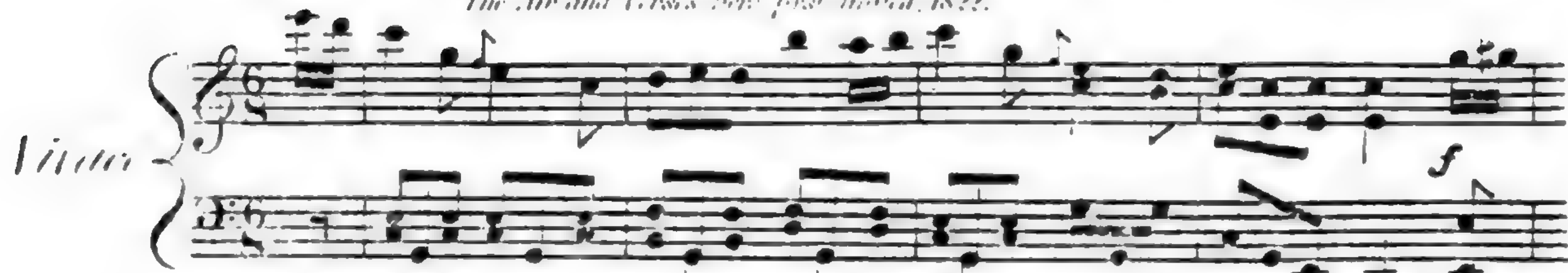
She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band !
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.
 Farewel, the glen sae bushy, O,
 Farewel, the plain sae rashy, O !
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

Nora's Song

57

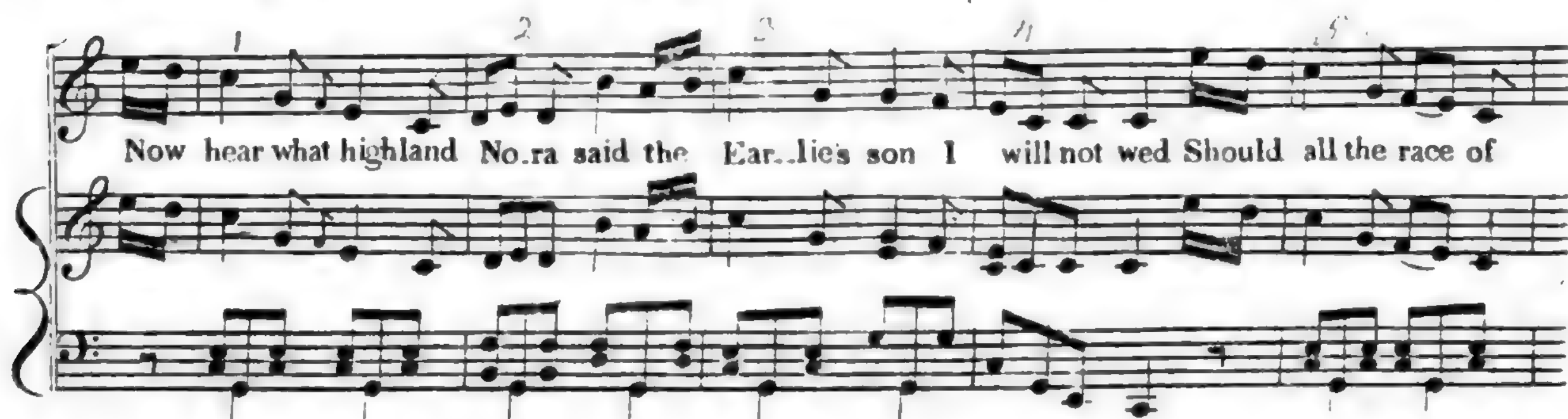
The Air and Verses here first noted, 1822.

Vivace



1 2 3 4 5

Now hear what highland No-ra said the Ear-lie's son I will not wed Should all the race of



Nature die And none be left but he and I For all the gold for all the gear And all the lands both



12 13 14 15 16

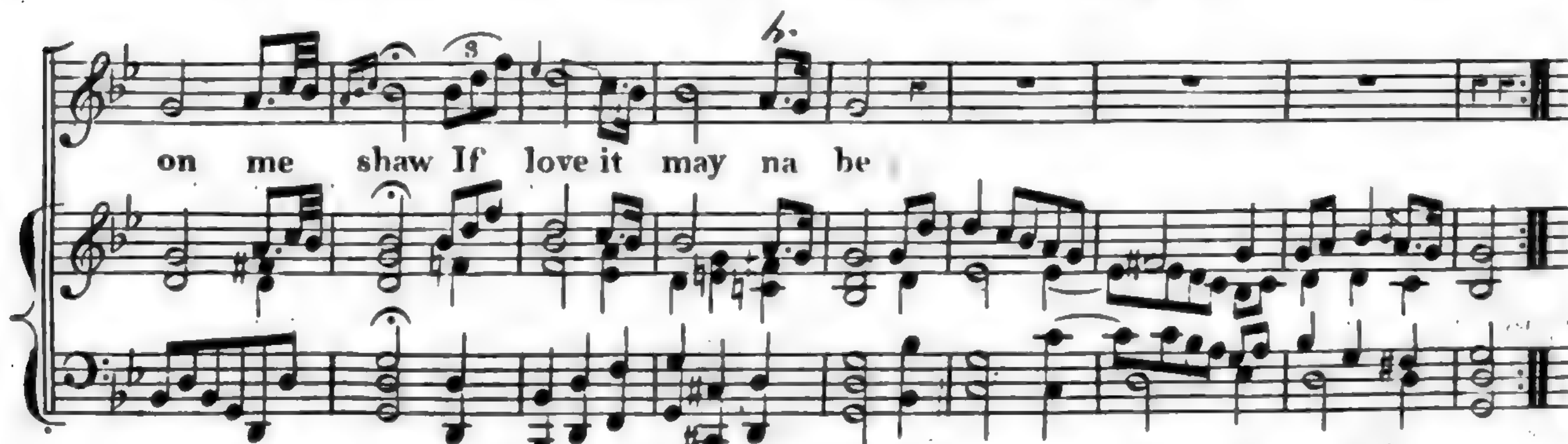
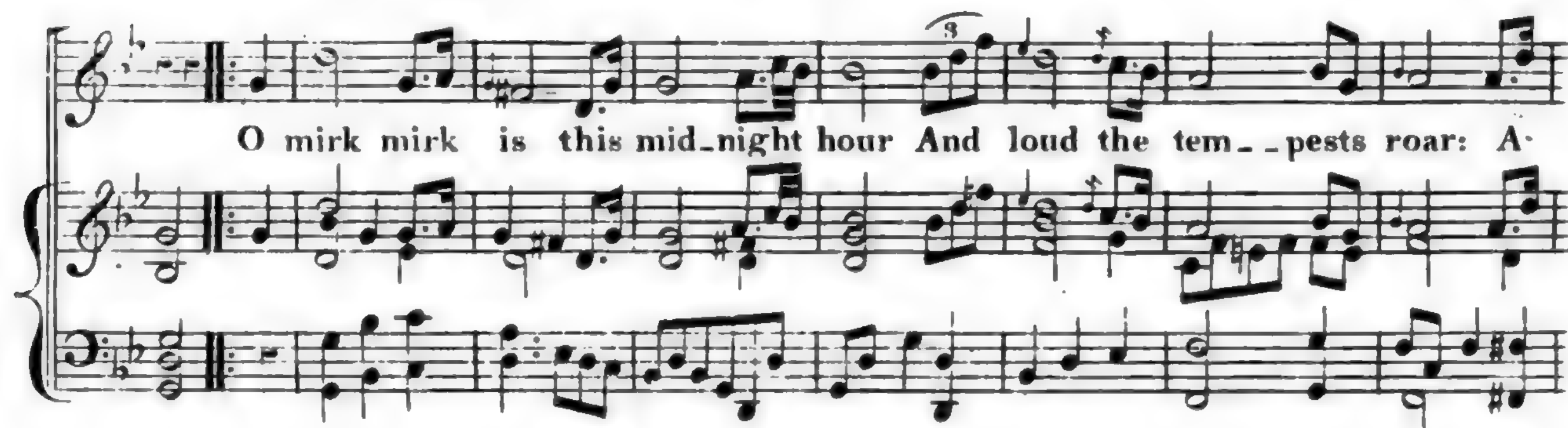
far and near That e-ver va-lour lost or won I would not wed the Ear-lie's son



p



O mirk, mirk, is the midnight hour.



In the former edition this Air was in the key of A minor, but is here lower'd a note, as better suited to Voices in general.

O MIRK, MIRK, IS THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk, is this midnight hour,	Lord Gregory, mindst thou not the grove
And loud the tempests roar ;	By bonny Irvine-side,
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,	Where first I own'd that virgin-love
Lord Gregory ope thy door !	I lang, lang had denied.
An exile frae her father's ha',	How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
And a' for loving thee :	Thou would'st for ay be mine ;
At least some pity on me shaw,	And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
If <i>love</i> it mayna be !	It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast ;
 Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest !
 Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see !
 But spare and pardon my false Love,
 His wrongs to Heav'n and me !

AH OPE, LORD GREGORY, THY DOOR.*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DR WOLCOT.

THE SAME AIR.

A H ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,	Alas, thou hear'st a pilgrim mourn,
A midnight wanderer sighs !	That once was priz'd by thee :
Harsh rush the rains, the tempests roar,	Think of the ring by yonder burn,
And lightnings cleave the skies !	Thou gav'st to love and me.
<i>Who</i> comes with woe in this drear night,	But should'st thou not poor Marian know,
A pilgrim of the gloom !	I'll turn my feet and part ;
If she whose love did once delight,	And think the storms that round me blow
My cot shall yield her room.	Far kinder than thy heart.

* It is but doing justice to the Author of the latter Song to mention that it is the Original. BURNS saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject.

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

The following Jacobite ballad, from a M. S. communicated to the Editor, appears to him preferable to any of the printed editions of the ballad which he has seen.

Our gallant Scottish Prince was clad,
Wi' bonnet blue and tartan plaid,
And O he was a handsome lad,
Nane could compare wi' Charlie.
The wale o' chiefs, the great Lochiel,
At Boradale his Prince did hail,
And meikle friendship did prevail
Between the Chief and Charlie.

CHORUS.

O but ye've been lang o' coming,
Lang o' coming, lang o' coming,
O but ye've been lang o' coming,
Welcome royal Charlie.

Arouse, ilk valiant kilted clan,
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
And charge the foe, claymore in hand,
For sake o' royal Charlie.
O welcome Charlie o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain,
Thrice welcome to our isle again,
Our gallant royal Charlie.

Chor.—O but ye've been lang, &c.

Auld Scotia's sons 'mang heather hills,
Can fearless face the warst of ills,
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
At sight of royal Charlie.

Her ancient thistle wags its pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe,
To hear our pledge and sacred vow
To live or die wi' Charlie.

Chor.—O but ye've been lang, &c.

We darena brew a peck o' ma't,
But Geordie ay is finding fau't;
We canna make a pickle sa't,
For want o' royal Charlie.
Then up and quaff alang wi' me
A bumper crown'd wi' ten times three,
To him that's come to set us free,
Huzza for royal Charlie.

Chor.—O but ye've been lang, &c.

From a' the wilds o' Caledon,
We'll gather every hardy son,
'Till thousands to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie.
Come let the flowing quech go round,
And boldly bid the pibroch sound,
'Till ev'ry glen and rock resound
The name o' royal Charlie.

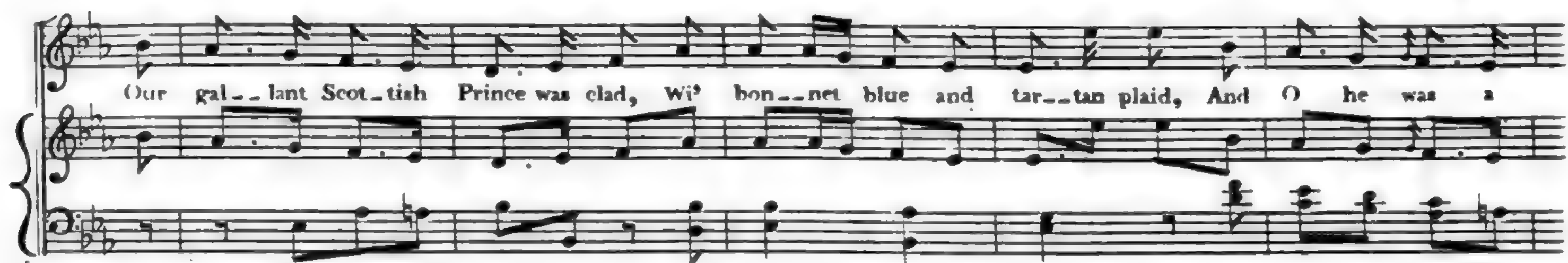
Chor.—O but ye've been lang o' coming,
Lang o' coming, lang o' coming,
O but ye've been lang o' coming,
Welcome royal Charlie.

Welcome Royal Charlie.

39

The Music & Verses here first united in 1822.

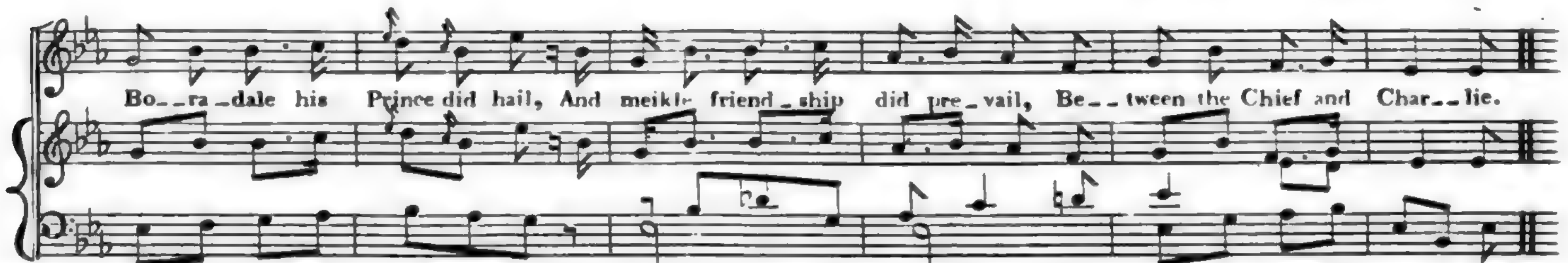
Violino.



Our gal-lant Scot-tish Prince was clad, Wi' bon-net blue and tar-tan plaid, And O he was a

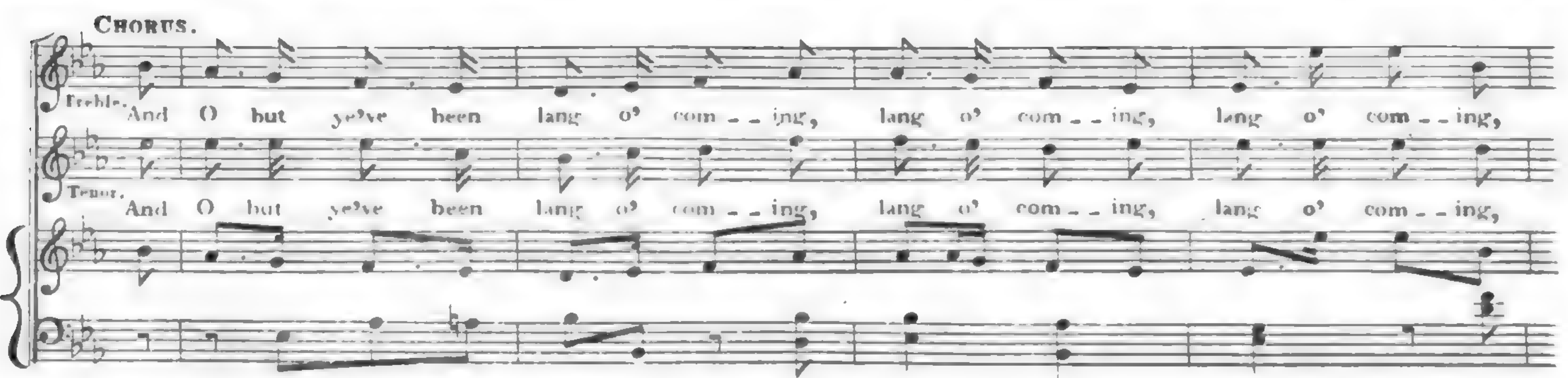


bon-nie lad, Nane could com-pare wi' Char- - - lie. The wale o' Chiefs the great Lo-chiel, At

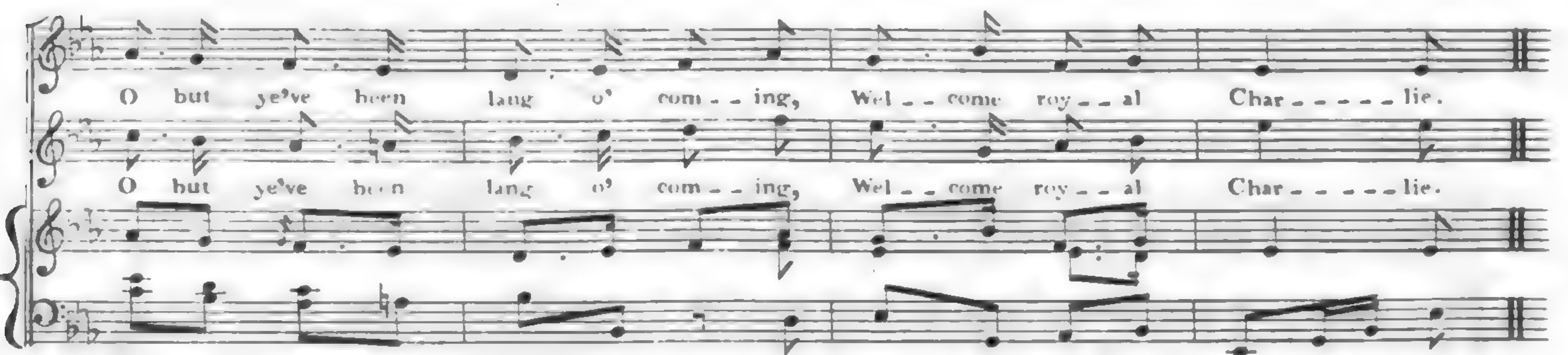


Bo-ra-dale his Prince did hail, And meikle friend-ship did pre-vail, Be-tween the Chief and Char-lie.

CHORUS.

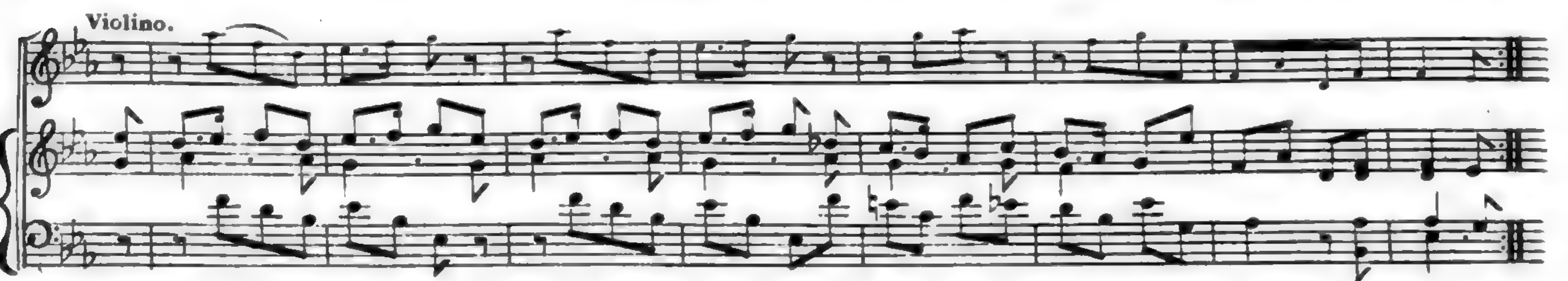


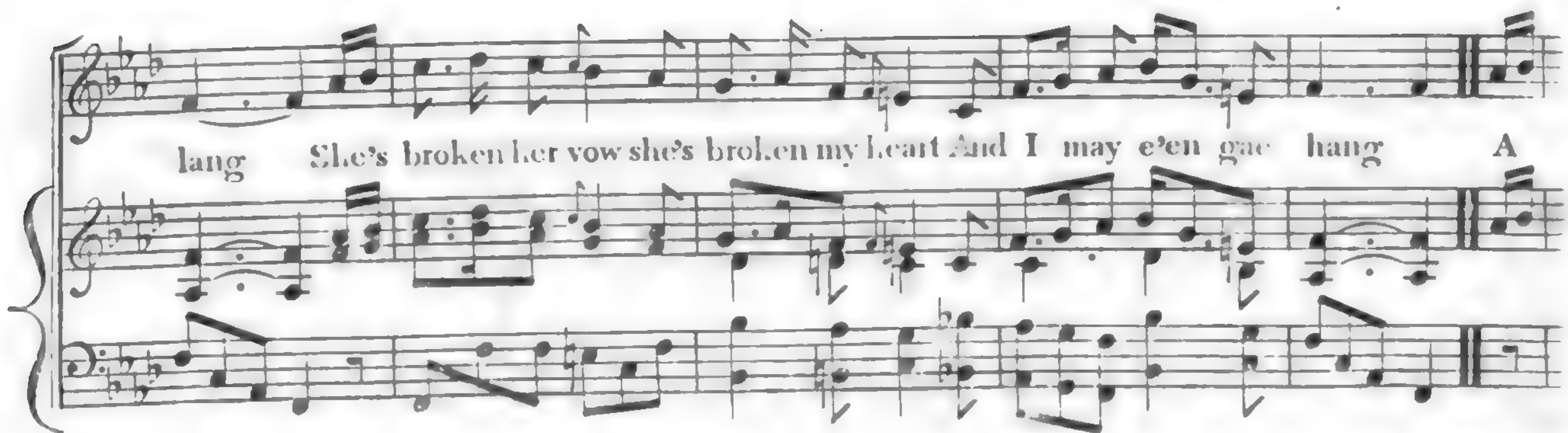
And O but ye've been lang o' com - - ing, lang o' com - - ing, lang o' com - - ing,



O but ye've been lang o' com - - ing, Wel - - come roy - - al Char - - - - lie.

Violino.



*She's fair and fause &c.**Andante
Espressivo*

The Same. for three Voices. 2^d 40

The Vocal harmony & the Accompt by Beethoven.

First publ in 1822.

Verse 2^d /

Whae'er ye be that Wo-man love, To this he nev-er blind Nae ferlie it is tho'

fickle she prove, A Wo-man is fickle by kind. O Wo-man love-ly

Wo-man fair An an-gel form's fall'n to thy share 'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair I

mean an an-gel mind.

Allegro

Spurio

Farewell thou stream that winding flows.

The Music first united with Burns's Verses in 1822.

Andante
Espressivo

Fare-well thou stream that winding flows Around Mari-a's dwelling! Ah cruel mem'ry spare the throes With-

- in my bo-som swelling; Con-demn'd to drag a hopeless chain And still in secret lang-uish To

feel a fire in ev'ry vein, Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Violino.

FAREWELL THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE SILKEN SNOOD.

F AREWELL thou stream that winding flows	Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
Around Eliza's dwelling ;	I fain my griefs would cover ;
Ah ! cruel mem'ry, spare the throes	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Within my bosom swelling !	Betray the hapless lover :
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,	I know thou doom'st me to despair,
And still in secret languish ;	Nor wilt nor canst relieve me ;
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,	But oh ! Eliza, hear one prayer,—
Yet dare not speak my anguish.	For pity's sake, forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had saved me.
 Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

O H I hae lost my silken snood,	He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
That tied my hair sae yellow :	Sae lily-white my skin, O ;
I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd ;	And syne he pried my bonny mou',
He was a gallant fellow.	And swore it was nae sin, O !
And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,	But he has left the lass he loo'd,
And twine it weel, the plaiden ;	His ain true Love forsaken,
The lassie lost her silken snood,	Which gars me sair to greet the snood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.	I lost amang the bracken.

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE BONIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Canst thou break his faithful heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;—
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended!
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die!
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

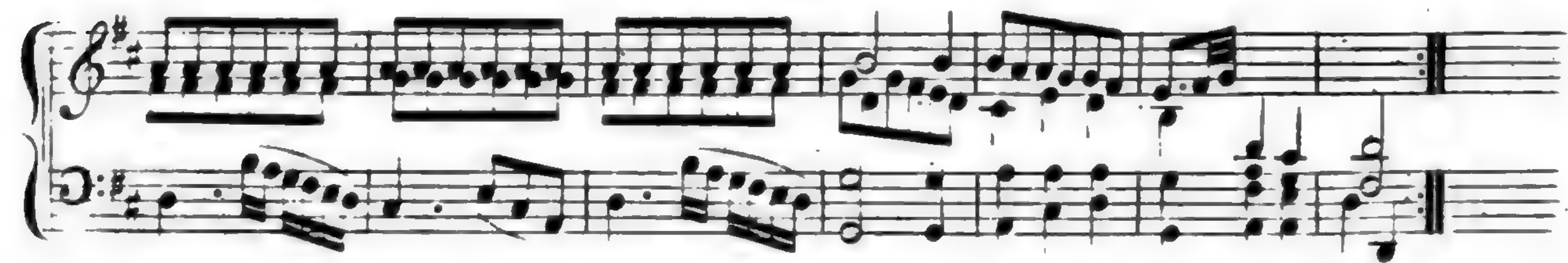
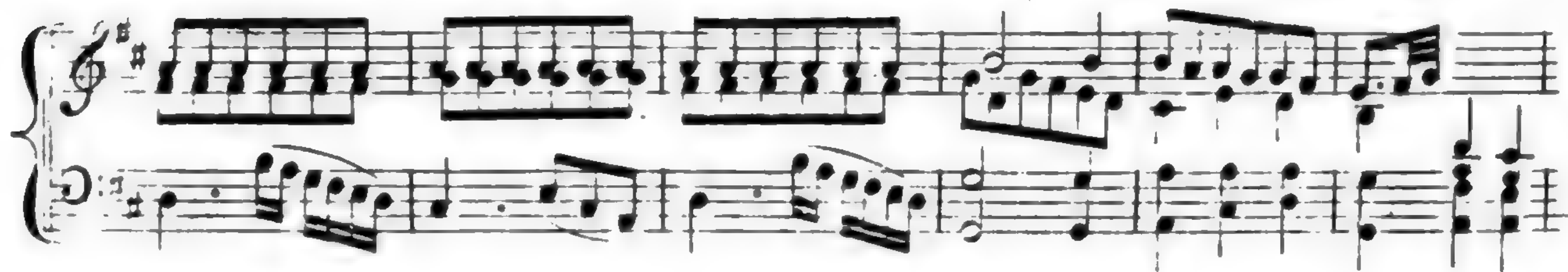
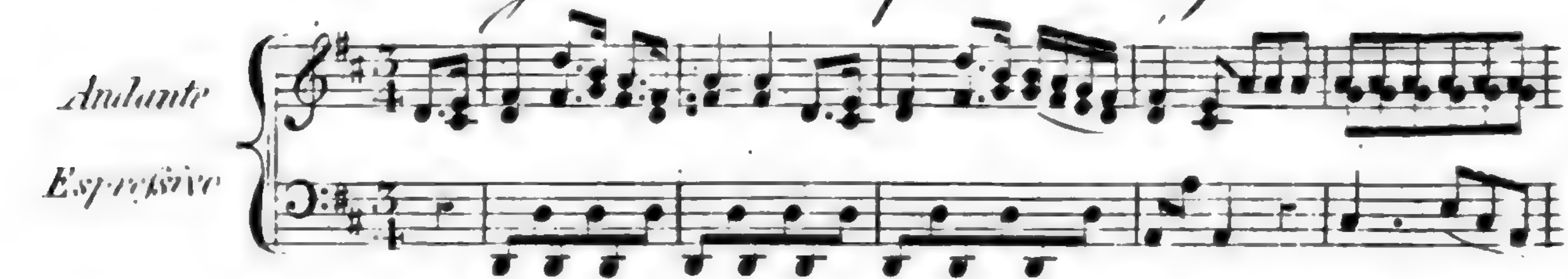
Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon;
Not the Poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.

Turn again thou fair Eliza

42

Andante

Espressivo



Ye banks & braes of bonie Doon.

DUETT

ANDANTE

The musical score is written for a duet and piano accompaniment. It begins with a duet section where two voices enter with the melody. The piano accompaniment follows in the right hand, with the left hand providing a harmonic foundation. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' and the key signature has one sharp (F#).

Voice 1:
 Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How
 can ye chant ye little birds And I sae wea-ry fu' of care. Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird That
 wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn Thou mindst me of de-part-ed joys, de-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.

Voice 2:
 Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How
 can ye chant ye little birds And I sae wea-ry fu' of care. Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird That
 wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn Thou mindst me of de-part-ed joys, de-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.

The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some passages marked with 'p' (piano) and 's' (sostenuto).

YE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNY DOON.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT:

COMPOSED

By Mr JAMES MILLER, Edinburgh.

<p>YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon, How can ye bloom so fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae weary fu' of care! Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons through the flowery thorn; Thou mind'st me of departed joys, Departed, never to return!</p>	<p>Oft have I rov'd by bonie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; And ilka bird sang o' its love, And fondly sae did I o' mine. Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; And my fause lover staw my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!</p>
---	---

UNLESS WITH MY AMANDA BLEST.

WRITTEN

By THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower:
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.
 Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing;
 In vain the fresh'ning fields appear;
 Without my Love, there is no spring.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

AIR—THE SILLER CROWN.

Several of the lines of these Verses, in their original state, were too short to be properly sung with the Melody, and therefore have been slightly altered, 1822.

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ay shall hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
Oh ! wha wou'd buy a silken gown,
To hide a pining breaking heart ?
Or what's to me a siller crown,
Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whose every wish is pure,
Is dearer far than gold to me,
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and die :
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
My ain brave Donald's fate to share ;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners won my heart,
He, gratefu', took the willing gift ;
I wou'dna seek my pledge again
For a' below the lift.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The well tried love he bears to me ;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and die.

And ye shall walk &c.

44

And ye shall walk &c.

And ye shall walk in silk at-tire And sil-ler hae to spare... Gin

ye'll con-sent to be his bride Nor think o' Do-nald mair.

Oh! wha wou'd buy a sil-ken gown Wi' a poor and broken heart... Or

what's to me a sil-ler crown Gin frae my love I... part...

f p

• The small notes may be omitted if the voice cannot reach them easily.

True hearted was he &c.

*ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO*

fz *fz*

True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr; But
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river are lovers as faithful, And maidens as fair. To
equal young JESSIE seek Scotland all o-ver, To equal young JESSIE you seek it in vain; Grace
beauty and e-legance fetter her Lover, And maiden-ly mo-desty fix-es the chain.

fz *fz*

TRUE HEARTED WAS HE THE SAD SWAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—BONNY DUNDEE.

MISS JESSIE STAIG of Dumfries, afterwards Mrs MAJOR MILLER, Dalswinton, was the Heroine of this charming Song.

TRUE-HEARTED was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
 But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
 To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
 To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;
 But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring,
 Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law:
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger;
 Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

MARY O' CASTLE-CARY.

WRITTEN

By H. MACNEILL, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

"SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing?
 "Saw ye my true-love down on yon lea?
 "Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the gloaming?
 "Sought she the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree?
 "Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
 "Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
 "Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 "Where could my wee thing wander frae me!"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 "Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 "But I met my bonny thing, late in the gloaming,
 "Down by the burnie, where flow'rs the haw-tree.
 "Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 "Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling e'e!
 "Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses!
 "Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!"

"It was na my wee thing? it was na mine ain thing?
 "It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
 "Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature;
 "She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me.
 "Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 "Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
 "Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 "Young bragger! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"

"It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
 "It was then your true love I met by the tree!
 "Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 "Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!"
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;
 "Ye's rue sair this morning, your boasts and your scorning,
 "Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie!"

"Awa' wi' beguiling," cried the youth smiling:
 Aff went the bonnet,—the lint-white locks flee—
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rolling e'e!
 "Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
 "Is it my true love here that I see?"
 "Oh Jamie! forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me;
 "I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

THE SONG WRITTEN IN 1795,

By BURNS.

AIR—RISE UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

*The Symphonies and Accompaniments new, and first united to this Song in 1822.***D**OES haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Then let the loons beware, sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And Volunteers on shore, sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 'Till slap come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among ourselves united;
 For never but by British hands
 Must British wrongs be righted.

* *A high Hill at the source of the river Nith.*

The kettle of the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our father's blood the kettle bought,
 And who would dare to spoil it?
 By heav'n, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together.
 Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King!"
 We'll ne'er forget the people.

† *A Mountain at the mouth of the same river on the Solway Frith.*

THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

In the following Song the interjection O is commonly put at the end of the second and fourth lines of each verse by the Singer, as the Air requires the addition of a monosyllable to those lines.

IT was about the Martinmas time;
 And a gude time it was then,
 When our gudewife had puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
 And it blew into the floor;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 "Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,*
 "Gudeman, as ye may see;
 "Should it nae be barr'd this hunder year,
 "It's nae be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first of them that spake a word,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could see nor house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle light.

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
 "Or whether is 't a poor?"—
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

Then first they ate the white puddings,
 And sync they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then one unto the other said,
 "Here, man, tak' ye my knife;
 "Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
 "And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the house,
 "And what shall we do then?"
 "What ails you at the pudding-bree,
 "That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,
 An angry man was he:
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 "And scald me wi' pudding-bree?"

O up then started our gudewife,
 Gied three skips on the floor;
 "Gudeman you've spoke the foremost word
 "Get up and bar the door!"

* *Hussyfskap,—Housewifery.*

Now haughty Gaul invasion threat.

46

The Sym: and Accompt new and first publish'd in 1822.

Maestoso
con spirito

Does haugh-ty Gaul in-vas-ion threat, Then let the Loons be-ware Sir;

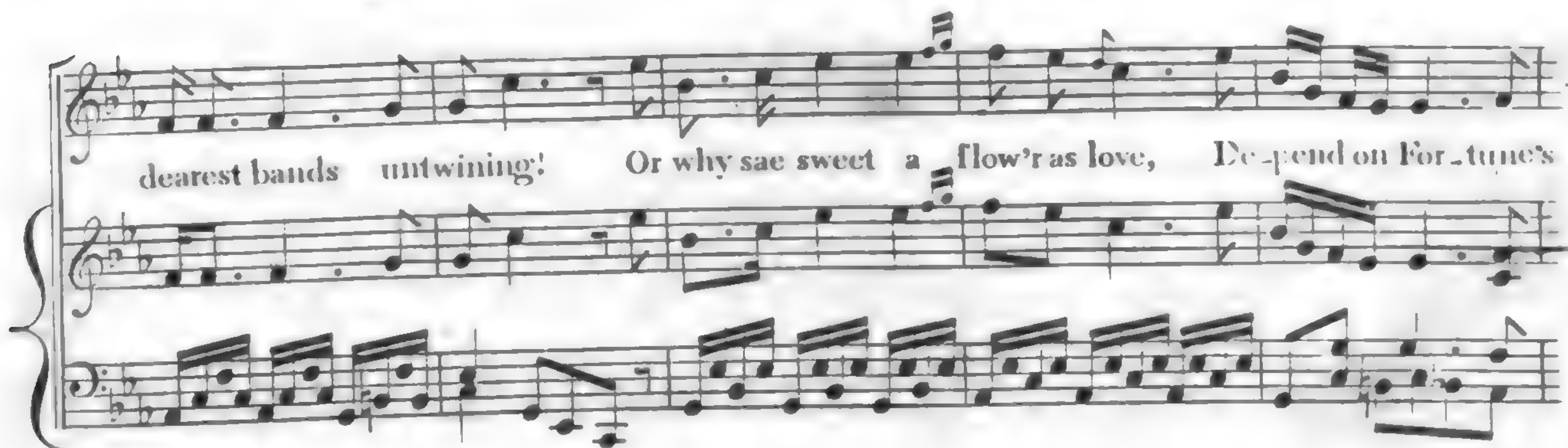
There's wooden walls up-on our Seas, And Vo-lun-teers on shore Sir; The Sub shall run to Cor-nu-con,

And Crif-fel sink in Sol-way; E'er we per-mit a fo-rein for, On British ground to tal-ly.

O let us not like shar-ling curs, In wrang-ling be di-vid-ed;

'Till slap come in a foreign loon, And w' his sword de-cide in; Be Britian still to Britian true,

A-mong ourselves u-ni-ted; For nev-er but by Brit-ish hands, Must British wrongs be right-ed.

*O poortith could.**Andantino*

O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

The Heroine of this Song was Miss JEAN BLACKSTOCK.

<p>O POORTITH cauld, and restless love, Ye wreck my peace between ye ; Yet poortith a' I could forgive, An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. O why should Fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining ? O why sae sweet a flower as love, , Depend on Fortune's shining ?</p> <p>This warld's wealth when I think on, Its pride, and a' the lave o't ; Fie, fie on silly coward man, That he should be the slave o't ! <i>O why, &c.</i></p>	<p>Her een sae bonny blue betray, How she repays my passion ; But prudence is her o'erword ay, She talks of rank and fashion. <i>O why, &c.</i></p> <p>O wha can prudence think upon, And sic a lassie by him ; O wha can prudence think upon, And sae in love as I am ? <i>O why, &c.</i></p> <p>How blest the humble cotter's fate, He wooes his simple dearie ; The silly bogles, wealth and state, Can never make them eerie. <i>O why, &c.</i></p>
---	--

THE LAZY MIST HANGS, &c.

THIS SONG,

Although it passed for some time as Dr BLACKLOCK's, is at length ascertained to have been written

By BURNS.

AIR—HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE lazy mist hangs on the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill :
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown ;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

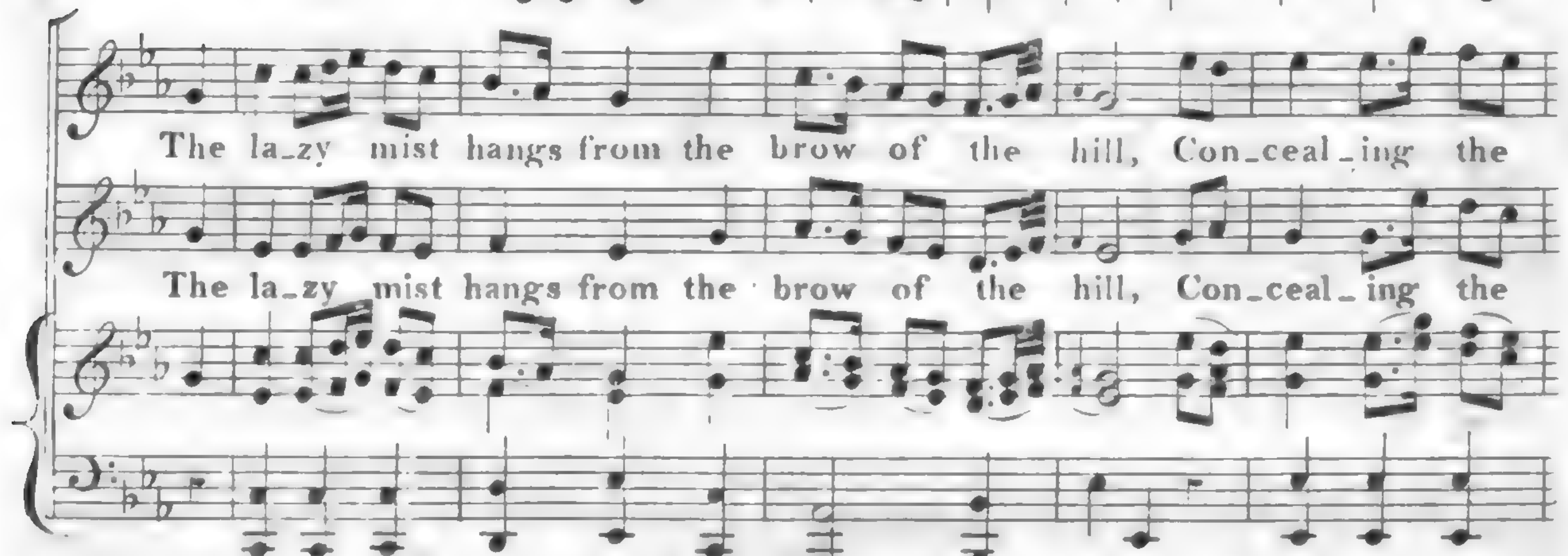
How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain ;
How little of life's scanty span may remain ;
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn ;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
Life is not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

The lazy mist hangs &c.

48

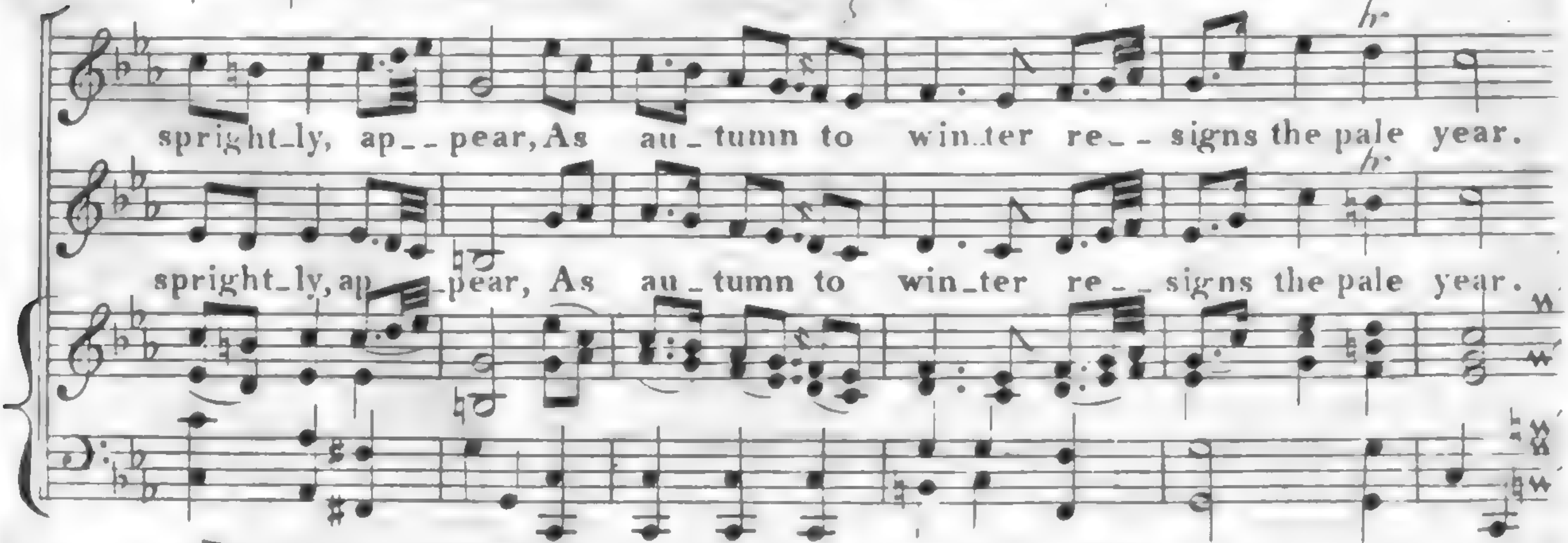
Andante



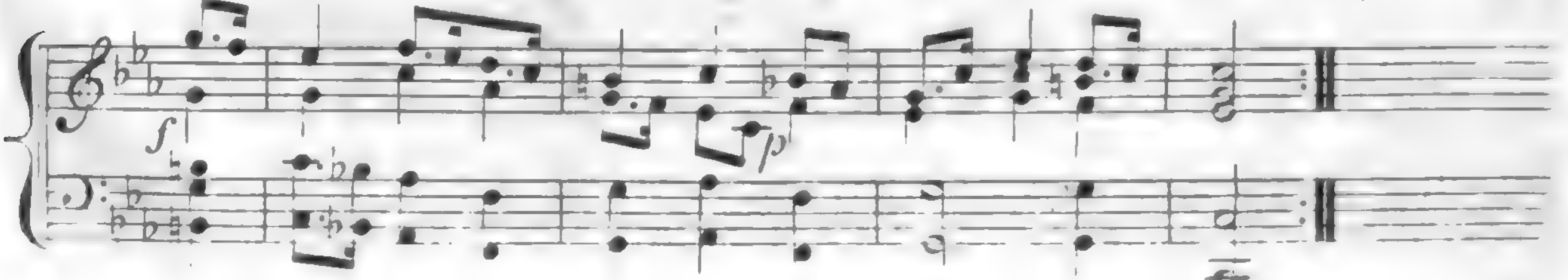
The la-zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-ceal-ing the



The la-zy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Con-ceal-ing the



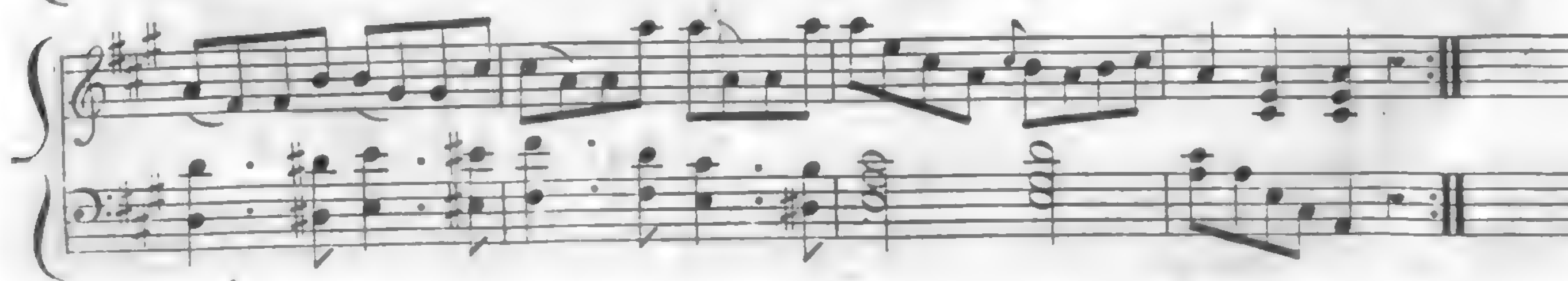
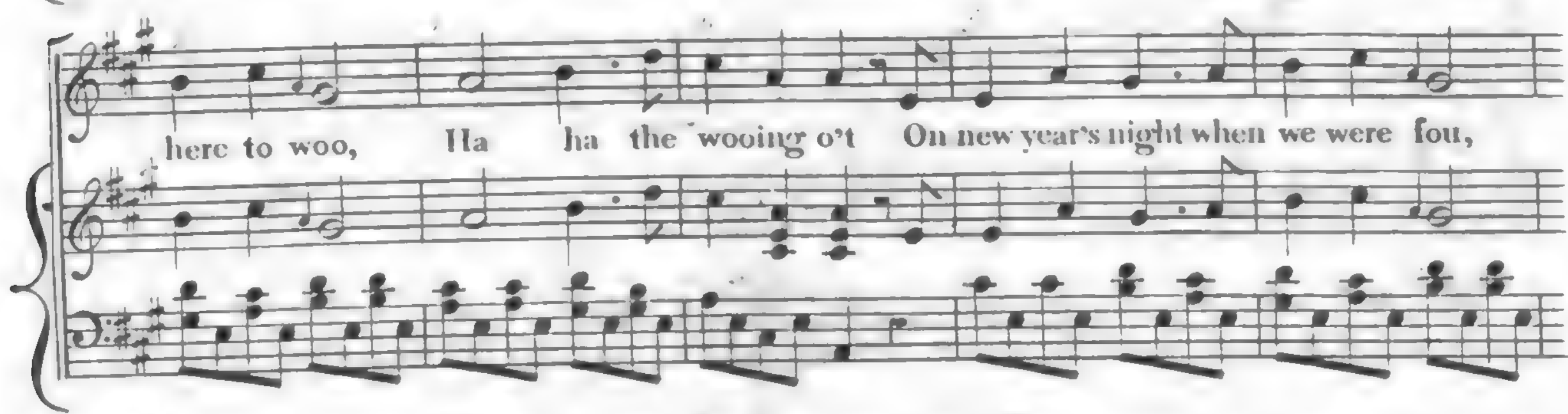
course of the dark winding rill; How lan-guid the scenes, late so



course of the dark winding rill; How lan-guid the scenes, late so



spright-ly, ap-pear, As au-tumn to win-ter re-signs the pale year.

Duncan Gray came here to woo

Duncan Gray for three Voices.

249

The Vocal harmony & the Sym^y & Accomp^t by Beethlissen.

First pub^d in 1822.

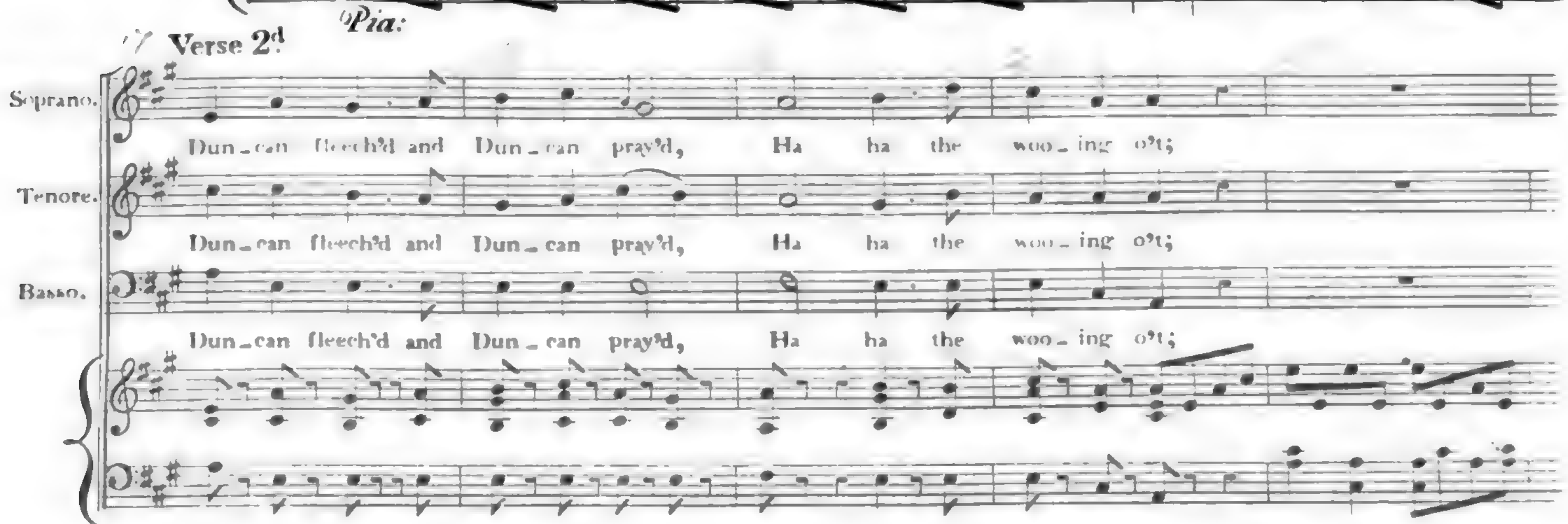
Allegretto *Pia:*



The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting on a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, then a half note B, and a quarter note C. The left hand provides a simple accompaniment of eighth notes.

Verse 2^d *Pia:*

Soprano.
Tenore.
Basso.



The vocal staves for the first verse are in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Dun-can fleech'd and Dun-can pray'd, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;". The Soprano and Tenor parts are in G4, and the Bass part is in G3. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody as the introduction.



The vocal staves for the second verse are in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Meg was deaf as Ail-sa Craig, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;". The Soprano and Tenor parts are in G4, and the Bass part is in G3. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody as the introduction.



The vocal staves for the third verse are in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Dun-can sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith blee'rt and blin', Spak o' loup-ing". The Soprano and Tenor parts are in G4, and the Bass part is in G3. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody as the introduction.



The vocal staves for the fourth verse are in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "o'er a linn, Ha ha the woo-ing o't;". The Soprano and Tenor parts are in G4, and the Bass part is in G3. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody as the introduction.

Volt

Verse 5^d

Time and chance are but a tide, Ha ha the wooing o't;
 Time and chance are but a tide, Ha ha the wooing o't;
 Time and chance are but a tide, Ha ha the wooing o't;
 Time and chance are but a tide, Ha ha the wooing o't;

Slight-ed love is sair to hide, Ha ha the wooing o't.
 Slight-ed love is sair to hide, Ha ha the wooing o't.
 Slight-ed love is sair to hide, Ha ha the wooing o't.
 Slight-ed love is sair to hide, Ha ha the wooing o't.

Shall I like a fool quoth he, For a haugh-ty hiz-zie die; She may gae to
 Shall I like a fool quoth he, For a haugh-ty hiz-zie die; She may gae to
 Shall I like a fool quoth he, For a haugh-ty hiz-zie die; She may gae to
 Shall I like a fool quoth he, For a haugh-ty hiz-zie die; She may gae to

France for me, Ha ha the wooing o't.
 France for me, Ha ha the wooing o't.
 France for me, Ha ha the wooing o't.
 France for me, Ha ha the wooing o't.

4.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh! her een they spake sic things,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

5.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan cou'dna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Charlie is my darling.

50

The Vocal harmony & the Sym! & Accomp! by Beethoven.
First publ! in 1822.

*Allegretto
con
anima*

For:

O Char-lie is my dar--ling my dar--ling, my dar--ling O

Char-lie is my dar--ling my dar--ling, my dar--ling O

Char-lie is my dar--ling my dar--ling, my dar--ling O

Pia-

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er. 'Twas on a Mon--day

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er. 'Twas on a Mon--day

Char-lie is my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er. 'Twas on a Mon--day

morn--ing, When birds were sing--ing clear, That Char-lie to the high-lands came, The

morn--ing, When birds were sing--ing clear, That Char-lie to the high-lands came, The

morn--ing, When birds were sing--ing clear, That Char-lie to the high-lands came, The

gal--lant Che--va--li-er. O Char-lie he's my dar--ling my dar--ling my

gal--lant Che--va--li-er. O Char-lie he's my dar--ling my dar--ling my

gal--lant Che--va--li-er. O Char-lie he's my dar--ling my dar--ling my

dar--ling, O Char-lie he's my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

dar--ling, O Char-lie he's my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

dar--ling, O Char-lie he's my dar--ling, The young Che--va--li-er.

2d.50

Air — to be repeated with each verse.

8. When Char- lie to Glen- - - fin- - - nan came, To chase the hart and hind, ()

many a Chief his ban- - - ner braid, Was wav- - - ing in the wind.

Chorus.

O Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling O
O Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling O
O Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling, my dar- - - ling O

Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, The young Che- va- - - lier. With each verse. Last verse.
Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, The young Che- va- - - lier. With each verse. Last verse.
Char- lie he's my dar- - - ling, The young Che- va- - - lier. With each verse. Last verse.

Crs: P d:

O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

A JACOBITE BALLAD,

From a Manuscript communicated to the Editor, here first published, 1822.

CHORUS.

O CHARLIE is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
 O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

When Charlie to Dunedin came,—
 In haste to Holyrood
 Came many a fair and stately dame,
 Of noble name and blood.
O Charlie, &c.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 When birds were singing clear,
 That Charlie to the Highlands came,
 The gallant Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

They proudly wore the milk-white rose,
 For him they lo'ed sae dear,
 And gied their sons to Charlie,
 The young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

When Charlie to Glenfinnin came,
 To chase the hart and hind,
 O many a chief his banner braid
 Was waving in the wind.
O Charlie, &c.

And many a gallant Scottish chief
 Came round their Prince to cheer,
 For Charlie was their darling,
 The young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

They wou'dna bide to chase the roes,
 Or start the mountain deer,
 But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,
 The gallant Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

And when they feasted in the ha'
 Each loyal heart was gay,
 And ay where Charlie cast his een
 They shed a kindly ray.
O Charlie, &c.

Now up the wild Glenevis,
 And down by Lochy side,
 Young Malcolm leaves his shealing,
 And Donald leaves his bride.
O Charlie, &c.

Around our Scottish thistle's head,
 There's many a pointed spear,
 And many a sword shall wave around
 Our young Chevalier.

Out o'er the rocky mountain,
 And down the primrose glen,
 Of naething else our lassies sing
 But Charlie and his men.
O Charlie, &c.

O Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

Edinburgh :

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ROYAL EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH.

1822.

INDEX TO THE POETRY

IN THE

FIRST VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.

FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page	FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page
A					
Ah CHLORIS, could I now but sit..	Unknown.....	20	O mirk, mirk, &c.....	BURNS.....	38
Ah, ope, Lord Gregory, &c.....	Dr. WOLCOT.....	38	O Nancy, wilt thou go with me...	PERCY.....	4
And ye shall walk in silk, &c.....	Unknown.....	44	One day I heard Mary say.....	CRAWFORD.....	6
At setting day and rising morn....	RAMSAY.....	22	One morning very early, &c.....	Unknown.....	18
B					
Behind yon hills, &c.....	BURNS.....	4	O poortith cauld, &c.....	BURNS.....	47
Be still, O ye winds, &c.....	EDWARD MOORE.....	13	O saw ye bonie Lesley.....	Ditto.....	53
Braw, braw lads, &c.....	BURNS.....	11	O stay, sweet warbling, &c.....	Ditto.....	26
Busk ye, busk ye, &c.....	HAMILTON.....	12	O waly waly up the bank.....	Unknown.....	19
C					
Come, dear Amanda, &c.....	Unknown.....	7	O wert thou in the cauldest blast..	BURNS.....	35
Come, gentle god, &c.....	Mrs BARBAULD.....	15	O were I on Parnassus Hill.....	Ditto.....	29
Could aught of song declare, &c...	BEATTIE.....	32	O I hae lost my silken snood.....	Unknown.....	41
D					
Deluded swain, the pleasure.....	Unknown.....	35	Our gallant Scottish Prince was clad	Ditto... ..	39
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	BURNS.....	46	O hush thee my baby, &c.....	SCOTT, Sir WALTER.....	34
Duncan Gray came here to woo...	Ditto.....	48	S		
F					
Farewell thou stream.....	BURNS.....	41	Saw ye my wee thing, &c.....	MACNEIL	45
Farewell to Lochaber, &c.....	RAMSAY	10	Shepherd, I have lost my love....	Unknown.....	25
From thee, Eliza, I must go.....	Ditto.....	15	She's fair and fause, &c.....	BURNS.....	40
G					
Gilderoy was a bonny boy.....	Unknown	20	Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach, &c.	Unknown.....	24
Gin living worth, &c.....	Unknown	16	Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,	BURNS.....	32
H					
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.	SHERIDAN.....	18	T		
Hard is the fate, &c.....	THOMSON.....	19	Tell me, tell me, charming creature	Unknown.....	42
Hear me, ye nymphs, &c.....	CRAWFORD.....	5	The day returns, &c.....	BURNS.....	28
Hear what Highland Nora said....	SCOTT, Sir WALTER.....	37	The heavy hours are almost past...	LORD LYTTLETON.....	23
Here awa, there awa, &c.....	BURNS.....	2	The nymph that undoes me, &c...	ETHEREGE.....	17
Here is the glen, &c.....	Ditto.....	27	There's auld Rob Morris, &c.....	BURNS.....	17
How lang and dreary, &c.....	Ditto	31	The lazy mist hangs, &c.....	Ditto.....	48
How oft Louisa, &c.....	SHERIDAN.....	1	The night her silent sable wore...	Unknown.....	23
I					
If wine and music, &c.....	PRIOR.....	29	The sun in virgin lustre shone....	Unknown.....	27
In April, when primroses, &c.....	RAMSAY.....	13	The smiling morn, &c.....	MALLET.....	1
It was about the Mart'mas time...	Unknown.....	46	Thy braes were bonny, &c.....	REV. Mr LOGAN.....	12
L					
Let not woman e'er complain.....	BURNS.....	48	To fair Fidele's grassy tomb, &c...	COLLINS.....	24
M					
Mary's charms subdued my breast	HON. ANDREW ERSKINE..	11	Too plain, dear youth, &c.....	SOAME JENYNS.....	44
My Patie is a lover gay.....	RAMSAY.....	7	True-hearted was he, &c.....	BURNS.....	45
My sheep I neglected, &c	Sir GILBERT ELLIOT.....	9	Turn again, thou fair Eliza.....	Ditto.....	42
N					
Nae gentle dames, &c.....	BURNS.....	37	'Twas in that season of the year...	RICHARD HEWIT.	14
O					
O cease to mourn, &c.....	Unknown.....	16	U		
O had my Love ne'er smil'd, &c...	SHERIDAN.....	5	Unless with my Amanda blest.....	THOMSON	43
Oh, open the door, &c.....	BURNS.....	21	W		
O Love will venture in, &c.....	BURNS.....	36	What beauties does Flora disclose	CRAWFORD.....	5
O Charlie is my darling.....	GRANT, Mrs.....	50	When Delia on the plain appears...	LORD LYTTLETON.....	14
O					
O cease to mourn, &c.....	Unknown.....	16	When merry hearts were gay.....	MACNEIL.....	30
O had my Love ne'er smil'd, &c...	SHERIDAN.....	5	When wild war's deadly blast, &c.	BURNS.....	22
Oh, open the door, &c.....	BURNS.....	21	Where is the smile, &c.....	Dr WOLCOT.....	2
O Love will venture in, &c.....	BURNS.....	36	Why will Florella, &c.....	Unknown.....	40
O Charlie is my darling.....	GRANT, Mrs.....	50	Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, &c	Unknown.....	8
O					
O cease to mourn, &c.....	Unknown.....	16	Will ye go to the Indies, &c.....	BURNS.....	8
O had my Love ne'er smil'd, &c...	SHERIDAN.....	5	Y		
Oh, open the door, &c.....	BURNS.....	21	Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon..	BURNS.....	43
O Love will venture in, &c.....	BURNS.....	36	Ye dear delights of love adieu.....	Dr WOLCOT.....	31
O Charlie is my darling.....	GRANT, Mrs.....	50	Ye shepherds and nymphs.....	HAMILTON.....	10

INDEX TO THE AIRS

IN THE

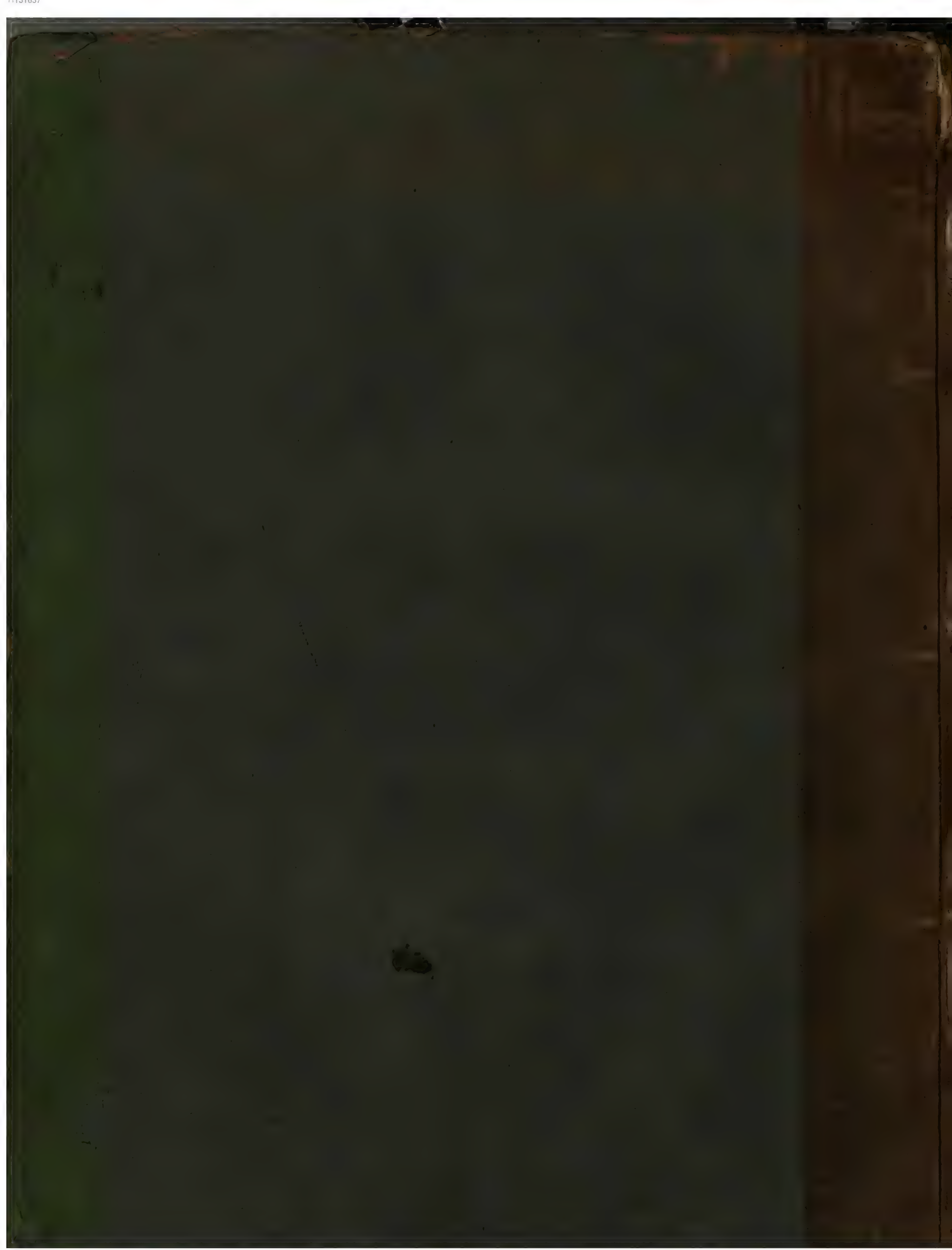
FIRST VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR NAMES.

The *Airs* distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, as they are known to have been popular before the year 1724. Those marked thus || are known to be modern. And those with this mark * are said to be Irish, which last were included before the Editor thought of publishing a separate Collection of Irish *Airs*.

AIRS.	COMPOSERS OF THE Symph. & Accompan ^s .	Page	AIRS.	COMPOSERS OF THE Symph. & Accompan ^s .	Page
A			N		
Auld Rob Morris §..... Duet.....	HAYDN	17	Nanie O §.....	PLEYEL	4
B			Ditto..... Duet.....	HAYDN	4
Bonny Dundee §.....	KOZELUCH	45	O		
Bush aboon Traquair §.....	PLEYEL	5	Oh, open the door*.....	Ditto	21
C			O Jean, I love thee.....	KOZELUCH	29
Could kail in Aberdeen §..... Duet.....	HAYDN	31	R		
Charlie is my darling..... Trio.....	BEETHOVEN	50	Rise up and bar the door.....	KOZELUCH	46
Corn riggs §..... Duet.....	HAYDN	7	Roslin Castle 	Ditto	14
Craigieburn wood.....	Ditto	32	S		
D			She rose and let me in §.....	PLEYEL	25
Donald *.....	PLEYEL	15	She's fair and fause.....	KOZELUCH	40
Donald and Flora.....	KOZELUCH	30	Ditto..... Trio.....	BEETHOVEN	40
Duncan Gray.....	Ditto	48	Sweet Annie §.....	PLEYEL	24
Ditto..... Trio.....	BEETHOVEN	49	Ditto..... Trio.....	BEETHOVEN	24
G			T		
Gala Water §.....	PLEYEL	11	The auld wife ayont the fire §.....	HAYDN	39
Gilderoy §..... Duet.....	Ditto	20	The Banks of Banna *..... Duet.....	PLEYEL	25
Gil Morris.....	HAYDN	45	The birks of Invermay §.....	HAYDN	1
Gramachree *.....	Ditto	18	The bonny brucket lassie.....	KOZELUCH	42
H			The braes of Yarrow §.....	PLEYEL	19
Here awa, there awa §.....	PLEYEL	2	The Caledonian Hunt's Delight Duet.....	KOZELUCH	43
Here's a health to my true Love, Duet.....	KOZELUCH	48	The collier's bonny lassie §.....	Ditto	33
He's dear to me..... Duet.....	KOZELUCH	54	The ewe-bughts §..... Duet.....	HAYDN	8
I			The deuks' dang o'er my daddie.....	KOZELUCH	37
I had a horse, &c.....	Ditto	47	The flowers of Edinburgh.....	Ditto	27
I'll never leave thee §.....	PLEYEL	6	The mill mill O §.....	PLEYEL	22
L			The Posie.....	KOZELUCH	36
Lochaber §.....	HAYDN	10	The seventh of November..... Duet.....	Ditto	28
Locheroch side 	KOZELUCH	26	The silken snood §.....	Ditto	41
Lord Gregory.....	Ditto	38	The siller crown.....	Ditto	44
M			The wae fu' heart.....	PLEYEL	16
My apron deary §.....	HAYDN	9	The yellow-hair'd laddie §..... Duet.....	Ditto	13
My love she's but a lassie yet.....	Ditto	35	Tweedside §.....	Ditto	3
Ditto.....	KOZELUCH	35	W		
			Waly Waly §.....	Ditto	19
			Ditto..... Duet.....	HAYDN	19





20
Mus. Pr.

530

- 2

2

New and Improved Edition.

A
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OF
ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS:
FOR THE VOICE:

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TO EACH AIR,

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO;

COMPOSED BY

PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, HAYDN,
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BEETHOVEN,

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Edinburgh :

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JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

*John, Anderson my Jo, we loved the hill together,
And many a weary day Jo we've had our time together*

The illustration is by Gustave Hendon, a 19th-century photographer who was active in the 1850s and 1860s.

Select Collection of
ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS
(For the Voice)
With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies
& Accompaniments for the
PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO

By
Meyer, Kozeluch & Haydn

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Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English
adapted to the Airs including upwards of
One Hundred New Songs by

BURNS

Price of each Volume the Voice & Piano Forte, One Guinea
The Violin & Violon parts separate 6s



*Now are when verdant's genius mourns
And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns.*

Volume **2** Ent'd at Stationers Hall

London. Printed & Sold by J. Preston 97. Strand.
Sold also by G. Thomson, the Editor & Proprietor, Edinburgh.

G. Thomson

(

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TO THE PUBLIC.

By the late Act of Parliament, 54th Geo. III. granting the EXTENSION of copy-right to works already published, if not published before 1800, it is to be observed, that the Copy-right, even of the Two earliest Volumes of these Scottish Songs, is thus secured to the Publisher, G. Thomson, FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER 1803; in which year, a great many new and most valuable Compositions in those two volumes were first published; or rather first printed; for it accidentally happened, that their publication was delayed till April 1804.

SCOTTISH SONGS.—HAYDN, &c.

A NUMBER of Publications of Scottish Songs having issued from the press, in imitation of G. THOMSON'S Collection, without the slightest resemblance of it, in the excellence either of the Music or Poetry; it is requested that those who wish to have this Work, will be pleased, in order to prevent mistakes, to address their orders to G. THOMSON himself, at the Trustees' Office, Exchange, Edinburgh. The Work is comprised in FIVE VOLUMES.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Volume I. and II. are the composition of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, and HAYDN; and Six Airs, harmonised by HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, three of them as Duets, and the other three as Glees, have been added to this new Edition at the end of each of those two Volumes. The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Volume III. and IV. are composed WHOLLY BY HAYDN, who wrote thus emphatically when he sent the Music:—"I boast of this Work, and by it, I flatter myself, my name will live in Scotland many years after my death." The Fifth Volume is harmonized chiefly by BEETHOVEN, and contains also the Cantata of the Jolly Beggars, by BURNS, set to Music by H. R. BISHOP.

The Poetry in these Volumes includes the most select and complete collection of Songs, both Scottish and English, ever offered to the Public. And the following certificate will show, that this is the only Musical Work in which ALL the delightful Songs of BURNS can be published.

"I do hereby certify, that all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published, by Mr GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And, moreover, that I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work. And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend ANY of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof," &c.

ROBERT BURNS."

The Poet, as is well known from his published Correspondence with Mr Thomson, wrote few Songs without having in his eye some fair damsel who at the time interested him. Mr Thomson, anxious to ascertain, as far as he could, who were the Poet's fair inspirers, lately applied to his Widow, his Brother, and some of his most intimate friends, for information. By their obliging communications, he is happily enabled, in the present Edition, to prefix to a number of the Songs the Names of the Heroines.

WELSH SONGS.—HAYDN, &c.

Mr THOMSON has also published Three Volumes of SELECT WELSH MELODIES, collected by him in a tour through North Wales, and now first adapted for THE VOICE; with Characteristic ENGLISH VERSES, purposely written by Mrs Opie, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Grant, Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, Esq. M. G. Lewis, Esq. W. Smyth, Esq. Richard Llwyd, (the Bard of Snowdon), and other distinguished Poets. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, composed chiefly by HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, who have also set many of the Airs for Two Voices.

IRISH SONGS.—BEETHOVEN.

Mr Thomson has likewise just Published Two Volumes of SELECT IRISH MELODIES, with Characteristic English Verses, purposely written by Joanna Baillie, Robert Burns, Alexander Boswell, J. P. Curran, Walter Scott, and William Smyth, Esqrs. &c. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, composed wholly by BEETHOVEN; who has also set many of the Airs for two Voices.

These Works have been in preparation for many years, and would have been produced sooner, but for the anxiety of the Editor to render them as complete and perfect as possible, both in the Music and Poetry. And he trusts that the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish Melodies, united to interesting Songs, and enriched by Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, and for the Violin and Violoncello, of the most masterly, beautiful, and expressive character, such as no other national Melodies can boast of, will prove equally acceptable to Singers, to instrumental performers, and to every person of taste.

The Scottish Volumes contain each FIFTY Melodies, and they are embellished with beautiful Engravings from the Birks of Invermay, John Anderson my Jo, The Soldier's Return, James V. as a Gaberlunzie man, and a capital Portrait of BURNS.

The Welsh Volumes contains each THIRTY Melodies, and are embellished with fine Engravings of Llangollen Vale, the Gipseys Fortune-teller, and Conway Castle.

The Irish Volumes contain each THIRTY Melodies, at least, and are embellished with beautiful engravings of St Cecilia, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the Origin of Painting, by D. Allan.

The PRICE of each Volume of those Melodies and Songs, with the Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, is one Guinea; and any Volume of the three Works may be had singly.

The Violin and Violoncello Accompaniments, which, when played along with the Voice and Piano-Forte, produce the richest and most delightful effect, are sold at Six Shillings per Volume, or the Violin by itself, at Three Shillings.

The Publisher has an exclusive right to all the Songs written for the three National Collections above-mentioned, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments. And as he did not obtain these without laborious researches, and a heavy expense—and not till after a correspondence of twenty years with Poets, Musicians, and Antiquaries, both at home and abroad,—he feels it due to himself distinctly to announce, that if any person shall publish any of those Songs, or any of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted for damages, &c. in terms of the Act of Parliament.

Each genuine Volume of those works bears, at the foot of the Title-page, the written Signature of

G. THOMSON.

Edinburgh, Royal Exchange, May 1820.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

AIR—THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

<p>LAST May a braw wooper cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did deave me ; I said there was naething I hated like men, The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me, The deuce gae wi' him to believe me.</p>	<p>But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock ; And wha but my fine fickle lover was there, I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock, I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.</p>
<p>He spake o' the darts in my bonny black een, And vow'd for my love he was dying ; I said he might die when he liked for JEAN ; The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying, The Lord forgi'e me for lying !</p>	<p>But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink, Lest neebours might say I was saucy, My wooper he caper'd as he'd been in drink, And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie, And vow'd I was his dear lassie.</p>
<p>A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, And marriage aff hand, were his proffers : I never loot on that I ken'd it, or car'd, But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers, But thought I might hae waur offers.</p>	<p>I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet, If she had recover'd her hearing ; And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet ; But heavens ! how he fell a-swearin, a swearin, But heavens ! how he fell a-swearin.</p>
<p>But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less, (The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her !) He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, Guessyehow, the jade ! I could bear her, could bear her, Guess ye, how the jade ! I could bear her.</p>	<p>He begged for gude-sake ! I wad be his wife, Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow : So e'en to preserve the poor body in life, I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-morrow, I think I maun wed him to-morrow.</p>

Last. May a braw wooer &c.

52

Vivace



f

Last may a braw wooer cam down the lang glen, And

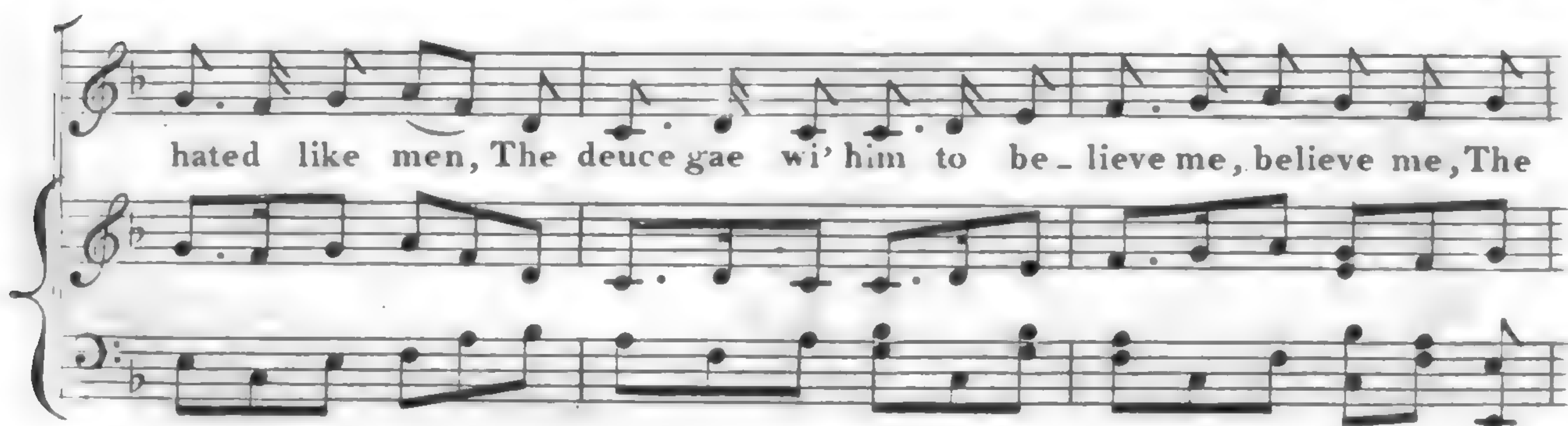


p

sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was naething I



hated like men, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me, believe me, The



deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.



p

Well gang we hame to yon Town.

The song is with Burns's Verses.

Allegretto

O wat ye wha's in yon town Ye see the ev'n-ing sun up-on: The fair-est maids in yon town That
 ev'n-ing sun is shin-ing on Now hap-py down yon gay green shaw, She wan-ders by yon spread-ing tree, How
 blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glances of her e'e! How blest ye birds that round her sing, And
 wel-come in the bloom-ing year, And dou-bly wel-come be the springs, The sea-son to my Lu-cy dear.

O Nancy wilt thou leave the Town.

*Andantino
Grave*

O Nancy wilt thou leave the town, And go with me where Nature dwells I'll lead thee to a fair-er scene Than
 O Nancy wilt thou leave the town, And go with me where Nature dwells I'll lead thee to a fair-er scene Than
 paint-er feigns or po-et tells. In spring I'll place the snow drop fair, U-pon thy fair-er sweeter breast With
 paint-er feigns or po-et tells. In spring I'll place the snow drop fair, U-pon thy fair-er sweeter breast With
 love-ly ro-ses round thy head, At sum-mer eve shalt thou be drest.
 love-ly ro-ses round thy head, At sum-mer eve shalt thou be drest.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YONDER TOWN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

For the choice of the Singer, the Editor has united these beautiful Verses both with the Air which the Poet originally had in view for them, and with another, (the first in the annexed plate,) which to the Editor appears still better suited to their character.

O WAT ye wha's in yonder town,
Ye see the ev'ning sun upon?
The fairest maid's in yonder town
That ev'ning sun is shining on.
Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest, ye flowers, that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances of her e'e!
How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blythe on yonder town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yonder town,
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
Without my Love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
My cave would be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower
That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yonder town
Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yonder town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!
And while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart!

GIN YE MEET A BONNY LASSIE.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae:

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When JENNY speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say,
"Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook!"
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And tell you plainly to your face,
Nineteen na-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the Gods indulgent grant:
Then, surly carls, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

IN SUMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

IN summer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says "I'll be wed, come o't what will!"
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 'Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 "I dinna care a single flie;
 "He loe's sae weel his craps and kye,
 "He has nae love to spare for me;
 "But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 "And weel I wat he loe's me dear;
 "Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 "For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

'It's ye hae woers mony ane,
 'And lassie ye're but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 'A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 'There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 'Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 'Tak' this frae me, my bonny hen,
 'It's plenty beets the lover's fire.'

'Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a feght,
 'The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
 'Yet ay fu' hand is feghtin best,
 'A hungry care's an unco care:
 'But some will spend, and some will spare,
 'And wilfu fouk maun hae their will;
 'Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 'Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale!'

"O gear will buy me riggs o' land,
 "And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 "But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 "The gowd and siller canna buy:
 "We may be poor, my Rob and I,
 "Light is the burden love lays on:
 "Content and love bring peace and joy,
 "What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

IF THOSE WHO LIVE IN SHEPHERD'S BOWER.

WRITTEN

By THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

IF those who live in shepherd's bower,
 Press not the rich and stately bed;
 The new mown hay and breathing flower
 A softer couch beneath them spread.
 If those who sit at shepherd's board,
 Soothe not their taste by wanton art;
 They take what nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast;
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
 And crown them with the village-toast.
 If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the daizied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet Love adorns the merry round!

In summer when the hay was mawn. 54

Allegretto

pia *for*

pia

In summer when the hay was mawn, And

corn wad green in il-ka field While claver blooms white o'er the lea, And roses blaw in

il-ka field: Blythe BESSIE in the milking shiel, Says I'll be wed come

f *for*

o't what will; Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild, Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

pia

How hard's the fate of Woman-kind

Alle-
gretto

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in C major, starting with a half note C4, followed by eighth notes D4-E4-F4-G4-A4-B4, and then a series of sixteenth notes. The left hand plays a bass line in C major, starting with a half note C3, followed by eighth notes D3-E3-F3-G3-A3-B3, and then a series of sixteenth notes. The tempo is marked 'Alle-gretto' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte).

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'How hard's the fate of wo...man kind When I think out for a' that When they'. The piano accompaniment continues the melody from the introduction.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'meet a young man to their mind they dare na tell't for a' that,'.

The third system of the song is marked 'CHORUS'. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'For a' that and a' that, And twice as meikles a' that, Tho' they love the laddie ever sae weel They'. The piano accompaniment continues the melody from the previous system. The dynamics are 'sforz.' (sforzando).

The fourth system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'dare na tell't for a' that,'.

HOW HARD'S THE FATE OF WOMANKIND.

WRITTEN

By *A LADY*.

AIR—FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

H ow hard's the fate of womankind, When I think on't for a that : When they meet a young man to their mind, They dare na tell for a' that.	The world's sae censorious, Which causes this and a' that, Gars us conceal our fondest thoughts, And say we hate and a' that.
CHORUS.—For a' that and a' that, And twice as meikle's a' that : Tho' they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel, They dare na tell for a' that.	For a' that and a' that, And twice as meikle's a' that, Tho' we lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel, We dare na tell for a' that.

I vow I will be nane o' these
That play the fool and a' that ;
When I meet a young man to my mind,
I'll tell I love for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Shall be my ain for a' that.

YES, I'M IN LOVE, I FEEL IT NOW.

WRITTEN

By *PAUL WHITEHEAD*.

THE SAME AIR.

Y es, I'm in love, I feel it now, And Celia has undone me ; But yet I swear I can't tell how The pleasing h ague stole on me.	'Tis not her air, for sure in that There's nothing more than common ; And all her sense is only chat, Like any other woman.
'Tis not her face that love creates, For there no graces revel ; 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates Have rather been uncivil.	Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ; 'Twas both, perhaps, or neither : In short 'twas that provoking charm Of Celia altogether.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR.—THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be :
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place,—
 It wants to me the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 A thief sae pauky is my Jean
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain Lassie!

56

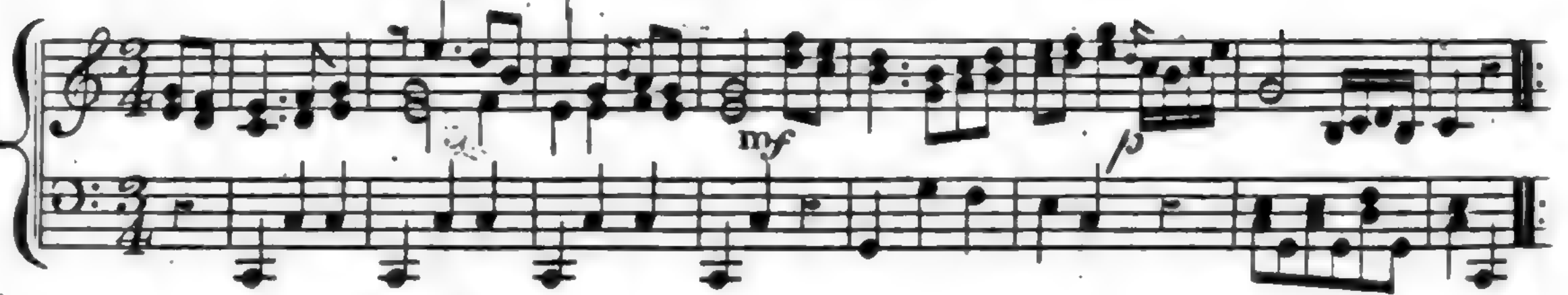
Vivace

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Vivace' in a 2/4 time signature, featuring a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is in G major, indicated by one sharp (F#). The score then transitions into a vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, providing a harmonic foundation for the voice. The piece concludes with a final piano flourish in the right hand.

O this is no my ain Lassie Fair tho' the
las_sie be; O weel ken I my ain las_sie, Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair_est place, It
wants to me the witching grace The kind love that's in her e'e.

O Logie o' Buchan.

DUFF
GRAZIOSO



O LOGIE O' BUCHAN, &c.

AIR—LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard!
Wha play'd on the pipe wi' the viol sae sma;
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie the flower o' them a'!
He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa,
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;
Though I like them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think nae lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin and siller forby;
But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.
He said, think nae lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie, that likes me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brake it in twa,
And he gi'ed me the half o't, when he gaed awa'.
But simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

WHEN JOCKY WAS BLESS'D, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

JOCKY.

WHEN Jocky was bless'd with your love & your truth,
Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythesome
a youth,
With Jenny I sported it all the day long,
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

JENNY.

Ere Jocky had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
There lived in the vale not so happy a she:
Such pleasures with Jocky his Jenny had known,
That she scorn'd, in a cot, the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah, me! what a fear now possesses my mind,
That Jenny, so constant, to Willy's been kind!
When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,
She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

JENNY.

You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day
With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay;
When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have
said,
You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee,
For Lucy the wanton was ne'er formed for me:
From a lass that's so true your Jocky ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

JENNY.

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor sigh'd;
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride;
While Tweed's waters glide, shall your Jenny be true;
And love, my dear Jocky, no shepherd but you.

BOTH.

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair;
For kindness no youth can with Jocky compare;
We'll love, then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
And none on the plain shall be happy as we.

BLYTHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang, can please me ;
 Leslie is sae fair and coy,*
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring ;
 Trembling, I do nought but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the throes
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling !

* Miss Leslie Baillie,—now Mrs Cuming of Logie.

DEAR COLIN, QUIT THY LOVE-SICK TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

*• In singing the following Verses with the Air, an additional Quaver must be supplied for the First Word or Syllable of each Line.

DEAR Colin, quit thy love-sick tale,
 And leave this silly sighing ;
 Fie, mope not thus from vale to vale,
 Nor talk of ghosts and dying.
 Talk not of wounds, and flames, and darts,
 Indeed I can't endure them,—
 It is not thus with shepherd's hearts,
 A little thing will cure them.

What girl would bear the galling chain,
 And lose the pow'r of pleasing ;
 Make a dull spouse of a gay swain,
 And lose the charm of teasing ?
 Possession is too apt to cloy ;
 Then flames and darts are over ;
 When novelty deserts the joy,
 Adieu the sighing lover !

Blythe have I been on yon hill.

58

ALLEGRETTO

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of seven systems of staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system is a repeat of the first. The third system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'Blythe have I been on yon hill As the Lambs be-fore me; Care-less il-ka'. The fourth system continues the melody with: 'thought and free. As the breeze flew o'er me Now nae langer sport and play, Or'. The fifth system continues with: 'mirth or sang can please me; LESLEY is sae fair and coy, Care and anguish seize me'. The sixth system is a repeat of the fifth. The seventh system is a final instrumental flourish. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO'.

The second Strain of this Air, differs entirely from that commonly printed, but it was sent in the above form by M.^r Burns to the Editor, along with the Verses, and as it is beautiful he adopted it.

And O for ane & twenty Tam.

Allegretto

And. O for ane and twen-ty TAM, And hey sweet ane and twen - - - ty, I'll

learn my kin a rattling sang Gin I saw ane and twen - - - ty. They shool me sair and

haud me down And gar me look like blun - - - tie But three short years will

soon wheel roun' And then comes ane and twenty.

AND O FOR ANE AND TWENTY TAM.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

AND O for ane and twenty, Tam !
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty ;
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.
 They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie ;
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty ;
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie ;
 At kith or kin I needna speir,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam !
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty ;
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.
 They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' ha'e plenty ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty !

CAULD BLAWS THE WIND FRAE NORTH TO SOUTH.

Part of the following First Stanza is taken from an Old Song ; the other Stanzas were written

By JOHN HAMILTON,

Who retouched some of the Lines for this Work.

THE SAME AIR.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south,
 The drift is driving sairly,
 The sheep are couring in the heugh,
 O ! Sirs, 'tis winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,
 And tirls the branches barely,
 On hill and house hear how it thuds—
 The frost is nipping sairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 To sit a' night wad better agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southlan' hills,
 Like ony timorous carlie,
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When snaw blaws in to the chimly cheek,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things ! they suffer sairly,
 In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 A pennyless purse I would rather dree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house and canty wife,
 Ay keep a body cheerly,
 And pantries stow'd wi' meal and maut,
 They answer unco rarely.
 But up in the morning ! na, na, na !
 Up in the morning early,
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae;
 When I rise in the morning early.

 ROBIN IS MY ONLY JO.

AIR—KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

ROBIN is my only jo,
 Robin has the art to lo'e;
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 Happy happy was the show'r,
 That led me to his birken bow'r,
 Where first of love I fand the pow'r,
 And ken'd that Robin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.
 My titty Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I, ere lang, be made to see,
 That Robin didna lo'e me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings,
 And name a thousand bonny things,
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,
 Seated on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.

But little kens she what has been
 Me and my honest Rob between;
 And in his wooing, O sae keen
 Kind Robin is that lo'es me!
 Then fly ye lazy hours away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, "join your hands," Mess Johr shall say,
 And mak' him mine that lo'es me!

'Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.
 O hey Robin, quo' she,
 O hey Robin, quo' she,
 O hey Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin lo'es me.

 WHILST I ALONE YOUR SOUL POSSEST.

THE SAME AIR.

WHILST I alone your soul possest,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
 Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind Jenny lo'ed me!

JENNY. Patie now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to save, I'd perish twice;
 For kind Patie lo'es me.

JENNY. Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
 What queen with Jenny cou'd compare,
 When kind Robin lo'ed me!

ROBIN. What if I Kate for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain;
 For kind Robin lo'es thee.

ROBIN. Katy now commands my heart,
 Kate who sings with so much art,
 Whose life to save, with mine I'd part;
 For kind Katy lo'es me.

JENNY. Tho' Patie's kind as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd choose to live and die with thee,
 If kind Robin lo'es me.

Robin is my only So-

60

Andan-
tino

ROBIN is my on-ly jo, For ROBIN has the

art to loo, So to his suit I mean to bow, Be-cause I ken he loo's me.

Hap-py hap-py was the show'r That led me to his birken bow'r, Where first of love I

land the pow'r And kend that ROBIN looxl me.

• The Sym: & Accompl: simplified as above by M^r K. 1801.

Blythe, blythe & merry was she.

Allegretto

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Allegretto'. The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The vocal melody then enters on the first line of the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment. The key signature remains G major throughout. The piece concludes with a final piano accompaniment staff.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she but and ben

Blythe by the banks of Earn And blythe in Glen - tu - rit - glen. By

Och - ter - - tyre grows the aik, On Yar - row banks the bir - ken shaw, But

PHemie was a bo - nier lass Than braes o Yar - row e - - ver saw.

BLYTHER, BLYTHER, AND MERRY WAS SHE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

During a short visit which the Poet made at Auchtertyre, the seat of Sir William Murray, he composed the following Verses on a young Lady, whom he chanced to meet there, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose ; who was justly called the Flower of Strathmore. She is now the widow of David Smith, Esq. of Methven, one of the Lords of Session.

BLYTHER, blyther, and merry was she,
Blyther was she but and ben,
Blyther by the banks of Earn,
And blyther in Glenturit glen.
By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blyther, blyther, and merry was she,
Blyther was she but and ben,
Blyther by the banks of Earn,
And blyther in Glenturit glen.
Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thoru.

Blyther, blyther, and merry was she,
Blyther was she but and ben,
Blyther by the banks of Earn,
And blyther in Glenturit glen.
Her bonie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lea !
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blyther, blyther, and merry was she,
Blyther was she but and ben,
Blyther by the banks of Earn,
And blyther in Glenturit Glen.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been ;
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green.

THE OLD VERSES.

THE SAME AIR.

BLYTHER, blyther, blyther was she,
Blyther was she but and ben ;
And weel she liked a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawin-free ;
But, cunning carlin that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We lo'ed the liquor weel enough,
But, waes my heart my cash was done
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith was I to pawn my shoon !
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbock ben,
With girdle cakes weel toasted brown :
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the swats gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun ;
And ay the clearest drinker out
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
I ha'e been far ayont the sun ;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

SWEET SIR, FOR YOUR COURTESIE.

AIR—MY JO JANET.

' SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 ' When ye come by the Bass, then,
 ' For the love ye bear to me,
 ' Buy me a keeking glass, then.'
 " Keek into the draw-well,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " And there ye'll see your bony sel',
 " My jo Janet."

' Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 ' What if I should fa' in, Sir ?
 ' Syne a' my kin will say an' swear,
 ' I drown'd mysel' for sin, Sir.'
 " Haud the better by the brae,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " Haud the better by the brae,
 " My jo Janet."

' Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 ' Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 ' For the love ye bear to me,
 ' Buy me a pair of sheen, then.'
 " Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " Ae pair may gain you ha'f a year,
 " My jo Janet."

' But what if dancing on the green,
 ' And skipping like a mawkin,
 ' If they should see my clouted sheen,
 ' Of me they will be tawkin'.
 " Dance ay laigh, and late at een,
 " Janet, Janet ;
 " Syne a' their faults will not be seen,
 " My jo Janet."

' Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 ' When ye gae to the cross, then,
 ' For the love ye bear to me,
 ' Buy me a pacing horse, then.'
 " Pace upo' your spinning wheel,
 " Janet, Janet,
 " Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 " My jo Janet."

' My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 ' The rock o't winna stand, Sir ;
 ' To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 ' Employs aft my hand, Sir.'
 " Mak the best o't that you can,
 " Janet, Janet,
 " Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 " My jo Janet."

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

' HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 ' Nor longer idly rave, Sir ;
 ' Though I am your wedded wife,
 ' Yet I am not your slave, Sir.'
 " One of two must still obey,
 " Nancy, Nancy ;
 " Is it man or woman, say,
 " My spouse Nancy ?"

' If 'tis still the lordly word,
 ' Service and obedience,
 ' I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 ' And so good b'ye allegiance !'
 " Sad will I be so bereft,
 " Nancy, Nancy ;
 " Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 " My spouse Nancy."

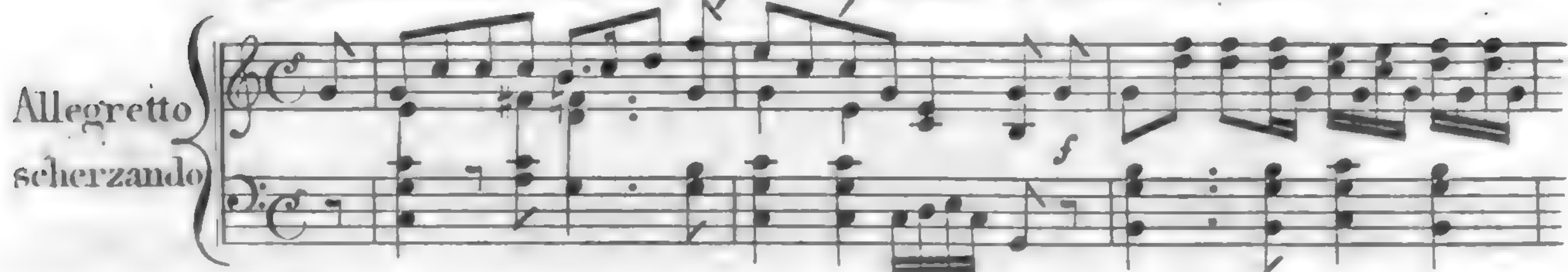
' My poor heart then break it must,
 ' My last hour I am near it ;
 ' When you lay me in the dust,
 ' Think, think how you will bear it !
 " I will hope and trust in heaven,
 " Nancy, Nancy,
 " Strength to bear it will be given,
 " My spouse Nancy."

' Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
 ' Still I will try to daunt you ;
 ' Ever round your midnight bed
 ' Horrid sprites shall haunt you !'
 " I'll wed another like my dear
 " Nancy, Nancy,
 " Then all hell will fly for fear,
 " My spouse Nancy !"

O sweet Sir for your courtesie

62

Allegretto
scherzando



O sweet Sir for your cour_tesie When ye come by the Bass then For the love ye



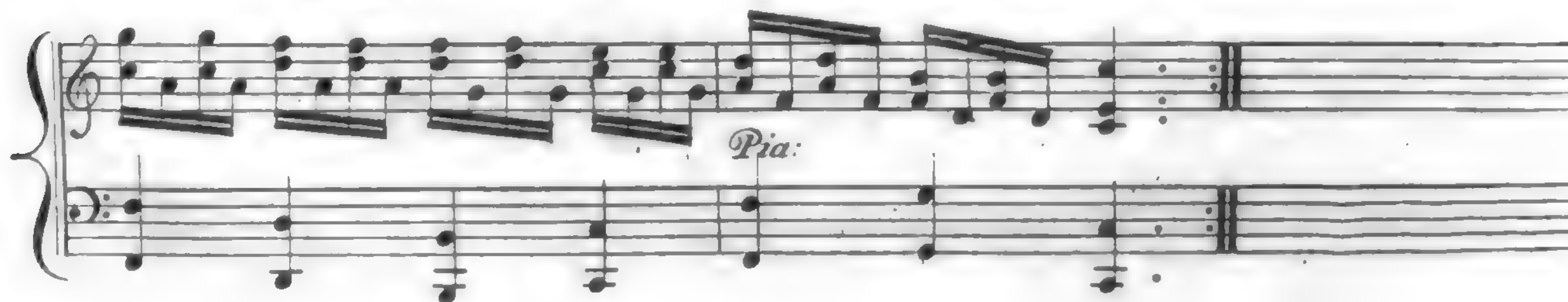
bear to me Buy me a keek-ing Glass then Keek in-to the draw well

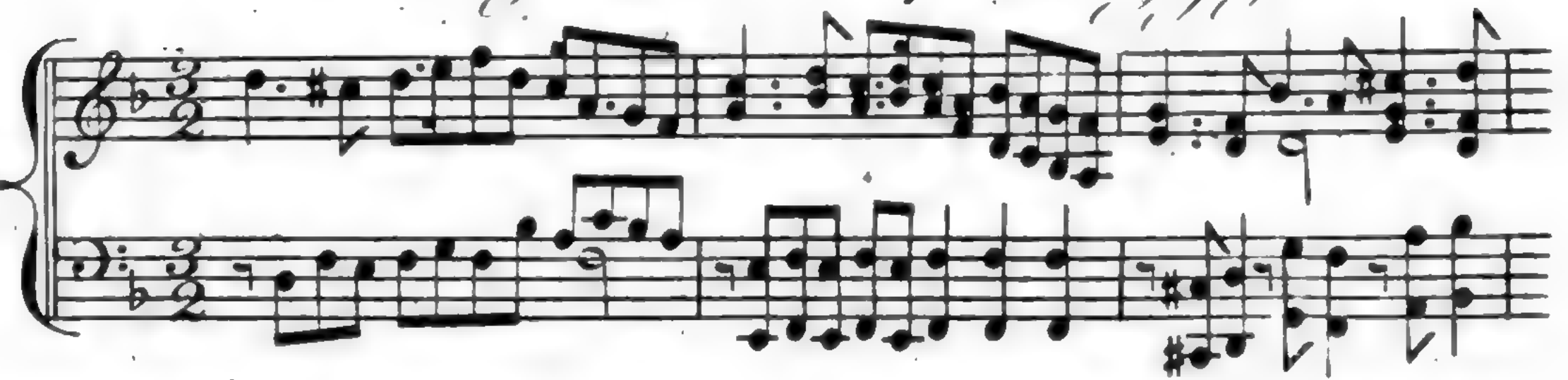


JA--NET JA--NET And there ve'll see your bonny sell My Jo JA--NET.



Pia:



*Saw ye nae my Peggy:**Andantino*

Saw ye nae my PEGGY Saw ye nae my PEGGY :

Saw ye nae my PEGGY Coming o'er the lea? Sure a finer creature

Ne'er was form'd by nature So compleat each feature So di-vine is she.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

AIR—SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was formed by Nature!
So complete each feature,
So divine is she!

O how Peggy charms me,
Every look still warms me,
Every thought alarms me,
Lest she love not me!
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over,
Nature bids me love her,
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
'Till I happy be.
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till she pity me.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD SHE'S LEFT ME.

AIR—FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

These Verses are said to have been written by the late Dr Austin, Physician in Edinburgh, upon being forsaken by the Lady whom he expected to marry.

FOR the sake of gold she's left me,
And of all that's dear bereft me ;
She me forsook for Athol's duke,
And to endless woe she's left me.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
For empty titles we must part,
For glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love ;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me.
Ye Powers above I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair ;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she has ever left me.

THE SUN WAS SUNK BENEATH THE HILL.

THE SAME AIR.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were edg'd with gold ;
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold :
When, in the silence of a grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.
When, in the silence of a grove, &c.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock, or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach ?
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in woman-kind.
With equal faith may hope to find, &c.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care ;
No fields that wave with golden grain ;
Nor meadows green, nor gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain :
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.
Then all in vain my sighs must prove, &c.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold !
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove !
But I am scorn'd who have but love.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove, &c.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what riches could suffice ?
Yet India's shore could never boast
The lustre of thy rival eyes.
For there the world too cheap must prove ;
Can I then buy who have but love ?
For there the world too cheap must prove, &c.

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore,
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :
Let treasure meaner beauties move ;
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.
Let treasure meaner beauties move, &c.

For the sake of Gold she's left me.

64

Andante

for

For the sake of gold she's left me O, And of all that's dear be-reft me O, She

me forsook for a great Duke, And to endless woe she's left me O, A

Star and Garter have more art Than youth, a true and faithful heart For empty ti-tles

we must part For glittering shew she's left me O.

for

Contented wi' little & canty wi' mair.

Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Con - tented wi' little and can - ty wi' mair, When e'er I for - gather wi' sorrow and care I gie them a skelp as they're creeping along, Wi' a cog o' good ale and an auld Scottish sang I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought, But man is a Soldier and life is a faught, My mirth and good humour's my coin in my pouch, And my Freedom's my Lairdship nae Monarch dare touch.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—LUMPS O' PUDDING.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
 Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.
 I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
 But man is a soldier, and life is a faught;
 My mirth and good-humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' gude fellowship southers it a';
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
 Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"

PHO! POX O' THIS NONSENSE.

THE SAME AIR.

PHO! pox, o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
 Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a rout!
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes:
 Remember what toppers of old used to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;
 But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six;
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul!
 Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
 My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff:
 "May mirth and good fellowship always abound!"
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round!

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING DEAR TITTY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

As this appears to the Editor a much better Air, and more worthy of these beautiful Verses, than the Tune which the Poet had originally in view for them, the one is here substituted for the other;—but for the satisfaction of those who may like to see the original Tune, it is engraved, though without Accompaniments, at the foot of the opposite Plate.

MY heart is a-breaking, dear titty,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude day to you," (coof) he comes ben;
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minny does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house stalking,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

The Heroine of the following admirable Song, was Miss Phillis Macmurdo, Drumlanrig; now the wife of Norman Lockhart, Esq. Carnwath.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daizy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—
For she is simplicity's child.
The rose-bud's the blush of my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flow'rs in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop of diamond her eye.
Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
When Phoebus peeps over the mountain,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind of my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

My heart is a breaking.

Allegretto

My heart is a break -- ing dear TIT -- TV Some
coun -- sel un -- to me come len? To an -- ger them a? tis a pi -- ty But
what will I do wi? TAM GLEN.

A down winding Nith I did wander.

andantino quasi Allegretto

A -- down wind -- ing Nith I did wan -- der To mark the sweet flow'rs as they spring A --
down wind -- ing Nith I did wan -- der Of PHIL -- LIS to muse and to sing.
A -- wa? wi? your belles and your beau -- ties They ne -- ver wi? her can com -- pare Wha --
e -- ver has met wi? my PHIL -- LIS Has met wi? the queen o? the fair.

O'wat ye wha that lo'es me.

*Andante
con
Espressione.*

O wat ye wha that lo'es me, And has my heart a keeping, O sweet is she that

lo'es me, As dew's of Summer weeping, In tears the Rose buds steeping, O

that's the Lassie o' my heart, My Lassie e-ver dear-er; O that's the queen of

woman kind, And ne'er a one to peer her.

* If the Voice cannot reach the upper notes, the under ones may be sung.

O WAT YE WHA THAT LO'ES ME.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—MORAG.

O wat ye wha that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' summer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping:
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming;
 That e'en *thy* chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,
 And thy attention's plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted:
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

LOUD BLAW THE FROSTY BREEZES.

THE SAME AIR.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging;
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythely singing,
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
 When, by his mighty warden,
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT.

FROM A MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

The following most beautiful Song was sent by BURNS to the Editor, with information, that "it is an old song of the olden times, which had never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until he took it down from an old man's singing." It seems not improbable, however, that he said this merely in a playful humour; for the Editor cannot help thinking that the Song affords evidence of our Bard himself being the author.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne?
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

We twa hae paidlet in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty feire,
And gie's a' hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right good willie-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Auld Lang Syne

68

The Accompl. to the Chorus & to the 2^d 3^d & 4th Verses varied & pub^d in 1821.

Allegretto

Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
mind. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got And days o' lang syne.

CHORUS.
For auld lang syne my dear For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o'
For auld lang syne my dear For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o'

2^d
kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.
1st kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

VERSE 2^d
We twa hae run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've
wand-er'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. **CHORUS AGAIN.**

VERSE 3^d
We twa hae paid-lit in the burn, Frae morning sun till dine; But
Sea- between us braid hae roar'd, Sin' auld lang syne. **CHORUS AGAIN.**

VERSE 4th
And there's a hand my trust-y feire, And gies a hand o' thine; And we'll
tak a right gude will-ie waught, For auld lang syne. **CHORUS AGAIN.**

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers.

VIVACE

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a lively melody in treble clef, and the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay greens spreading bow'rs And now comes in my

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay greens spreading bow'rs And now comes in my".

happy hours To wander wi' my Da - vie. The crystal waters round us fa' The merry birds are

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "happy hours To wander wi' my Da - vie. The crystal waters round us fa' The merry birds are".

Chorus

lovers a' The scent-ed breezes round us blow, A wand'ring wi' my Da - vie. Meet me on the war lock knowe

Meet me on the war lock knowe

The chorus system begins with the word "Chorus" above the staff. The lyrics are: "lovers a' The scent-ed breezes round us blow, A wand'ring wi' my Da - vie. Meet me on the war lock knowe". The phrase "Meet me on the war lock knowe" is repeated at the end of the system.

Dainty Davie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da - vie.

Dainty Davie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da - vie.

The third system features the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Dainty Davie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da - vie.".

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment continuing, with the right hand playing a melodic line and the left hand providing a steady bass line. The system ends with a double bar line.

NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers ;
And now come in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie :
The chrystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
CHORUS.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithful Davie.
When day expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
I'll flee to 's arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
CHORUS.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

ALTERED TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,

By BURNS.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful charming Chloe :
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful charming Chloe.
CHORUS.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe :
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful charming Chloe.
CHORUS.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

 ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

WRITTEN

*By Mrs GRANT,
OF CARRON.*

AIR—ROY'S WIFE.

R oy's wife of Aldivalloch,	Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,	Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,	Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.	As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;	O she was a canty quean,
She said that she lo'ed me best of ony;	And weel cou'd she dance the Highland walloch;
But, oh! the fickle, faithless quean,	How happy I, had she been mine,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnie.	Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
 Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

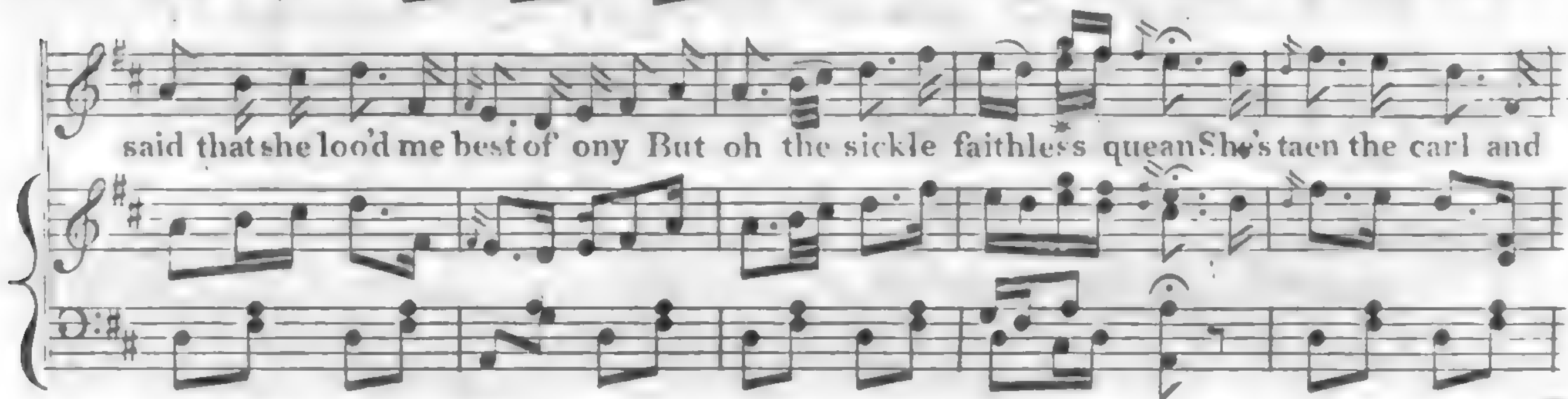
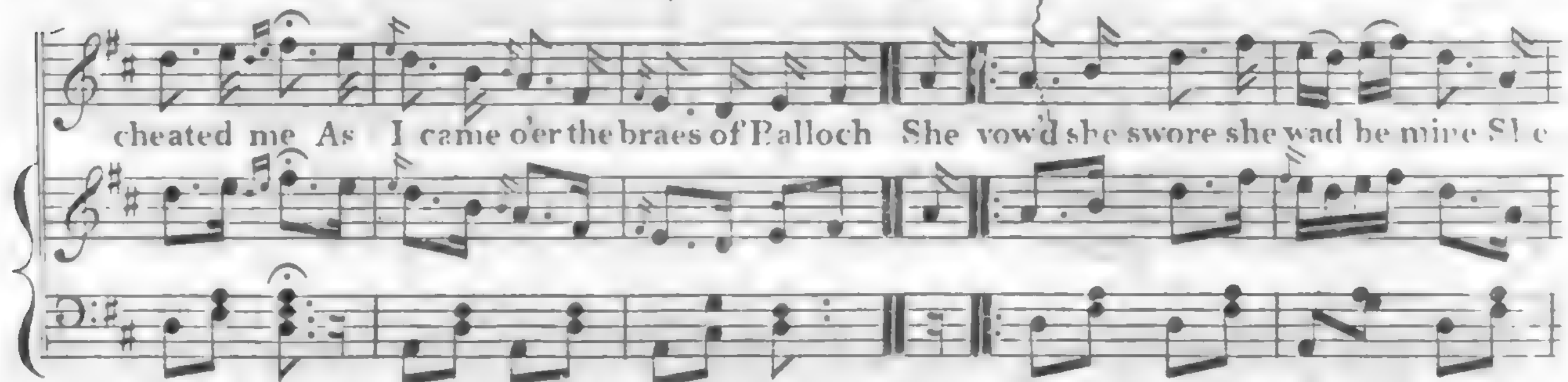
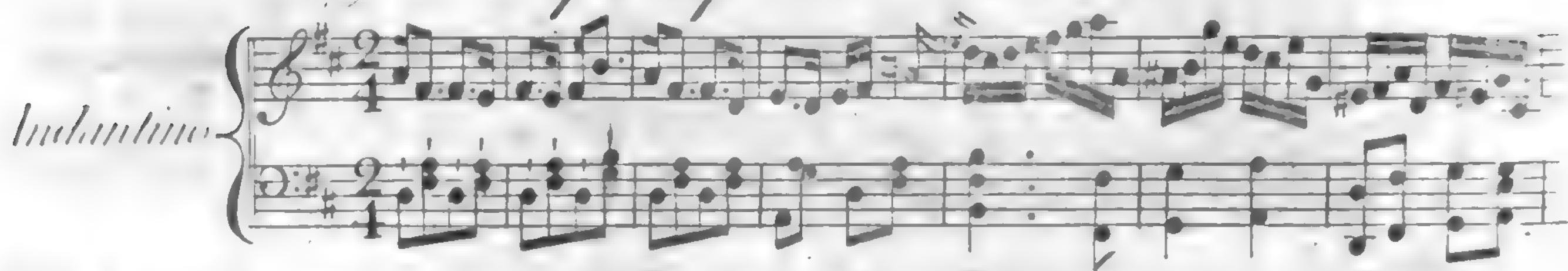
By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

C ANST thou leave me thus, my Katy,	Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy,
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?	Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,	Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?	And canst thou leave me thus for pity?
Is this thy plighted, fond regard,	Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?	That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,—	Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,—
An aching broken heart, my Katy?	But not a love like mine, my Katy!

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

70



* Take either the G or E.

Poverty parts good company

First published in 1821.

Andantino
quadr
Allegretto

When white was my overlay as foam on the lin And siller was chinking my pouches within When my
lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae As I gaed to my Love in new cleading so gay.

CHORUS.
Kind was she and my friends were free But Po-ver-ty parts good com-pa--ny.
Kind was she and my friends were free But Po-ver-ty parts good com-pa--ny.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a tempo and mood marking: 'Andantino quadr Allegretto'. The key signature is two sharps (D major or F# minor). The time signature is 6/8. The score consists of several systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system is a vocal melody with piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal melody. The fourth system continues the vocal melody. The fifth system is the chorus, which is repeated twice. The sixth system is an instrumental conclusion. Dynamics like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) are indicated throughout the score.

WHEN I HA'E A SAXPENCE UNDER MY THUMB.

AIR—TODLIN HAME

WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thumb,
O then I'll get credit in ilka town ;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
O! poverty parts good company !
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 Cou'dna my love come todlin hame ?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale ;
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale ;
Syne if her typenny chance to be sma',
We'll tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 As round as a neep we gang todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep
And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet ;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry ;
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 Sae round as my love comes todlin hame,

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,
You're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou' ;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,
That it's a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
 When todlin hame, todlin hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlin hame.

COME FILL ME A BUMPER.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let 's have no more female impert'nence and noise ;
I've tried the endearments and witchcraft of love,
And found them but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.
 Truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove.

When first little Betty and I were acquaint,
I whined like a fool, she sigh'd like a saint ;
But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
Hypocrisy, paint, and self-int'rest, by Jove.
 Truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next, with a languishing air,
Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair ;
But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,
Gave her hand to a sniv'lling dull coxcomb, by Jove.
 Truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove.

Come, fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys,
Here's farewell to female impert'nence and noise :
There's few of the sex that are worthy our love ;
And for strumpets and jilts I abhor them, by Jove.
 Then truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove !

THOU'RT GANE AWA', &c.

AIR—THOU'RT GANE AWA'.

T hou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gane awa', Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, Mary ; Nor friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou'st cheated them and me, Mary. Until this hour I never thought That aught could alter thee, Mary ; Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart, Think what you will of me, Mary.	Whate'er he said, or might pretend, Wha stole that heart of thine, Mary ; True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end, Or nae such love as mine, Mary. I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much, Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary ; Ambition, wealth, nor naething such, No, I lov'd only thee, Mary !
--	---

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
No other maid I'll woo, Mary ;
Let friends forget, as I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then, farewell ! of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary ;
For all the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

THE SMILING PLAINS, &c.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE SAME AIR.

T he smiling plains, profusely gay, Are drest in all the pride of May ; The birds around, in every vale, Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.	O soft as love ! as honour fair ! More gently sweet than vernal air ! Come to my arms, for you alone Can all my anguish past atone !
But, ah ! Miranda, without thee, Nor spring nor summer smiles on me ! All lonely in the secret shade, I mourn thy absence, charming maid.	O come, and to my bleeding heart Th' ambrosial balm of love impart ! Thy presence lasting joy shall bring, And give the year eternal spring.

Thou art gane awa

72

Duet
Larghetto

fôr *fôr* *fua*

Thou art gane a - wa thou'rt gane a - wa, Thou art gane a - wa frae me MA - RY, Nor
Thou art gane a - wa thou'rt gane a - wa, Thou art gane a - wa frae me MA - RY, Nor

friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheated them and me MA - RY Un - til this hour I
friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheated them and me MA - RY Un - til this hour I

never thought That aught could al - ter thee MARY Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart Think
never thought That aught could al - ter thee MARY Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart Think

what you will of me MA - RY.
what you will of me MA - RY.

fôr *fôr* *fua*

O meikle thinks my Love &c.

Allegretto

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the melody. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody. The third system continues the melody. The fourth system continues the melody. The fifth system continues the melody. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

O meikle thinks my Love o' my beauty And meikle thinks my Love
 o' my kin But lit-tle thinks my Love I ken brawly My tocher's the jewel has
 charms for him. It's a for the apple he'll nourish the tree It's a for the
 hiney he'll cherish the Bee; My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He
 canna hae love to spare for me.

O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE O' MY BEAUTY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my Love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my Love o' my kin;
But little thinks my Love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love 's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood;
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.

THE BUDDING THORN AND VIOLETS BLUE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.

This Song, (first published in 1815,) the production of a worthy Friend of the Editor, is here substituted for one in a former Edition of this Volume, beginning, "Did ever Swain a Nymph adore."

THE SAME AIR.

THE budding thorn, and violets blue,
Proclaim thy coming, gentle Spring;
The lark now greets thy fragrant morn,
Thy evening praise the thrushes sing.
Thy balmy gales revive the meads,
And life, and love, and joy renew;
And softly flow the rippling streams,
Clear as the heaven's unclouded blue.

How sweet with thee, my Love, to walk
Along the woodland's primrose way;
And hail thy fav'rite mossy thorn,
Again in Spring's fresh clothing gay.
Again to trim the jasmine bower,
The woodbine with the rose to twine,
And prop the flower in winter fallen,
And bless the day that made thee mine.

O SEND LEWIE GORDON HAME.

AIR—LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star,—
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

See this truly admirable Song also united to "*Hey tutti taiti*," in Vol. III.

THE SAME AIR.

Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!
Scots wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,—
Edward, chains, and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sac base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa';
Caledonian on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins!
But they shall,—they shall be free!

Lay the proud Usurper low,
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Forward!—let us do or die!

Send Lewis Gordon home?

Indicate.

Andante.

The first system of the musical score is for the 'Andante.' section. It consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more complex melody in the right hand, including some sixteenth-note passages. A dynamic marking of *fz* (forzando) is present in the lower staff towards the end of the system.

O send LEWIE GORDON home And the Lad I

win-na name Tho' his back be at the wa' Here's to him that's far a-wa.

Chorus

Chorus

O hon my Highland man O my 'bonny Highland man Well would I my true love ken A.

O hon my Highland man O my bonny Highland man Well would I my true love ken A.

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for a vocal melody, with the lyrics 'O hon my Highland man O my 'bonny Highland man Well would I my true love ken A.' written below them. The bottom two staves are for a piano accompaniment. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end of the first line. The piano accompaniment is also simple, with a steady rhythm. The lyrics are written in a stylized, old-fashioned font.

The image shows a musical score for a song titled "The Highland Men". It consists of three staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts, with lyrics "mang ten thousand Highland men." written below each. The bottom staff is for a piano accompaniment, featuring chords and melodic lines. The music is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *fz* (forzando) and *f* (forte). The score ends with a double bar line on each staff.

The Sym. & Accomp^t simplified as above by M^r K. 1801.

Here's a health to ane I loe dear.

DUET
GRAZIOSO.

For: Pia:

Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Thou art
 Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Thou art
 sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And soft as their parting tear JESSY. Al--
 sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And soft as their parting tear JESSY. Al--
 _tho' thou maun never be mine, Al-tho' even hope is de-nied, 'Tis sweeter for thee des--
 _tho' thou maun never be mine, Al-tho' even hope is de-nied, 'Tis sweeter for thee des--
 _pair--ing, Than aught in the world be-side JESSY.
 _pair--ing, Than aught in the world be-side JESSY.

× HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR. ×

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

Miss Lewars of Dumfries, now Mrs Thomson, is the Jessy of this exquisitely beautiful song: She was a true friend and a great favourite of the Poet; and, at his death, one of the most sympathizing friends of his afflicted widow.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e:—
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's stern, cruel decree!

FAREWEL, THOU FAIR DAY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

SCENE—A Field of Battle—Evening—The Wounded and Dying of the Victorious Army are supposed to join in the following Song.

FAREWEL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun!
 Farewel! loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go frighten the coward and slave!
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
 Our King and our Country to save,
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

Farewell thou fair day!

76

SOLO

PIANO

p

p

earth and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell loves and friendships thou dear tender ties, Our

earth and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell loves and friendships thou dear tender ties, Our

lento

race of ex_istence is run Thou grim king of terrors thou life's gloomy foe Go frighten the coward and

race of ex_istence is run Thou grim king of terrors thou life's gloomy foe Go frighten the coward and

lento

slave, Go teach them to tremble fell tyrant but know No terrors hast thou for the brave.

slave, Go teach them to tremble fell tyrant but know No terrors hast thou for the brave.

f

p

Wilt thou be my Dearie.

Duet
Andantino.

Wilt thou be my dearie When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart O

Wilt thou be my dearie When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart O

wilt thou let me cheer thee By the treasure of my soul That's the love I bear thee I swear and vow that

wilt thou let me cheer thee By the treasure of my soul That's the love I bear thee I swear and vow that

only thou shall ever be my dearie Only thou I swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie

only thou shall ever be my dearie Only thou I swear and vow shall e-ver be my dearie

The above Symphonies & Accomps. composed by Haydn & first pub^d in 1803.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE SUTOR'S DAUGHTER.

WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie:
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Sayna thou'lt refuse me:
 It it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me:
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!

THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.

AIR—THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy !
 How much unlike the graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie !

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd tak' young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow' town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compared to him, is but a clown,
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy ;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end
 While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
 O my bonny Highland laddie ;
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie !

AH ! SURE A PAIR WAS NEVER SEEN.

WRITTEN

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

AH ! sure a pair was never seen
 So justly form'd to meet by Nature !
 The youth excelling so in mien,
 The maid in ev'ry graceful feature !
 O how happy are such lovers,
 When kindred beauties each discovers !
 For surely she was made for thee,
 And thou to bless this charming creature !

So mild your looks, your children thence
 Will early learn the task of duty ;
 The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty !
 O how charming to inherit
 At once such graces and such spirit ;
 Thus, while you live, may Fortune give
 Each blessing equal to your merit !

The lowland Lads think they are fine 78

DUET

Andante^{no}

The musical score is written for a duet and piano accompaniment. It features two vocal staves at the top, followed by a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for the piano. The tempo is marked 'Andante^{no}'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes lyrics for both vocal parts. The piano accompaniment is intricate, with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *f* (forte). The piece concludes with a final flourish in the piano part.

The lowland lads think they are fine, But O they're vain and idly gaudy How much unlike that graceful mien, And
The lowland lads are fine, But O they're vain and idly gaudy unlike that graceful mien, And
manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie, May
manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie, May
heaven still guard and love reward Our law-land lass and her highland laddie.
heaven still guard and love reward Our law-land lass and her highland laddie.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove!

Violino

Allegretto

By Al - lan stream I chanc'd to rove While

Phœ - bus sunk be - yond Ben - le - di The winds were whis - pring through the grove The

yel - low corn was wav - ing ready; I lis - tend to a Lover's sang And

thought on youthful plea - sures many And ay the wild wood e - choes ring O

Violino

dear - ly do I love thee Annie

The above air, call'd Jinglan Johnie, with Haydn's Synch & Accomps. First publish'd in 1817; instead of the air, Allan water; because the latter was found to exceed the compass of most voices.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANC'D TO ROVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—JINGLING JOHNIE.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phæbus sunk beyond Benledi;*
 The winds were whispering through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthful pleasures many ;
 And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
 " O dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie."

O happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
 While many a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow we ne'er should sever !

The haunt of spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joy's the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery through her shortening day,
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow :
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ;
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure !

* A Mountain west of Strathallan, upwards of 3000 feet high.

WHAT NUMBERS SHALL THE MUSE REPEAT.

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

THE SAME AIR.

The following Verses were formerly united to Allan Water ; but as that air is scarce ever sung, because of the extensive compass of voice which it requires, the Editor has here match'd the Verses with the more easy and pleasing air of The Old Highland Laddie, or, as it is more commonly called, Jingling Johnie.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie ?
 On her ten thousand graces wait ;
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trod the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire ;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her ;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,—
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
 His rising sighs express'd his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid replied,
 " Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?
 " Alas ! your love must be denied,
 " This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye !
 " Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
 " His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling ;
 " He stole away my virgin-heart,
 " Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing !
 " Some brighter beauty you may find,
 " On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
 " Then choose some heart that's unconfined,
 " And leave to Damon his own Annie."

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

WRITTEN

- By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my Love behind me ;
 Ye Powers, what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me !
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chastely sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me :
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me ;

Yet hopes again to see my Love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being doth remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

FAREWELL THOU STREAM, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS.*

THE SAME AIR.

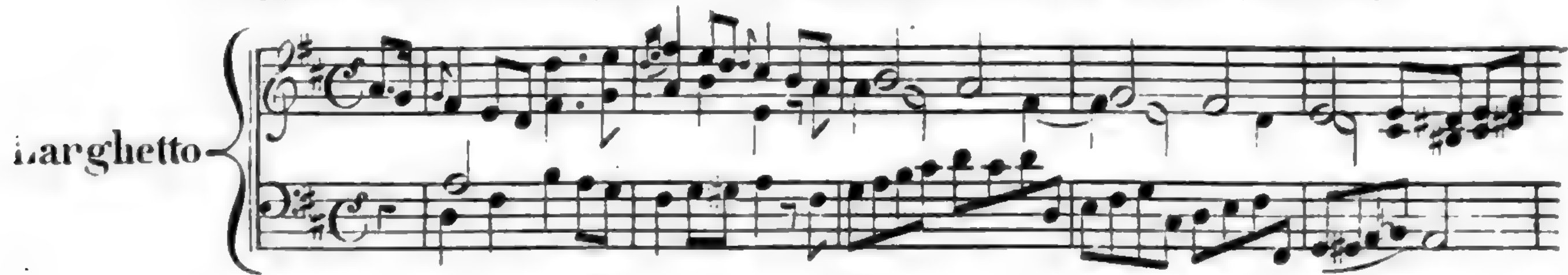
FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
 Around Maria's dwelling !
 Ah cruel Mem'ry spare the throes
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And still in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my crime would cover ;
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hopeless lover.
 I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me ;
 But oh ! Maria hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy tongue I heard
 Nor wist while it enslaved me ;
 I saw thine eyes yet nothing fear'd,
 'Till fears no more had saved me.
 The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing ;
 Mid circling horrors yields at last
 To overwhelming ruin.

The last time I came over the muir 80

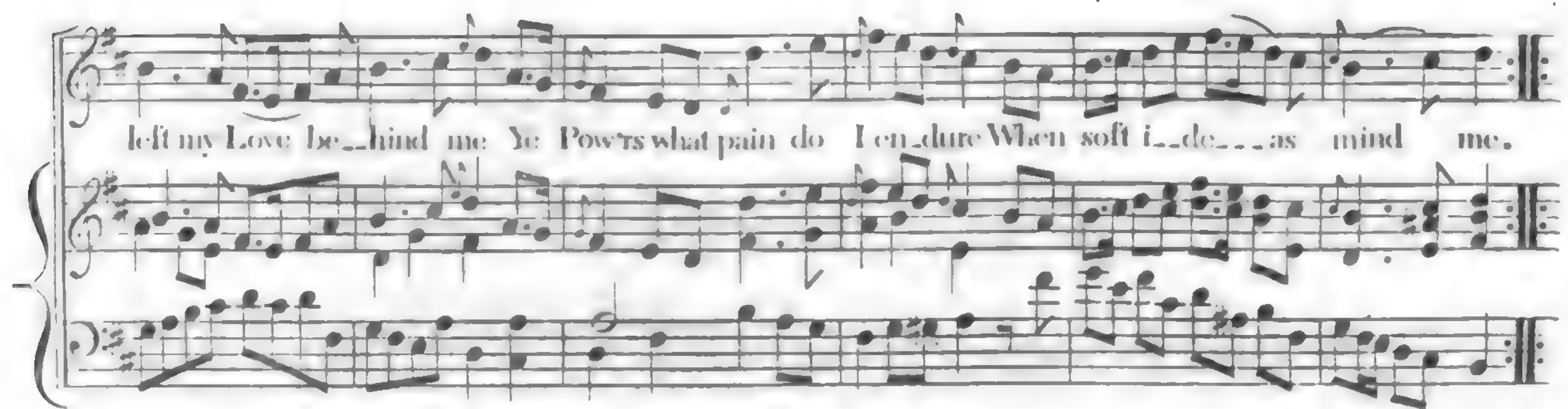
Allegretto



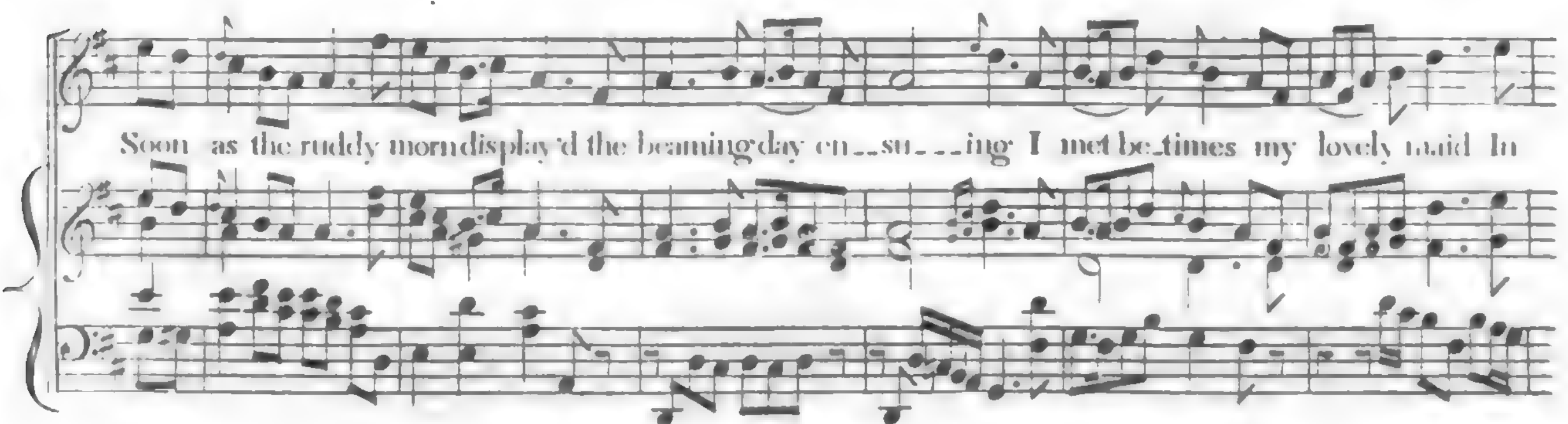
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).



The first system of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics "The last time I came over the muir I" are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.



The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "left my Love be hind me Ye Powers what pain do I en dure When soft i de as mind me." The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment.



The third system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "Soon as the ruddy morn display'd the beaming day en su ing I met be times my lovely maid In". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythm.



The fourth system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "fit re treats for woo ing." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

•The above Syn'd and Accom^{ps} composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

I've seen the Smiling of Fortune:

ALLEGRO
PIANO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'ALLEGRO' and 'PIANO'. The introduction features a flowing piano melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system. The lyrics are: 'I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling I've felt all its favours, and found its decay. Sweet was its blessing Kind its caressing, Put now 'tis fled fled far a way. I've seen the forest A - dorned the foremost With flowers of the fairest most plea - sant and gay So bonny was their blooming Their scent the air perfuming But now they are withered and weeded away.' The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the right hand and a sustained chord in the left hand.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling I've felt all its favours, and found its decay.

Sweet was its blessing Kind its caressing, Put now 'tis fled fled far a way.

I've seen the forest A - dorned the foremost With flowers of the fairest most plea - sant and gay So

bonny was their blooming Their scent the air perfuming But now they are withered and weeded away.

I'VE SEEN THE SMILING, &c.

WRITTEN

By MRS COCKBURN,

Who was daughter of Rutherford of Fairlie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr Cockburn of Ormiston, whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland.

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, I've tasted her favours and felt her decay; Sweet was her blessing, kind her caressing, But now it is fled—fled far away!	I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning, And the dread tempest roaring before parting day; I've seen Tweed's silver streams glitt'ring in the sunny beams, Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.
I've seen the forest adorned the foremost, With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay; So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming; But now they are wither'd and weeded away!	O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting! O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day! Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me, For the flowers of the forest are withered away!

I'VE HEARD THEM LILTING, &c.

Written upon the Battle of Flodden, which proved so fatal to JAMES IV. and the Scottish Army.

THE SAME AIR.

Although the following admirable Verses have by many been thought as old as the calamitous event to which they refer, yet a distinguished Poet has lately informed us, that he saw evidence of their having been written about the middle of the eighteenth century, by a Lady in Roxburghshire, (of the Minto family it is believed.)—The first and fourth lines only are ancient.

I've heard them lilting at the ewe milking, Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day; But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning, The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.	At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming, 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play; But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,— The flowers o' the forest, wha're a' wede away.
At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning, The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae; Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing; Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.	In har'st, at the shearing, nae youngers are jeering; The bansters are lyart, runkled, and grey; At fairs, nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching, Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border;
The English for ance by guile won the day:
The flowers o' the forest, that fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay!

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe milking,
Our women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

A LASS THAT WAS LADEN WITH CARE.

AIR—SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

A Lass that was laden with care,
 Sat heavily under yon thorn;
 I listened a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn:—
 "Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,
 "The birds did melodiously sing;
 "And cold nipping winter did wear
 "A face that resembled the spring.
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "My heart it is like for to break,
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

"Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 "He gently pressing my hand,
 "I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 "And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
 "My dear, he would oft to me say,
 "What makes you hard-hearted to me?
 "Oh! why do you thus turn away
 "From him who is dying for thee?
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "My heart it is like for to break,
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

"But now he is far from my sight,
 "Perhaps a deceiver may prove;
 "Which makes me lament day and night,
 "That ever I granted my love.
 "At eve, when the rest of the folk
 "Are merrily seated to spin,
 "I set myself under an oak,
 "And heavily sigh for him.
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "My heart it is like for to break,
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen."

YE WOODS AND YE MOUNTAINS UNKNOWN.

WRITTEN

By DAVID MALLET.

THE SAME AIR.

In singing these Stanzas to the Scottish Air, the last four lines of each Stanza must be repeated.

Ye woods and ye mountains unknown,
 Beneath whose dark shadows I stray,
 To the breast of my charmer alone
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.
 Wherever he pensively leans,
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,
 His heart will explain what she means,
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.
 Wherever he, &c.

More soft than the nightingale's song,
 O waft the sad sound to his ear;
 And say, tho' divided so long,
 The friend of his bosom is near.
 Then tell him what years of delight,
 Then tell him what ages of pain,
 I felt, while I liv'd in his sight!
 I feel, 'till I see him again!
 Then tell him, &c.

A lass that was laden with care

ANDANTE

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'ANDANTE'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score consists of several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'A Lass that was laden with care sat heavily under yon thorn I listen'd a while for to hear, When thus she began for to mourn When e'er my dear shepherd was here, The birds did melodiously sing, And cold nipping winter did wear A face that resembled the spring. Sae merry as we twa hae been Sae merry as we twa hae been My heart my poor heart is like to break when I think on the days we have seen.' The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A Lass that was laden with care sat heavily under yon thorn I listen'd a while for to hear, When thus she began for to mourn When e'er my dear shepherd was here, The birds did melodiously sing, And cold nipping winter did wear A face that resembled the spring. Sae merry as we twa hae been Sae merry as we twa hae been My heart my poor heart is like to break when I think on the days we have seen.

*Ye banks and braes &c.*DUET
ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO

The musical score is written for a duet and piano accompaniment. It consists of eight systems of music. The first system shows the vocal entries for two voices, with the piano accompaniment beginning in the second system. The tempo and mood are marked 'ANDANTE' and 'ESPRESSIVO'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated chords and flowing sixteenth-note passages. Dynamics such as *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano) are indicated throughout the piece.

Ye banks and braes and streams around The cas - tle of Mont - go - mery Green be your woods and
 Ye banks and braes and streams around The cas - tle of Mont - go - mery Green be your woods and
 fair your flow'rs your wa - ters ne - ver drum lie! There summer first unfold her robes And there the
 fair your flow'rs your wa - ters ne - ver drum lie! There summer first unfold her robes And there the
 longest tar - ry for there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma - ry.
 longest tar - ry for there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma - ry.

YE BANKS AND BRAES AND STREAMS AROUND.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

Whatever the Poet has written in verse or prose relative to his Highland Mary, seems too interesting to be omitted; and therefore the Editor shall subjoin the following note in the Poet's own words:—"My Highland lassie was a warm hearted, charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

AIR—KATHARINE OGIE.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace;
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE OLD SONG.—THE SAME AIR.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shined tho' it was foggy;
I ask'd her name,—“Sweet Sir,” she said,
“My name is Katharine Ogie.”
I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly:
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie!
Diana's self was ne'er array'd,
Like this same Katharine Ogie.
Thou flower of females, Beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee!
Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels a clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock beside thee;
At bughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee:
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.
Then I'd despise th'imperial throne,
And statesmen's dangerous stations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conquering nations,
Might I caress, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.
But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature;
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works of Nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggy;
Pity my case, ye Powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie!

BENEATH A GREEN SHADE, &c.

WRITTEN

By Dr BLACKLOCK.

AIR—THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

<p>BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain. So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe, The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow; Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain; Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.</p>	<p>Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue; All, all but conspire my grief to renew: From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair, To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air; But love's ardent fever burns always the same, No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.</p>
<p>How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew, Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view! These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey, Nor smiled the fair morning more cheerful than they; Now scenes of distress please only my sight— I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.</p>	<p>But see the pale moon all clouded retires; The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires: I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind, Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind: Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care! Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair.</p>

TO THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW.

WRITTEN

By ROWE.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>To the brook and the willow that heard him complain, Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain: Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to flow, And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe; All restless and painful my Celia now lies, And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.</p>	<p>To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers repair, Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care; Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close, So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose; Sweet stream, if you chance by her pillow to creep, Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.</p>
---	--

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
 And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
 Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give:
 One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side!
 Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
 Bear this to my willow, this verse is my last!

Beneath a green shade?

Andante

Beneath a green shade a love-ly young swain One ev'ning re-

clind to dis-co-ver his pain So sad yet so sweetly he warbled his

woe The wind ceas'd to breathe and the fountains to flow; Rude winds with com-

pas-sion could hear him complain Yet Chloe less gentle was deaf to his strain.

* The above Sym^l and Accomp^{ls} composed by Haydn & first pub^d in 1803.

*The Gloom - y Night is gathering Fast.*ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE' and the expression is 'ESPRESSIVO'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of seven systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'The gloom - - y'. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'night, is gath' - - ring fast Loud roars the wild in - -'. The fourth system continues with 'con - - stant blast Yon mur - - ky cloud is foul with'. The fifth system continues with 'rain I see it dri - - ving o'er the plain.'. The sixth system continues with 'rain I see it dri - - ving o'er the plain.'. The seventh system is an instrumental conclusion. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando), *p* (piano), and *fz* (forzando).

The gloom - - y

night, is gath' - - ring fast Loud roars the wild in - -

con - - stant blast Yon mur - - ky cloud is foul with

rain I see it dri - - ving o'er the plain.

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

WRITTEN

By BURNS,

As a farewell dirge to his native country, a few days before his intended embarkation for Jamaica,—an event which was happily prevented by a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of the Poet, opening new prospects to his ambition; in consequence of which he immediately came to Edinburgh, and published a new edition of his Poems by subscription, the success of which enabled him soon after to take the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries.

AIR—FAREWELL TO AYR.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.
The autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore,
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors, and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare,—
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr!

ALAS! THE SUNNY HOURS ARE PAST.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. Bangour.

THE SAME AIR.

ALAS! the sunny hours are past;
The cheating scene, it will not last;
Let not the flatt'rer, Hope, persuade,—
Ah! must I say that it will fade!
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Grim winter from the frozen north,
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.
His grisly hand, in icy chains,
Sweet Tweeda's silver stream constrains:
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak, how bare,
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold, his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green:
Griev'd at the sight, thou soon shalt see
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree.
Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fliest, displeased, the frozen shore:
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view,

Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade:
"Shall I," ah, horrid! shalt thou say,
"Be like to this some other day!"
Ah! when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek are fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
Make beauty fly, we know not where,—
Unhappy love! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is 't thy famine can prevent.
Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare;
Tho' extacy with beauty dies,
Esteem is born when beauty flies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee!
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE.

AIR—LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
 He'll nae twine wi' his gear;
 My minny she's a scolding wife,
 Hads a' the house a-steer:
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.
 My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.—*But let them, &c.*

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd,
 Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
 And ay sinsyne she cries, "Beware
 "Of false deluding men."—*But let them, &c.*
 Glead Sandy he came west ae night,
 And spier'd when I saw Pate;
 And ay sinsyne the neighbours round
 They jeer me ear' and late.
 But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.

YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. Bangour.

THE SAME AIR.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
 Where Yarrow glides along,
 Forsake your rural toils, and join,
 In my triumphant song.
 She grants! she yields!—one heavenly smile
 Atones her long delays;
 One happy minute crowns the pains
 Of many suffering days.
 • Yarrow, how dear thy stream!
 Thy beauteous banks how blest!
 For there 't was first my loveliest maid
 A mutual flame confest.
 Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
 These suffering days are o'er;
 Love satiates now his boundless wish
 From beauty's boundless store:
 No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
 This rising calm destroy;
 Now every prospect smiles around,
 All opening into joy.—*Yarrow, &c.*
 The sun with double lustre shone
 That dear consenting hour;
 Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
 New colour'd ev'ry flower:
 The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
 No leaf was seen to move;
 The hov'ring songsters round were mute,
 And wonder hush'd the grove.—*Yarrow, &c.*

The hills and dales no more resound
 The lambkin's tender cry;
 Without one murmur Yarrow stole
 In dimpling silence by:
 All nature seem'd in still repose
 Her voice alone to hear,
 That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,—
 She spoke and blest my ear.—*Yarrow, &c.*
 "Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy,
 "You fondly fancy mine;
 "Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
 "Love renders wholly thine!"
 The woods struck up to the soft gale,
 The leaves were seen to move,
 The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,
 And wonder fill'd the grove.—*Yarrow, &c.*
 The hills and dales again resound
 The lambkin's tender cry;
 With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
 The song of triumph by.
 Above, beneath, around, all on,
 Was verdure, beauty, song;
 I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,
 All nature joy'd along.
 Yarrow, how dear thy stream!
 Thy beauteous banks how blest!
 For there 'twas first my loveliest maid
 A mutual flame confest!

* These four lines were added by Burns, without which the Stanzas would have been too short for the Air.

My daddy is a canker'd carle.

86

ANDANTE

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked 'ANDANTE'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters with the lyrics 'My daddy is a canker'd carle, Hell nae twine wi' his gear, My min ny she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the house a' steer. But let them do or let them say It's a' ane to me For he's low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me. Waiting on me my love He's waiting on me For he's low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me.' The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, key signatures, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, and the piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation.

My daddy is a canker'd carle, Hell nae twine wi' his gear, My min ny she's a
scolding wife, Hads a' the house a' steer. But let them do or let them say It's a' ane to me For he's
low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me. Waiting on me my love He's waiting on me For he's
low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me.

Mourn hapless Caledonia

Andante
espressivo

Mourn hapless Ca... le... donia mourn Thy banish'd peace thy laurels torn Thy sons for va... lour

long renown'd Lie slaughter'd on their native ground Thy hos... pi... ta... ble roofs no more In...

...vile the stranger to the door In smoky ru... ins sunk they lie The monuments of cru... el... ty.

* The above Sym^d and Accomp^d composed by Haydn and first publ^d in 1803.

MOURN, HAPLESS CALEDONIA, MOURN.

WRITTEN

By *TOBIAS SMOLLET*.

AIR—THE TEARS OF CALEDONIA.

COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK

By *Allan Masterton, Edinburgh.*

Dr Blacklock told Burns, that Smollet, who was at bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic Verses on the heart-rending proceedings of the Duke of Cumberland after the Battle of Culloden.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground !
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty !

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain !
Thy infants perish on the plain !

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day ;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe ;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause ! oh fatal morn !
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood ;
The parent shed his children's blood !
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel :

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head ;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread !
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend ;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies !

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my Country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat :
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow ;
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !”

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &c.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SUBJECT TAKEN FROM AN OLD SONG, BEGINNING IN THE SAME MANNER:

AIR—ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest;
 When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace:
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering ardent kiss he stole;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings;
 So Nelly, starting half awake,
 Away affrighted springs:
 But Willie follow'd,—as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood:
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all, and good.

AS AMORET WITH PHILLIS SAT.

THE SAME AIR.

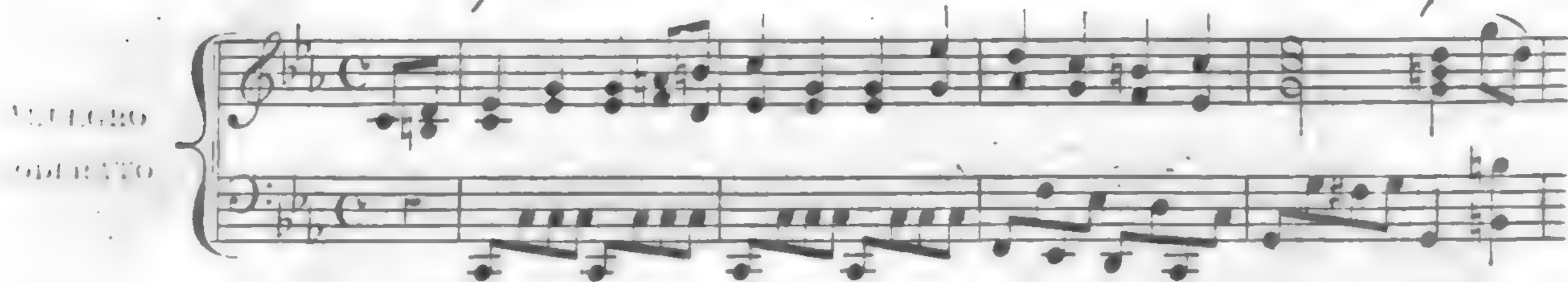
As Amoret with Phillis sat
 One evening on the plain,
 And saw the gentle Strephon wait
 To tell the nymph his pain;
 The threat'ning danger to remove,
 She whisper'd softly in her ear,—
 'Ah Phillis, if your peace you love,
 'That shepherd do not hear!

'None ever had so strange an art,
 'His passion to convey
 'Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 'And steal her soul away.
 'Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give
 'Occasion for a hapless fate.'
 "In vain," said she, "in vain I strive,
 "Alas! 'tis now too late!"

In the latter Song, a word is added to the sixth line of each Stanza, to fit it for the Air.

On a Bank of Flowers on a Summer Day 88

VIOLINO
GRANITO

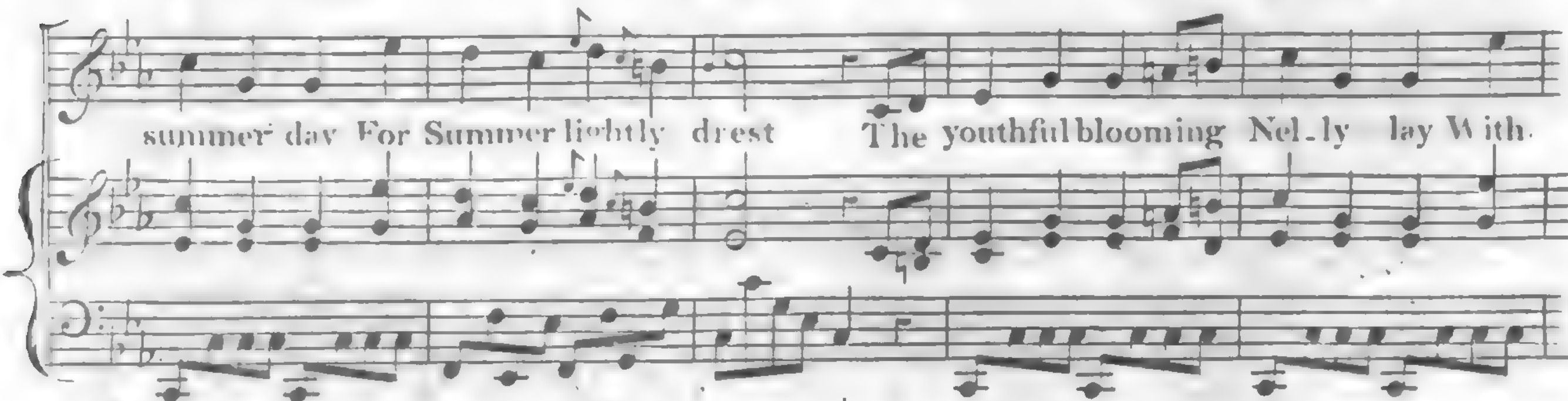


First system of musical notation for Violino and Granito. The Violino part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and common time. The Granito part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both parts feature a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.




Second system of musical notation for Violino and Granito. The Violino part continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The Granito part features a more complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes.

summer day For Summer lightly drest The youthful blooming Nel-ly lay With.



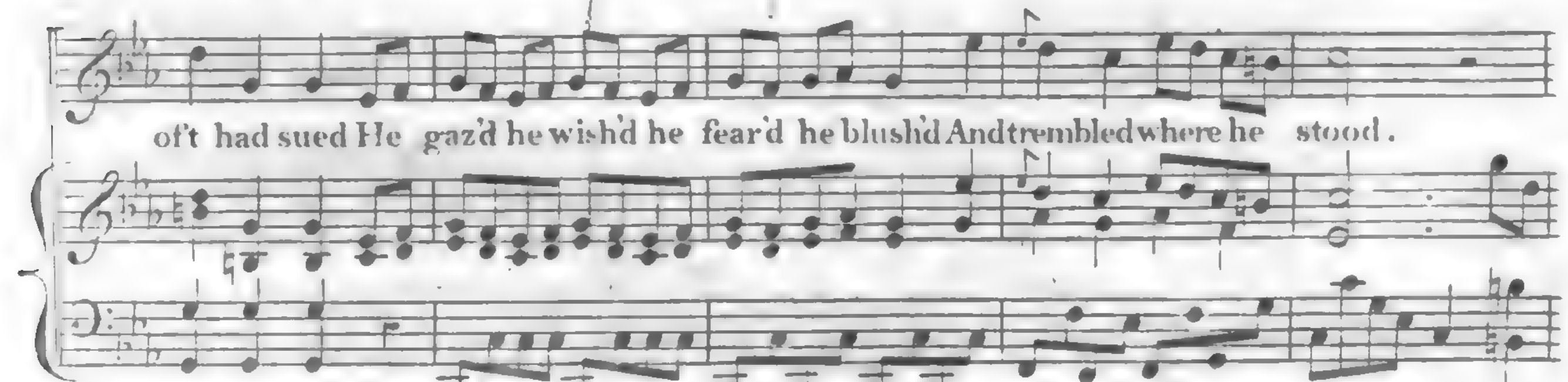
Third system of musical notation for Violino and Granito. The Violino part has a melody with eighth notes. The Granito part continues with beamed sixteenth notes.

love and sleep op- prest When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood Who for her fa- vour



Fourth system of musical notation for Violino and Granito. The Violino part has a melody with eighth notes. The Granito part continues with beamed sixteenth notes.

oft had sued He gaz'd he wish'd he fear'd he blush'd And trembled where he stood.



Fifth system of musical notation for Violino and Granito. The Violino part has a melody with eighth notes. The Granito part continues with beamed sixteenth notes.



Sixth system of musical notation for Violino and Granito. The Violino part has a melody with eighth notes. The Granito part continues with beamed sixteenth notes.

O my Love's like the Red Rose

Allegretto *mez: voce*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Allegretto'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piano part features a continuous, flowing accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'O my Love's like the red, red rose That's newly sprung in June'. The melody is simple and lyrical. The score continues with several lines of music, including a repeat sign. The lyrics continue: 'O my Love's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune; As fair art thou my bonie lass So deep so deep in love am I, And I can love thee still my dear Till a the seas gang dry As fair art thou my bonie lass So deep so deep in love am I And I can love thee still my dear Till a the seas gang dry'. There is an asterisk (*) above the final 'Till a the seas gang dry' line. At the bottom, a footnote explains the asterisk: '* Either the upper or under G'.

O my Love's like the red, red rose That's newly sprung in June O my Love's like the melodie That's
sweetly play'd in tune; As fair art thou my bonie lass So deep so deep in love am I, And
I can love thee still my dear Till a the seas gang dry As fair art thou my bonie lass So
deep so deep in love am I And I can love thee still my dear Till a the seas gang dry

* Either the upper or under G

O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

FROM A MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

AIR—WISHAW'S FAVOURITE.

COMPOSED

By Mr Marshall.

O MY Love's like the red red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 My love's like the melodie,
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
 So deep in love, in love am I ;
 And I can love thee still, my dear,
 'Till a' the seas gang dry.—*As fair art thou, &c.*

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt with the sun,—
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee well, my only Love,
 O fare thee well a little while,
 And I will come again, my Love,
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile — *And fare, &c.*

THE WESTERN SKY WAS PURPLED O'ER.

WRITTEN

By SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heat of day ;
 When from a hazel's artless bower
 Soft warbled *happy* * Strephon's tongue ;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.—*When from, &c.*

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove :
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I first beheld fair Esham's dale ;
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the vale.—*But endless, &c.*

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffused her lovely beams ;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.
 Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
 That float on *sweetest* Avon's tide ;
 Bright as the water-lily sprung
 And glitt'ring near its side.—*Soft as the wild, &c.*

Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom,
 Her eye all mild to view ;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
 So taper, straight, and *wond'rous* fair ;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !—*Her shape, &c.*

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found ;
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd,
 To fence her beauties round.
 That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so *heav'nly* sweet !
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wandering feet !—*That nature, &c.*

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline ;
 " Prove to your equals true," she cried,
 " As I will prove to mine.
 "'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 " Has won, *has kept*, my right good will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."—*'Tis Strephon, &c.*

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these *dearest* charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.—*And when, &c.*

* The words printed above in Italics, in the 6th line of each Stanza, are added by the Editor, because that line is otherwise too short for the Air. There could be no other apology for lengthening it.

WHAR HA'E YE BEEN A' DAY.

WRITTEN

By *H. MACNEILL, Esq.*

AIR—THE LAMMY.

<p>‘ W HAR ha’e ye been a’ day, my boy Tammy ? ‘ Whar ha’e ye been a’ day, my boy Tammy ? “ I’ve been by burn and flowery brae, “ Meadow green and mountain gray, (mammy.” “ Courting o’ this young thing, just come frae her ‘ And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ? ‘ And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ? “ I gat her down in yonder howe, “ Smiling on a broomy knowe, “ Herding ae wee lamb and ewe, for her poor mammy.” ‘ What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy ? ‘ What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy ? “ I prais’d her e’en sae lovely blue, “ Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou; (mammy. “ I preed it aft as ye may trow,—she said she’d tell her “ I held her to my beating heart, my young my smiling lammy ! (ing lammy !” “ I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling “ I ha’e a house, it cost me dear, “ I’ve walth o’ plenishan and gear ; “ Ye’se get it a’, wer’t ten times mair, gin ye will leave your mammy.”</p>	<p>The smile gade aff her bonny face—“ I manna leave “ my mammy.” The smile gade aff her bonny face—“ I manna leave “ my mammy, “ She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise ; “ She’s been my comfort a’ my days— “ My father’s death brought mony waes—I canna “ leave my mammy !” “ We’ll tak’ her hame, and mak’ her fain, my ain “ kind-hearted lammy ! “ We’ll tak’ her hame, and mak’ her fain, my ain “ kind-hearted lammy ! “ We’ll gie her meat ; we’ll gi’e her claise ; “ We’ll be her comfort a’ her days ;— The wee thing gies her hand, and says,—“ There ! “ gang and ask my mammy.” “ Has she been to kirk wi’ thee, my boy Tammy ? “ Has she been to kirk wi’ thee, my boy Tammy ? “ She has been to kirk wi’ me, “ And the tear was in her e’e,— “ But oh ! she’s but a young thing, just come frae her “ mammy ?”</p>
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THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, TAM.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS.*

THE SAME AIR.

<p>T HOU hast left me, ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever, Thou hast left me ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever ; Often hast thou vow’d that death Only should us sever : Now thou’st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never!</p>	<p>Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken, Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken ; Thou canst love another maid, While my heart is breaking ! Soon my weary eyes will close, never more to waken !</p>
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Whar hae ye been a' day.

90

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamic markings *hla* and *for*. The vocal entry occurs at the second measure of the first system, with the lyrics 'Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line. The second system of the vocal line includes the lyrics 'Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY I've been by burn and flow'ry brae'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand. The third system of the vocal line contains the lyrics 'Meadow green and Mountain greg, Courting o' this young thing Just come frae her Mammy'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar active melody. The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the right hand, marked *hla*, and a sustained chord in the left hand.

hla for hla

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY I've been by burn and flow'ry brae

Meadow green and Mountain greg, Courting o' this young thing Just come frae her Mammy

hla

Now Spring has clad &c.

The Sym^y & Accomp^t new, and first pub^d with the vocal part in 1821.

Andantino
con moto

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Andantino con moto'. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in G major.

Now Spring has clad the groves in green, And

strew'd the lea with flow-ers; The fur-row'd waving corn is seen Re-

-joice in fostering show-ers. While il-lu-mina-tion in Na-ture join, Their

sor-rows to fore-go. O why thus all a-lone are mine The

wea-ry steps of woe.

Th^t this Air is to be found in another volume, yet its simple beauty, with that of the Sym^y & Accomp^t, and the great charm of the Verses, induced the Editor to unite them here.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

The Air here united to the following beautiful Verses is substituted for the one in the former Editions, as being, in the opinion of the Editor, much superior to it, and better suited to the poetry.

AIR—THE HOPELESS LOVER.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea with flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers.
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorcht my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine—'till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lavrock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye:
As little reekt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair!"
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whose bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

WHY, CRUEL CREATURE, WHY SO BENT.

WRITTEN

By LANSDOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,—
Love throws in vain his dart.
Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great;
For pay let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,—
A thousand worlds too few.
But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,—
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart!

HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD DISTANT SHORE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—ROBIN ADAIR.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 'Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury—
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!

SINCE ALL THY VOWS, FALSE MAID.

The following interesting account of the plaintive Ballad called Cromlet's Lilt, is from the pen of Alexander Frazer Tytler, Esq. afterwards Lord Woodhouselee.

In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisolms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks, (now possessed by the Drummonds.) The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch. At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education; at that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress, to a lay-brother of the monastery of Dumblane, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromlecks, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromlus; and, by misinterpreting, or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them. Helen was inconsolable; and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad of Cromlet's Lilt, a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

When the artful Monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover: Helen was obdurate; but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted, rather than consented, to the ceremony; but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that, after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed-head, she heard Cromlus's voice, crying, Helen, Helen, mind me! Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered,—her marriage annulled,—and Helen became Lady Cromlecks.

N. B.—Margaret Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strowan, one of the 17 sons of Tullybar-dine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.

THE SAME AIR.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid, are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair,
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel Fair.

Wild fruit shall be my meat, I'll drink the spring;
 Cold earth shall be my seat; for covering
 I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Shall spread its wing.

Have I not graven our loves on every tree,
 In yonder spreading groves, tho' false thou be:
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted between us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be.

I'll have no funeral fire, nor tears for me;
 No grave do I desire, nor obsequie.
 The courteous red-breast, he,
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 With doleful voice.

Some gloomy place I'll find, some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind e'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou dost behave
 So faithlessly.

And when a ghost I am, I'll visit thee:
 O thou deceitful dame, whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

Oh had I a cave

DUET
Andante
espressivo



*The above Syn8 and Accomp8 composed by Haydn and first publ in 1803.

93 *Come let me take thee to my Breast*

Duet
Poco
Allarghetto

Come let me take thee to my breast And pledge we ne'er shall sunder And I shall spurn as vilest dust The

Come let me take thee to my breast And pledge we ne'er shall sunder And I shall spurn as vilest dust The

world's wealth and grandeur And do I hear my Jeanie own That equal transports move her? I

world's wealth and grandeur And do I hear my Jeanie own That equal transports move her? I

ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her to love to love That I may live to love her I

ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her to love to love That I may live to love her I

ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her,

ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her,

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

Miss Jean Blackstock, now Mrs Whiter, is the Lady to whom these beautiful Verses were addressed;

AIR—ALLY CROAKER.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
 The world's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.
To love, to love, that I may live to love her,
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy e'en sae bonie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!
Never, never, break it shall I never!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

NOW WESTLIN WINDS AND SPORTSMEN'S GUNS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

Now westlin winds and sportsmen's guns,
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
 The moorcock springs on whirring wings
 Among the blooming heather:
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer.
*O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,**
How I delight to rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer!

Come, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view
 All fading green and yellow:
 Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature,—
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature!
O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,
How I delight to rove at night,
With thee, my lovely charmer!

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 'Till the silent moon shine clearly;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press 't,
 Swear how I love thee dearly:
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!
O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,
How I delight to rove at night,
With thee, my lovely charmer!

* The lines printed in Italics are added by the Editor, merely for the sake of the Air.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy JEANIE will venture wi' ye, my lad.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-joe;
Synce up the back style, and let naeboddy see,
And come, as ye were na coming to me,
And come, as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy JEANIE will venture wi' ye my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a fig;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy JEANIE will venture wi' ye, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a woo;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy from me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy from me.

THE WHISTLE,—A BALLAD.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

As the authentic Prose history of the WHISTLE is curious, we shall here give it.—In the train of ANNE of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our JAMES the Sixth, there came over also a Danish Gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of BACCHUS. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty Courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir ROBERT LOWRIE of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present worthy Baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, "And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill." Sir WALTER, son to Sir ROBERT before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to WALTER RIDDEL of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir WALTER'S. On Friday the 16th October 1790, at Friar's Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir ROBERT LOWRIE of Maxwellton; ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of WALTER RIDDEL, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and ALEXANDER FERGUSON, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir ROBERT; which last Gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

THE SAME AIR.

I SING of a Whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the Court of our goud Scottish King,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.
Old Loda,* still racing the arm of Fingal,
The pod of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er!
"And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more,
"And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more."

Old Poets have sung, and old Chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill:
Till ROBERT, the lord of the Cairn and the Scam,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquered in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus ROBERT, victorious, the trophy has gained,
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till three noble Chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renewed.
Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of faw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
And gallant Sir ROBERT, deep read in old wines,
And gallant Sir ROBERT, deep read in old wines.

* See OSMAN'S Caricature.

Craigdarroch began, with tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the Heads of the Clan,
And once more in claret try which was the man.
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great RORY MORRIS,
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er,
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir ROBERT, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.
To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

† See JOHNSON'S Tour to the Hebrides.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright PHOEBUS ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till CYNTHIA hinted he'd see them next morn.
Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir ROBERT, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high-ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.
The gallant Sir ROBERT fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
Tho' Fate said a hero should perish in light;
So up rose bright PHOEBUS—and down fell the knight!
So up rose bright PHOEBUS—and down fell the knight!

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!"
"But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
"Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime!"
"Thy line that have struggled for freedom with BAUCH,
"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

O whistle and I'll come to you.

94

Allegretto.

O whistle and I'll come to you my lad O whistle and I'll come

to you my lad; Tho' father and mother and a' shoud'gae mad O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

But wa-rily tent when ye come to court me And come na unless the back yett be a jee Syne up the back style and let

nae body see And come as ye were na coming to me And come as ye were na coming to me.

fz fz po

* The Sym. & Accomp^t simplified as above by M^r K. 1801.

Their groves of Sweet Myrtle :

ANDANTINO

Their groves of sweet

myrtle let foreign lands reckon Where bright beaming Summers exalt the perfume, Far dear-er to me you lone

when o' green breckan, 'i' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom Far dearer to me are von

humble broom bowrs Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly un seen, Far there lightly tripping a -

mang the wild flowrs A list'ning the linnet oft wanders my Jean. For there lightly tripping a -

mang the wild flowrs A list'ning the linnet oft wanders my Jean.

THEIR GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

The Jean of this inimitable Song is Mrs Burns.

AIR—THE HUMOURS OF GLEN.

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, Tho' rich is the breeze in *their* gay sunny vallies,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume; And could Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan, Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom: What are they?—the haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers, The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.

FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

IRISH AIR.

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
 So marks his latest sun !
 To what dark cave of frozen night,
 Alas ! shall thy poor wand'rer hie ?
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.
 She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my happy, glorious day ;
 And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray.

COME, ALL YE YOUTHS, &c.

WRITTEN

By OTWAY.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled,
 By cruel beauty's pride ;
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide :
 But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest tales of love ;
 And see, when your complaints ye join,
 If your wrongs equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
 My heart no sorrows knew :
 Pity the pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew ;
 Yet, if a tempting fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as Heaven, whose stamp she bears,
 Be wise and shun her snares.

. The Critical Reader will perceive, that the last line in each Stanza of the preceding Song is slightly altered to suit it for the Air.

Farewell, dear, Mistress of my Soul 96

Andante

Espressivo

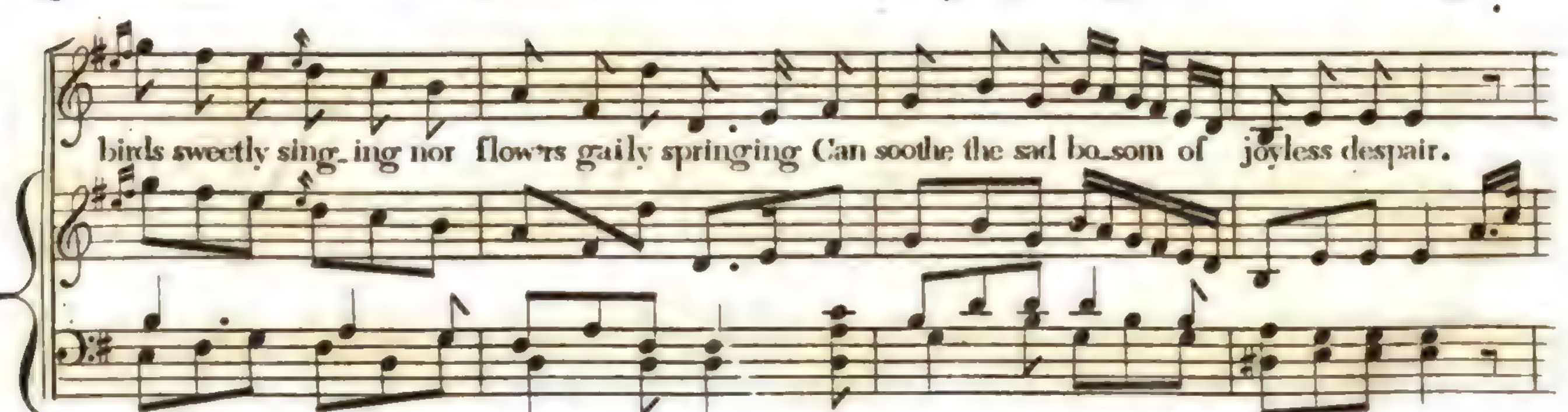
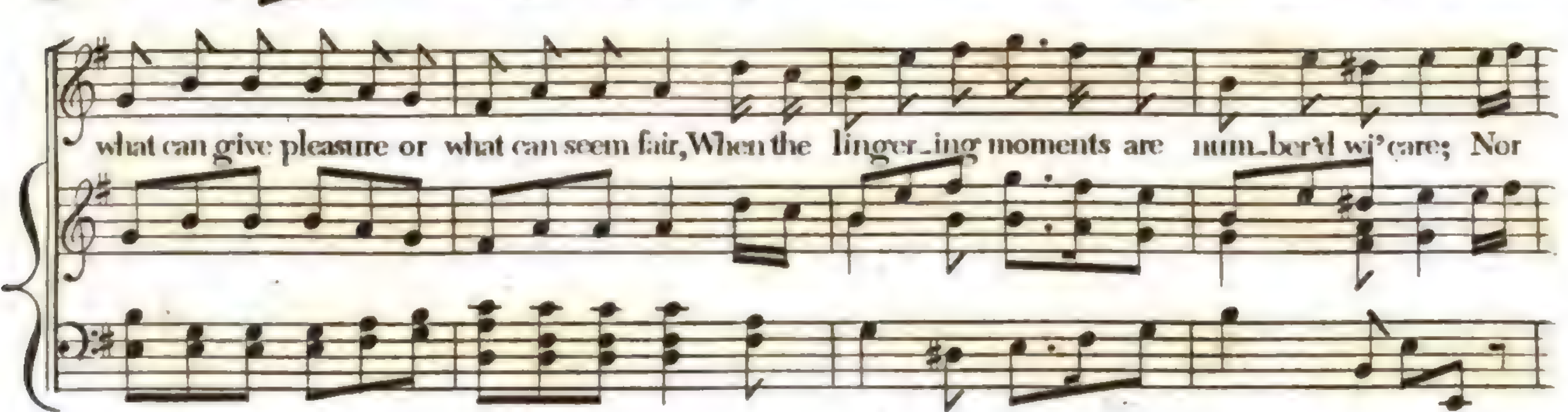
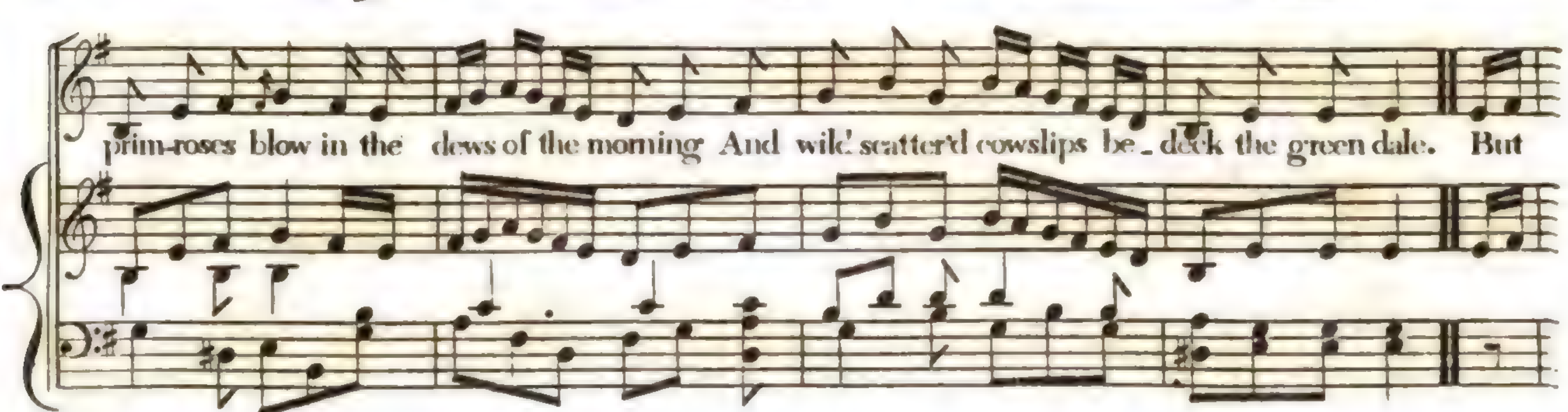
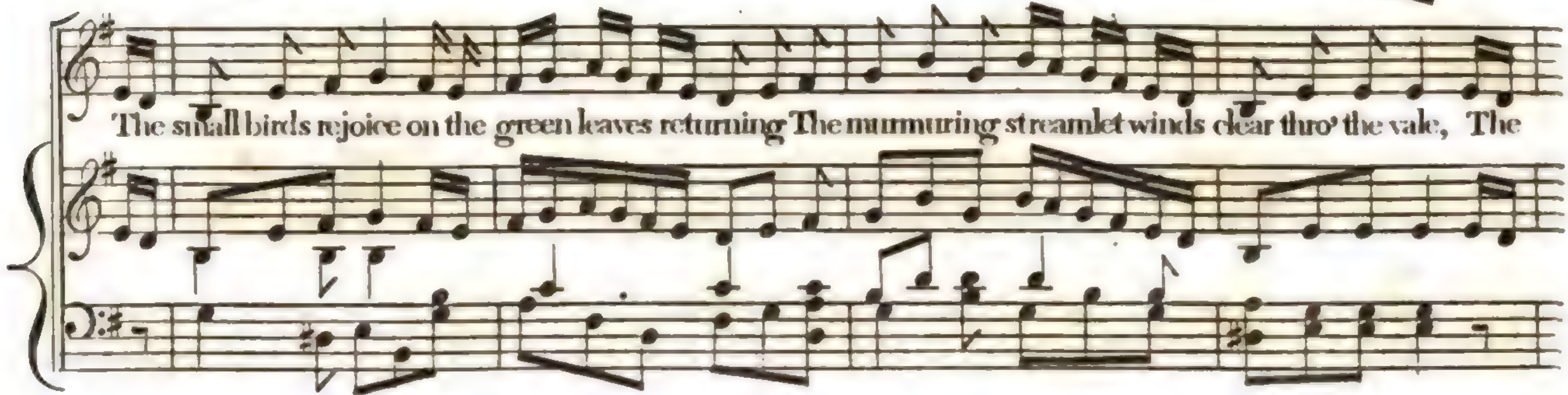
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante' and 'Espressivo'. The introduction features a flowing piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'Fare - wel, dear mis - tress'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar texture. The third system contains the lyrics 'of my soul The measur'd time is run! The wretch beneath the dea - ry pole So'. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'marks his lat - est sun. To what dark cave of fro - zen night A - - las shall thy poor'. The fifth system contains the lyrics 'wand'rer hie De - privd of thee his life and light The sun of all his joy.' The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the sixth system.

Fare - wel, dear mis - tress

of my soul The measur'd time is run! The wretch beneath the dea - ry pole So

marks his lat - est sun. To what dark cave of fro - zen night A - - las shall thy poor

wand'rer hie De - privd of thee his life and light The sun of all his joy.

*The small Birds rejoice*Andantino
espressivo

THE SMALL BIRDS REJOICE, &c.

FROM A MS.

By BURNS.

These admirable Stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland, after his fatal Defeat at Culloden.

IRISH AIR—CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

THE small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale; A king and a father to place on his throne!
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning, His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair, But 'tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care? My brave gallant friends, 'tis *your* ruin I mourn;
 Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing, Your faith prov'd so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Alas! can I make it no better return!

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

WRITTEN

By THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

THE SAME AIR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube, From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er; And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
 'O whither,' she cried, 'hast thou wander'd, my lover, And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 'Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore? That melted in love, and that kindled in war:
 'What voice did I hear!—'twas my Henry that sigh'd! How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd afar, How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 When, bleeding and low on the heath, she descried, "Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
 By the light of the moon her poor wounded hussar. "To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded hussar!"

'Thou shalt live,' she replied, 'Heaven's mercy relieving
 'Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!
 "Ah no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 "No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
 "Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
 "Ye babes of my love that await me afar—"
 His falt'ring tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar.

SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM, &c.

The following Verses were found among the MSS. of BURNS, in his own handwriting, and therefore, as well as from their merit, have been supposed his composition; but the Editor has lately heard them attributed to Miss HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, though with what justice he knows not.

IRISH AIR—SAVOURNA DELIGH.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires :
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream, whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye :
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline!
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde!

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs!
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight;
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

OH THE MOMENT WAS SAD.

WRITTEN

By Mr COLEMAN,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETOR.

THE SAME AIR.

AN! the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Wan was her chek which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder;
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder;
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Peace was proclaim'd—escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home, the sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

Oh! the moment was sad

98

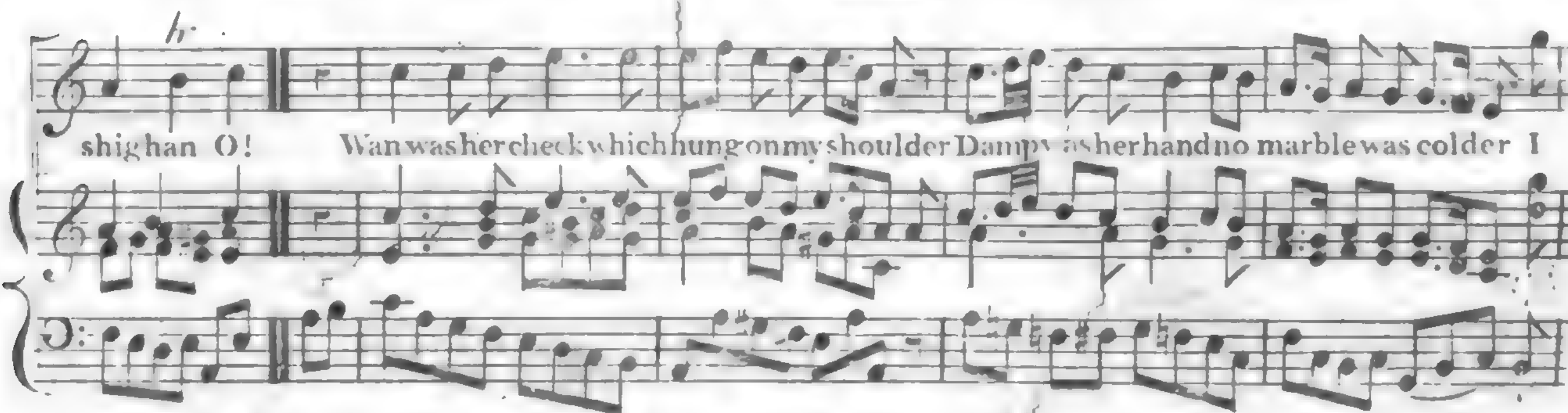
With these



Oh! the moment was sad when my Love and I parted Sa -



vourna de - ligh shighan O! As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken hearted Sa - vourna de - ligh



shighan O! Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder Damp was her hand no marble was colder I



felt that I never a gain should behold her Sa - vourna de - ligh shighan O!



* The above Sym^{ts} and Accomp^{ts} composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

Now in her green. Haulle

Andante

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of seven systems of staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Now in her green'. The third system continues the melody with 'mantle blythe Na-ture ar--rays And lis--tens the lambkins that'. The fourth system continues with 'bleat o'er the braes, While birds warble welcomes in il--ka green'. The fifth system continues with 'shaw To me its de--light-less my Na nie's a--wa.'. The sixth system is an instrumental conclusion. The seventh system is a final instrumental flourish. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *h* (hallo). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 and 6. The tempo is marked *Andante*.

Now in her green

mantle blythe Na-ture ar--rays And lis--tens the lambkins that

bleat o'er the braes, While birds warble welcomes in il--ka green

shaw To me its de--light-less my Na nie's a--wa.

NOW IN HER GREEN MANTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

IRISH AIR—COOLUN.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa'!

Thou lavrock that starts from the dew's of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn;
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat of the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blow!
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'!

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alone can delight me—now Nanie's awa'!

O SUMMER, THY PRESENCE GIVES JOY TO THE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives joy to the vale,
The song of the warbler enlivens the grove!
The pipe of the shepherd I hear in the gale;
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains:
Go, shepherds, and whisper this truth in her ear,—
That the pleasures with Phillis have quitted the plains.

The lilies are drest in their purest array;
To the valleys the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roses the pride of their crimson display;
But I see not the blush of the nymph of my heart.

If thus to the nymph ye my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return:
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than another should mourn.

AWA' WI' YOUR WITCHCRAFT O' BEAUTY'S ALARMS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

IRISH AIR—BALLINAMONA ORA.

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
 O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white ewes.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

Edinburgh :

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,
 FOR THE PROPRIETOR, G. THOMSON,
 TRUSTEES' OFFICE, EXCHANGE.

1820.

Awa'wi your witchcraft &c.

100

A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring a title and several systems of music. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are: "A-wa'wi' your witchcraft of beauty's alarms, The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms O gi'e me the lass that has acres of charms O gi'e me the lass wi' the weelstock-it farms Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher Then hey for a lass wi' a to-cher The nice yellow guineas for me." The score is numbered 100 in the top right corner. The paper shows signs of age, including yellowing and some staining.

A-wa'wi' your witchcraft of

beauty's alarms, The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms O gi'e me the lass that has acres of charms O

gi'e me the lass wi' the weelstock-it farms Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher Then hey for a lass wi' a

tocher Then hey for a lass wi' a to-cher The nice yellow guineas for me.

INDEX

TO THE

POETRY IN THE SECOND VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.

FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page	FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page
A			N		
A down winding Nith, &c.....	BURNS.....	66	Now rosy May, &c.....	BURNS.....	69
Ah, sure a pair was never seen.....	SHERIDAN.....	78	Now spring has clad, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	91
A lass that was laden with care.....	<i>Unknown</i>	82	Now westlin winds, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	93
Alas! the sunny hours are past.....	HAMILTON.....	85	O		
Alone to the banks, &c.....	CAMPBELL.....	97	O Logie o' Buchan, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	57
And O for ane and twenty, Tam.....	BURNS.....	59	O meikle thinks my love, &c.....	BURNS.....	73
As Amoret with Phillis sat.....	<i>Unknown</i>	88	O my love's like, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	89
As walking forth, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	83	On a bank of flowers, &c.....	BURNS.....	88
Awa' wi' your witchcraft, &c.....	BURNS.....	100	O send Lewie Gordon hame.....	<i>Unknown</i>	74
B			O summer, thy presence, &c.....	PETER PINDAR.....	99
Beneath a green shade, &c.....	BLACKLOCK.....	84	O the moment was sad, &c.....	COLEMAN.....	98
Blythe, blythe, and merry was she..	BURNS.....	61	O this is no my ain lassie.....	BURNS.....	56
Blythe, blythe, blythe was she... ..	<i>Unknown</i>	61	O wat ye wha's in yonder town.....	<i>Ditto</i>	53
Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill.....	BURNS.....	58	O wat ye wha that lo'es me.....	<i>Ditto</i>	57
By Allan stream, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	79	O whistle, and I'll come to you.....	<i>Ditto</i>	94
C			O Logie o' Buchan.....	<i>Unknown</i>	57
Canst thou leave me thus my Katy..	<i>Ditto</i>	70	P		
Cauld blaws the wind frae, &c.....	HAMILTON, JOHN.....	59	Pho! pox o' this nonsense.....	<i>Unknown</i>	65
Come, all ye youths, &c.....	OTWAY.....	96	R		
Come, fill me a bumper.....	<i>Unknown</i>	71	Robin is my only jo.....	<i>Unknown</i>	60
Come, let me take thee, &c.....	BURNS.....	93	Roy's wife of Aldivaloch.....	Mrs GRANT.....	70
Contented wi' little, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	65	S		
D			Saw ye nae my Peggy.....	<i>Unknown</i>	63
Dear Colin, quit, &c.....	PETER PINDAR.....	58	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled....	BURNS.....	74
F			Should auld acquaintance, &c.....	<i>Ditto, supposed</i>	68
Farewell, dear mistress, &c.....	BURNS.....	96	Slow spreads the gloom, &c.....	<i>Ditto ditto</i>	98
Farewell, thou fair day, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	76	Sweet Sir, for your courtesie.....	<i>Unknown</i>	62
For the sake of gold, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	64	Since all thy vows, &c.....	92
Farewell thou stream, &c.....	BURNS.....	80	T		
G			The gloomy night, &c.....	BURNS.....	85
Gin ye meet a bonny lassie.....	ALLAN RAMSAY.....	53	Their groves o' sweet myrtle, &c....	<i>Ditto</i>	95
H			The lawlands lads, &c.....	RAMSAY.....	78
Had I a cave, &c.....	BURNS.....	92	The last time I came o'er, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	80
Here's a health, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	75	The small birds rejoice, &c.....	BURNS.....	97
How hard's the fate of womankind..	<i>Unknown</i>	55	The smiling plains, &c.....	FALCONER.....	72
Husband, husband, &c.....	BURNS.....	62	The sun was sunk, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	64
I			The western sky, &c.....	SHENSTONE.....	89
If those who live, &c.....	THOMSON.....	54	Thou hast left me ever, Tam.....	BURNS.....	90
In summer when the hay, &c.....	BURNS.....	54	Thou'rt gane awa, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	72
I sing of a whistle, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	94	To the brook and the willow.....	ROWE.....	84
It was the charming month of May.	<i>Ditto</i>	69	The budding thorn and violets blue..	RICHARDSON.....	73
I've heard them lilting, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	81	W		
I've seen the smiling, &c.....	Mrs COCKBURN.....	81	Whar ha'e ye been a' day.....	MACNEIL.....	90
John Anderson, my jo.....	BURNS.....	51	What numbers shall the muse repeat	CRAWFORD.....	79
L			When I ha'e a sixpence, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	71
Last May a braw wooer, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	52	When Jocky was blest, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	57
Loud blaw the frosty breezes.....	<i>Ditto</i>	67	Whilst I alone, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	60
M			Why, cruel creature.....	LANSDOWN.....	91
Mourn hapless Caledonia, mourn...	SMOLLET.....	87	Wilt thou be my dearie.....	BURNS.....	77
My daddy is a canker'd carle.....	<i>Unknown</i>	86	Y		
My heart is a breaking, dear titty..	BURNS.....	66	Ye banks and braes, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	83
N			Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale...	HAMILTON.....	86
Now in her green mantle.....	<i>Ditto</i>	99	Ye woods and ye mountains.....	MALLET.....	82
			Yes, I'm in love, &c.....	WHITEHEAD.....	55

For the Appendix, containing Six DUETTS and GLEES, by BEETHOVEN, first published in 1820,—see Index to the Airs.

INDEX

TO THE

AIRS IN THE SECOND VOLUME.

The *Airs* distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, as they are known to have been popular before the year 1724.
Those marked thus || are known to be modern. And those with this mark * are said to be Irish.

AIRS.	COMPOSERS OF THE Sym. and Accom.	AIRS.	COMPOSERS OF THE Sym. and Accom.
A		M	
Alley Croaker *.....Duet.....	KOZELUCH 93	Morag.....	KOZELUCH 67
Andro wi' his cutty gun §.....	Ditto 61	My jo Janet §.....	Ditto. 62
Auld lang syne §.....	Ditto 68	My lodging is on the cold ground *...Duet.....	PLEYEL 76
		My tocher's the jewel.....	KOZELUCH 73
B		O	
Ballinamona ora *.....	Ditto 100	On a bank of flowers §.....	Ditto 88
C		O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad *.....	Ditto 94
Captain O'Kain *.....	Ditto 97	R	
Coolun *.....	Ditto 99	Robin Adair *.....Duet.....	HAYDN 92
D		Roy's wife.....	KOZELUCH 70
Dainty Davie.....	Ditto 69	S	
F		Sae merry as we have been §.....	PLEYEL 82
Farewell dear mistress *.....	Ditto 96	Savourna deligh *.....	HAYDN 98
Farewell to Ayr.....	Ditto 85	Saw ye nae my Peggy §.....	KOZELUCH 63
For a' that and a' that.....	Ditto 55	T	
For the sake of gold.....	Ditto 64	The mucking o' Geordy's byre, &c. §.....	HAYDN 66
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae §...Duet.....	HAYDN 53	The braes of Ballenden 	Ditto 84
H		The flowers of the forest.....	KOZELUCH 81
Here's a health, &c.....Duet.....	KOZELUCH 75	The Highland laddie Duet.....	PLEYEL 78
J		The hopeless lover.....	KOZELUCH 91
Jingling Johnie.....	HAYDN 79	The humours of Glen *.....	Ditto 95
John Anderson my jo §.....	KOZELUCH 51	The Lammy.....	Ditto 90
John, come kiss me now §.....	Ditto 54	The last time I came o'er the moor §.....	HAYDN 80
K		The Lothian lassie.....	KOZELUCH 52
Katharine Ogie §.....Duet.....	Ditto 83	The Sutor's daughter Duet.....	HAYDN 77
Kind Robin lo'es me §.....	Ditto 60	The tears of Caledonia 	Ditto 87
L		The quaker's wife.....	KOZELUCH 58
Lewie Gordon.....	Ditto 74	This is no my ain house §.....	Ditto 56
Logie o' Buchan.....Duet.....	Ditto 57	Thou'rt gane awa'.....Duet.....	Ditto 72
Low down in the broom.....	PLEYEL 86	Todlin hame §.....	Ditto 71
Lumps o' pudding §.....	KOZELUCH 65	U	
		Up in the morning early.....	Ditto 59
		W	
		Wishaw's favourite 	Ditto 89

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.—FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1820.

DUETT—Dark was the morn.....BEETHOVEN...Letter G.	GLEE—Up, quit the bower.....BEETHOVEN...Letter K.
Ditto—Their groves, &c.....Ditto.....H.	Ditto—Bonny wee thing.....HAYDN.....L.
Ditto—O my love's like the red red rose, Ditto.....I.	Ditto—There was a jolly miller.....BEETHOVEN.....M.





Mus. Pr.

530

-3

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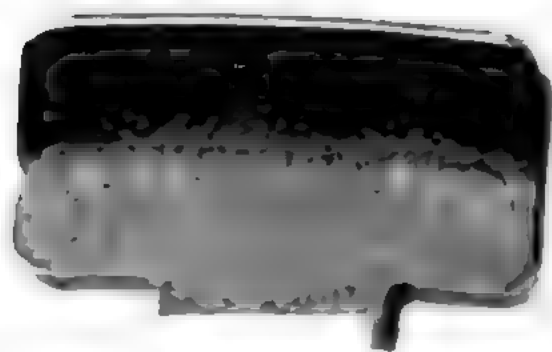
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Thomson, G.

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(THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.)

*Am not fully the girl I was, — Can't handle it, to my regret,
 but tenderer was than ever — The party shall wait for it,
 And she, a soldier's arms should — And I'll wait for the soldier's return,
 I hope him shall I never — If you wish, say for the soldier's return,
 the girl is the soldier's return — See p. 22. Add.*

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Now see where Caledonia's Genius mourns
And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns

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Sold also by G. Thomson the Editor & Proprietor Edinburgh.

G. Thomson

(1)

TO THE PUBLIC.

By the late Act of Parliament, 54th Geo. III. granting the EXTENSION of Copy-right to Works already published, if not published before 1800, it is to be observed, that the Copy-right both of the First and Second Volumes of Scottish Songs is thus secured to the Publisher, G. Thomson, FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER 1803; in which year, a great many new and most valuable Compositions in those Two Volumes were first published; or rather first printed; for it accidentally happened that their publication was delayed till April 1804.

SCOTTISH SONGS.

HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, &c.

THE sale of several editions of the first four Volumes of this Work, is an unequivocal proof of the public opinion respecting it. The Editor, gratified to find its value justly appreciated, and anxious to render it every way as complete as possible, has lately revised the Music of those four Volumes with the utmost attention, and introduced an improvement of great consequence to Singers who have low-pitched voices. Having had very frequent occasion to observe with what difficulty many young Ladies sing such of the Melodies as rise to G or A, he carefully examined every Melody of that description; and where it could be done *with propriety*, he has introduced an *optional* lower note, which may be sung instead of the high one, by those who find the latter above their compass, while the original is still retained without alteration for such voices as can reach it; and thus the Melodies are placed quite within the reach of all voices of ordinary compass. Two of the Melodies, and two only, have been *wholly* lowered; for the Editor did not find that more of them would admit of being so, without rendering the lowest notes too low for female voices. Two other Melodies have been expunged, *Allan-Water*, and *Sir Patrick Spence*; the former because of its too extensive compass, and the latter as being a meagre and uninteresting air: And, instead of these, (the only ones in the whole Collection which he regrets having admitted,) he has given two very fine Melodies, with Haydn's Symphonies and Accompaniments. The Frontispieces, too, of all the four Volumes, and most of the Music-Plates, have been re-engraved; and no expence has been spared to render this Edition as perfect as may be, in every respect; forming a Repository of all that is interesting in Scottish Music and Song, enriched by such Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-forte,

Violin, and Violoncello, as no other National Music can boast of.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Volumes I. and II. are the composition of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, and HAYDN.

Those to Volumes III. and IV. are composed wholly by the latter, who wrote thus emphatically to the Editor, when he sent the Music: "*I boast of this Work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death.*"

"HAYDN."

VOLUME V.

The concluding Volume, now in the press, is harmonised by HAYDN and by BEETHOVEN, in a style of excellence truly worthy of their great names. In this volume, too, will be found the Poem of BURNS, called the JOLLY BEGGARS, set to music, with great felicity, by HENRY R. BISHOP, Composer and Director of the Music to Covent Garden Theatre,—a poem yet but little known, although, for rich humour, and happy discrimination of character, it is perhaps unrivalled, and is certainly not inferior to any production of our immortal Bard.

The POETRY will be found to contain the most select and complete Collection of Songs, both Scottish and English, ever offered to the Public; and the following Certificate will shew that this is the only musical Work in which ALL the delightful Songs of BURNS can be published.

"I do hereby certify, that all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published by Mr GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And, moreover, that I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work. And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend ANY of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof, &c.

"ROBERT BURNS."

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The Violin and Violoncello Accompaniments, which, when played along with the Voice and Piano Forte, produce the most delightful effect, are sold at Five Shillings per Volume, or the Violin by itself, at Two Shillings and Sixpence.

The Publisher has an exclusive right to all the Songs written purposely for his three National Collections above-mentioned, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments. And as he did not obtain these without expending a large sum of money, without laborious researches, and unwearied exertions; and not till after a correspondence of twenty years with Poets, Musicians, and Antiquaries, both at home and abroad,—he feels it due to himself distinctly to announce, that if any person shall publish any of those Songs, or any of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted for damages, &c. in terms of the Act of Parliament.

Each genuine Volume of those works bears, at the foot of the Title-page, the written Signature of
G. THOMSON.

Edinburgh, Royal Exchange, October 1817.

INDEX TO THE POETRY

IN THE

THIRD VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.

FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page	FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page.
A			O		
An thou wert mine ain thing . . .	Unknown . . .	120	O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray . . .	RAMSAY . . .	138
Ay waking, O! . . .	BURNS . . .	111	On Ettrick banks in a simmer night	Unknown . . .	101
Argyle is my name . . .	BOSWELL . . .	129	O Nancy wilt thou leave the town	RICHARDSON . . .	101
Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate .	HAMILTON . . .	141	O Tibby, I hae seen the day . . .	BURNS . . .	123
Again, rejoicing Nature sees . . .	BURNS . . .	137	O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	Ditto . . .	116
Ah! where is now my soul's delight	PINDAR, P. . .	114	O saw ye my father, &c. . .	Unknown . . .	102
A youth, adorn'd with every art . .	MALLET . . .	149	O where, tell me where, &c. . .	GRANT . . .	135
A rosebud by my early walk . . .	BURNS . . .	112	O were I able to rehearse, &c. . .	SKINNER . . .	106
Alas! I perceive all my wishes, &c.	PINDAR, P. . .	143	O bonie was yon rosy brier . . .	BURNS . . .	115
B			O Sandy, why leav'st thou, &c. . .	RAMSAY . . .	143
Behold, my love, how green, &c. . .	BURNS . . .	103	S		
Bless'd as th' immortal Gods is he	PHILIPS . . .	137	Saw ye Johnny coming, quo' she	Unknown . . .	110
By Logan's stream that rins sae deep	MAYNE . . .	116	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	BURNS . . .	133
Beneath a beech's grateful shade	CRAWFORD . . .	124	Sensibility, how charming . . .	Ditto . . .	132
By Pinky house oft let me walk	MITCHELL . . .	146	Speak on, speak thus . . .	RAMSAY . . .	109
Bonny lassie, will ye go, &c. . .	BURNS . . .	136	Since wedlock's in vogue . . .	CUNNINGHAME . . .	145
But lately seen in gladsome green	Ditto . . .	139	T		
F			'Twas at the hour of dark midnight	ELLIOT . . .	130
Fair Plenty came to our blest isle	GRANT . . .	138	Thou hast left me ever, Jamie . .	BURNS . . .	110
Fairest maid on Devon banks . . .	BURNS . . .	121	'Twas even—the dewy fields, &c.	Ditto . . .	103
Far in the glen, &c. . .	BOSWELL . . .	148	Thou lingering star, &c. . .	Ditto . . .	114
For you, ye fair, the olive spreads	GRANT . . .	113	The moon had climb'd, &c. . .	LOW . . .	107
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong	BURNS . . .	144	'Twas when the seas were roaring	GAY . . .	132
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove	THOMSON . . .	116	The lass o' Patie's mill . . .	RAMSAY . . .	117
H			The weary pund o' tow, &c. . .	Unknown . . .	104
Hark! hark! 'tis a voice, &c. . .	MOORE . . .	118	'Twas at the solemn silent hour . .	MALLET . . .	105
How blythe ilk morn, &c. . .	Unknown . . .	128	The bride came out of the byre . .	Unknown . . .	150
How sweet this lone vale, &c. . .	ERSKINE . . .	134	Thy fatal shafts unerring move . .	SMOLLETT . . .	120
How pleasant the banks, &c. . .	BURNS . . .	134	W		
I			When the sheep are in the fauld . .	LINDSAY . . .	126
I'm wearing awa' John . . .	Unknown . . .	133	When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain	SMOLLETT . . .	131
It was in and about the Mart'mas time	Unknown . . .	130	When trees did bud . . .	CRAWFORD . . .	103
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld	Unknown . . .	142	Weel may we a' be . . .	Unknown . . .	133
I'll hae my coat o' gude snuff brown	BOSWELL . . .	147	When Willie Pitt, &c. . .	GRANT . . .	127
I gae'd a wacfu' gate yestreen . . .	BURNS . . .	119	When Guildford good, &c. . .	BURNS . . .	127
I told my nymph, &c. . .	SHENSTONE . . .	119	Wha wadna be in love, &c. . .	Unknown . . .	125
I sigh and lament me in vain . . .	Unknown . . .	118	Well I agree, ye're sure o' me . .	RAMSAY . . .	140
L			Where are the joys I have met, &c.	BURNS . . .	102
Love's goddess in a myrtle grove	RAMSAY . . .	131	When daisies py'd, and violets blue	SHAKESPEARE . . .	142
Love never more shall give me pain	CRAWFORD . . .	122	When summer comes, &c. . .	CRAWFORD . . .	128
Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks . . .	BURNS . . .	121	When Damon languish'd, &c. . .	MOORE . . .	139
M			When Colin told his tale . . .	PINDAR, P. . .	117
My Mary's face, &c. . .	Ditto . . .	106	When Chloe try'd her virgin fires	Unknown . . .	104
N			Waft me some soft and cooling breeze	LANSDOWNE . . .	115
Nancy's to the greenwood gane	Unknown . . .	148	With broken words, &c. . .	RAMSAY . . .	109
No house in the village, &c. . .	GRANT . . .	150	What can a young lassie, &c. . .	BURNS . . .	145
No more my heart shall loosely rove	Unknown . . .	140			

INDEX TO THE AIRS

IN THE

THIRD VOLUME.

*The Airs distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, as they are known to have been popular before the year 1724.
Those marked thus || are modern productions.*

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED WHOLLY BY HAYDN.

AIRS.	Page	AIRS.	Page
A		O	
Aw thou wert mine ain thing §.....	120	O'er Bogie §	140
Auld Robin Gray.....	126		
Ay waking, O!.....Duet.....	111	P	
B		Peggy, I must love thee §.....Duet.....	124
Bannocks o' barleymeal.....	129	Pinkie house §.....	146
Barbara Allan.....	130		
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray §.....	138	Q	
Bonny Jean §	131	Queen Mary's lamentation 	118
D			
Down the burn, Davie §!.....Duet.....	103	R	
E		Rothiemurcus' rant.....	121
Ettrick banks.....	101		
F		S	
Fee him, father	110	Saw ye my father.....	102
G		Sensibility 	132
Gallashiels §.	141	Scornfu' Nancy §	148
H			
Hey tutti taiti §.....	133	T	
I		Tak' your auld cloak about ye §.....	142
If a body meet a body.....	123	Tears that must ever fall 	149
Johny's grey breeks.	108	The auld gudeman §.....	146
I wish my love were in a myre §.....	137	The blathrie o't.....	119
K		The birks of Abergeldie.....	136
Killicrankie §	127	The blue bell of Scotland.....	135
L		The broom of Cowdenknows §.....Duet.....	128
Logan water §.....	116	The death of the linnet.....Duet.....	139
M		The ewie wi' the crooked horn.....	106
M'Pherson's farewell.....	144	The lass o' Patie's mill §.....	117
Maggy Lauder §.....	125	The lone vale.....	134
Mary 	114	The looking glass §.....	113
Mary's dream.....	107	The shepherd's wife.....	112
My dearie an thou die §.....	122	The weary pund o' tow.....	104
		The wee, wee man.....	115
		Through the wood laddie §.....	143
		W	
		Waes my heart that we, &c. §.....Duet.....	109
		What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man.....	145
		William and Margaret 	105
		Woo'd and married and a'.....	150

On Ettrick banks

ANDANTE
EXPRESSIVE

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 4/4 time, marked 'ANDANTE' and 'EXPRESSIVE'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'On Ettrick banks in a summer night At gloaming'. The lyrics continue through the subsequent systems: 'when the sheep came hame, I met my lassie braw and tight, come wading through the mist her lane My heart grew light, I ran I flang my arms a-bout her li-ly neck And kissd and clapt her there fu' lang My words they were na mair, ny feck'. The score concludes with a final piano flourish. Performance markings include 'p' (piano), 'cres' (crescendo), 'f' (forte), and 's.' (sustained notes).

On Ettrick banks in a summer night At gloaming

when the sheep came hame, I met my lassie braw and tight, come wading through the

mist her lane My heart grew light, I ran I flang my arms a-bout her

li-ly neck And kissd and clapt her there fu' lang My words they were na mair, ny feck

ON ETTRICK BANKS, IN A SIMMER'S NIGHT.

AIR—ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a simmer's night,
 At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :
 My heart grew light,—I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaws begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid, and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Said I, my lassie, will ye gae,
 To the highland hills and be my bride?
 I'll bigg thy bower aneath the brae,
 By sweet Loch Gary's silver tide.
 And aft as o'er the moorlands wide,
 Kind gloaming comes our faulds to steek,
 I'll hasten down the green hill's side,
 Where curls our cozy cottage reek. *

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead her to my simmer shield.
 There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short!

* The Editor has great pleasure in substituting the above beautiful stanza by a friend, instead of the one printed in the former editions of the Song, which is so much inferior to the other stanzas, as to seem the production of a different hand. But as the curious reader may wish to see it, the Editor has subjoined it.

I said, my lassie, will ye go,
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn?
 I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy-Law;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw!

O NANCY, WILT THOU LEAVE THE TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

O NANCY, wilt thou leave the town,
 And go with me where Nature dwells?
 I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
 Than painter feigns, or poet tells.

In autumn, when the rustling leaf
 Shall warn us of the parting year,
 I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
 The redbreast's evening song to hear.

In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair
 Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast;
 With lovely roses round thy head,
 At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

And when the winter's dreary night
 Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,
 Then, in the treasure of thy mind,
 Shall Nature's charms be all forgot!

WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

AIR—SAW YE MY FATHER.

W HERE are the joys I have met in the morning, That danc'd to the lark's early song?	Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys, And grim surly winter is near?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring, At evening the wild woods among?	No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses, Proclaim it the pride of the year.

No more a-winding the course of yon river, And marking sweet flowerets so fair;	Fain would I hide what I fear to discover; Yet long, long too well have I known,
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure, But sorrow and sad sighing care!	All that has caused this wreck in my bosom, Is Jenny,—fair Jenny alone!

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Not hope dare a comfort bestow;
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That dan'd to the Lark's early

song Where is the peace that a wait ed my wand'ring At ev'ning the

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for piano (p) and consists of two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The tempo is marked "p/p".

103 *When trees did bud &c. Air Down the burn Davie.*

Duet
Andante
grazioso.

f *p* *f* *p*

When trees did bud and fields were green, And
 When trees did bud and fields were green, And
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fif-teen, And love laugh'd in her eye
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fif-teen, And love laugh'd in her eye
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn
 Davie Love, And I shall follow thee.
 Da-vie Love, And I shall follow thee.

p *f* *p* *f*

WHEN TREES DID BUD, AND FIELDS WERE GREEN.

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

AIR—DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laughed in her e'e ;
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 " Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 " And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And Mary was the boniest lass—
 Just meet to be a bride ;

Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her e'en were bonie blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flow'ry dale,
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And love was ay the tale :
 With, ' Mary, when shall we return,
 ' Sic pleasure to renew ?'
 Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,
 ' And ay shall follow you."

•• The delicate alteration, in the last stanza of this beautiful song, is by BURNS.

THE WEARY PUND, &c.

AIR—THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As good as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she could make o' that
 Was ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Ayont the ingle low,
 And ay she took the tither sook,
 To drook the stoury tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 "For shame!" said I, "you dirty dame,
 "Gae spin your tap o' tow"—
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brake it o'er my pow!

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I thought my wife would end her life
 Before she span her tow.
 At length her feet,—I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost o'er the know;
 And ere I wed anither jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

WHEN CHLOE TRIED HER VIRGIN FIRES.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Chloe tried her virgin fires,
 And first her shafts let fly;
 She fill'd my breast with vague desires,—
 I thought it was her *eye*.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
 Which gods might wish to sip,
 When all was harmony and truth—
 I thought it was her *lip*.

But when she danc'd! such air, such grace,
 What mortal could escape?
 I look'd no longer on her face,—
 I swore it was her *shape*.

When seen by chance, her breast bespoke
 The purity within;
 Her snowy arm, her iv'ry neck—
 'Twas then her lovely *skin*.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
 My bosom did enthrall;—
 'Twas *sense* I found, the happy grace
 That gave a charm to all.

The weary pund o' tow.

104

Andantino
Allegretto

f *p* *ff* *w*

S.
The weary pund, the weary pund, The weary pund o' tow thought my wife would end her
S.
life, Before she span her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, as good as e'er did grow And
CHORUS
a' that she has made o' that, is ae poor pund o' tow The weary pund, the weary pund, The
The weary pund, the weary pund, The
weary pund o' tow, I thought my wife would end her life be-fore she span her tow.
weary pund o' tow, I thought my wife would end her life be-fore she span her tow.
S. *S.*

'Twas at the fearful midnight hour: by Margrethe.

Larghetto
espressivo

Vio Vio Vio Vio Vio Vio

p *f* *pp*

S. *S.* *S.*

'Twas at the fearful midnight

hour, When all were fast asleep In guile Margret's grimly ghost And stood at William's

feet. Her face was like an April morn Clad in a wintry cloud And clay cold was her

li - ly hand, That held her sa - ble shroud.

pp

S. *S.*

'T WAS AT THE SOLEMN, SILENT HOUR.

WRITTEN

By MALLETT.

THE AIR COMPOSED BY THE LATE STEPHEN CLARKE, ORGANIST, EDINBURGH.

'T WAS at the solemn, silent hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown—
Such is the robe that king's must wear
When death hath reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls,
"Come from her midnight grave;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid
"Thy love refus'd to save!

"This is the dark and dreary hour
"When injur'd ghosts complain,
"When yawning graves give up their dead,
"To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
"Thy pledge, and broken oath;
"And give me back my maiden vow,
"And give me back my troth!

"How could you say my face was fair,
"And yet that face forsake?
"How could you win my virgin heart,
"Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you promise love to me,
"And not that promise keep?
"Why said you that my eyes were bright,
"Yet left these eyes to weep?

"How could you swear my lip was sweet,
"And made the scarlet pale?
"And why did I, young, witless maid!
"Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
"Those lips no longer red;
"Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
"And ev'ry charm is fled!

"The hungry worm my sister is;
"This winding-sheet I wear;
"And cold and weary lasts our night,
"Till that last morn appear!

"But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
"A long and last adieu!
"Come see, false man, how low she lies,
"That died for love of you!"

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

O WERE I ABLE TO REHEARSE.

WRITTEN

By the Rev. Mr SKINNER.

AIR—THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw:
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
A' that kent her could ha'e sworn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Here about nor far awa'.

I needed neither tar nor keel
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit hornie did as weel
To ken her by among them a'.
Could nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weet could never wrang her,—
Ane she lay a week and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tye'd about the barn wa':
A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man need weel ha'e wist;
For, silly thing! she never mist
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked ay at even for her,
Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
Or the fumart might devour her,
Gin the beastie stay'd awa'.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn
Weel deserv'd baith girss and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keeping,—
I canna speak o't without greeting—
A villain came when I was sleeping,
Staw my ewie, horn, and a'!
I sought her sair upo' the morn,—
And, down aneath a buss o' thorn,
I got my ewie's crookit horn;
But my ewie was awa'.

O gin I had the loon that did it,
I ha'e sworn, as well as said it,
Tho' the parson should forbid it,
I wad gi'e his neck a thraw.
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this since ever I was born;
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly ewie! stown awa'!

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o' 's a';
For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frac her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing! to lose her life
Aneath a greedy villain's knife!
I'm really fleyt that our guidwife
Will never win aboon't ava'!
O! a' ye bards be-north Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae us, and fell'd and a'!

MY MARY'S FACE, MY MARY'S FORM.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

MY Mary's face, my Mary's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind,
Might charm the first of human-kind.
I love my Mary's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art;
But I adore my Mary's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye—
Who but owns their magic sway?—
Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms,—
These are all immortal charms.

1

A that kend her could hae sworn Sic a Fwie neer was born Here about nor far a-wa.
 A that kend her could hae sworn Sic a Fwie neer was born Here about nor far a-wa.
 loud and fierce As e-ver Piper's drone could blaw, My Fwie wi' the crooked horn
 My Fwie wi' the crooked horn
 CHORUS
 O were I a-ble to rehearse My Fwie's praise in proper verse Id sound it out as
 ADANTINO

Chorus. Fiddle etc. Chorus. The Crooked Horn

THE MOON HAD CLIMB'D THE HIGHEST HILL.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER LOWE.

AIR—MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light o'er tow'r and tree.
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
 When soft and low a voice was heard,
 Say, " Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be—
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale, and hollow eye ;
 " O Mary dear ! cold is my clay,
 " It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
 " Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death ;
 " So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days
 " We toss'd upon the raging main ;
 " And long we strove our bark to save,—
 " But all our striving was in vain.
 " Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 " My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
 " The storm is past, and I at rest,
 " So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,—
 " We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 " Where love is free from doubt and care,
 " And thou and I shall part no more !"
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"

'Twas even,—the dewy fields were green ;

OR,

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—JOHNY'S GREY BREEKS.

'Twas even,—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hung ;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along !
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile ;
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. *

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :

But Woman, nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain !
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle !

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine :
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

* *Variation.*

Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
" Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !"

'Twas evn &c. Sir John's grey breck. 108

Andantino



'Twas evn the dewy fields were green On ev'ry blade the pearls hang The



Ze-phyr wantond round the bean And bore its fragrant sweets a-lang In



ev-ry glen the ma-vis sang All nature list'ning seemd the while Ex-



-cept where greenwood echoes rang A-mang the braes of Bal-loch-myle.



With broken ye. Sir, Woe's my heart that we sh^d sunder.

109

Duet.
Andante
espressivo.

Violino

f *p* *sf/p* *sf/p* *p*

With bro - ken words and down cast eyes Poor Co - lin spoke his pas - sion tender And part - ing

With bro - ken words and down cast eyes Poor Colin spoke his passion tender And part - ing

with his Lu - cy cries Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

with his Lu - cy cries Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

snow, But kin - dle with thine eyes like tind - er From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

snow, But kin - dle with thine eyes like tind - er From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

Violino

heart that we should sunder.

heart that we should sunder.

WITH BROKEN WORDS, AND DOWNCAST EYES.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his Lucy,* cries,
 "Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder!
 "To others I am cold as snow,
 "But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 "From thee with pain I'm forced to go,—
 "It breaks my heart that we should sunder.
 "Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 "No beauty new my love shall hinder;
 "Nor time nor place shall ever change
 "My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.

"The image of thy graceful air,
 "And beauties which invite our wonder;
 "Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 "Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.
 "Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,—
 "You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder:
 "Then seal a promise with a kiss,—
 "Always to love me tho' we sunder.
 "Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,
 "That as I leave her I may find her;
 "When that blest time shall come to pass,
 "We'll meet again, and never sunder!"

SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS, AND STILL MY GRIEF.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

SPEAK on—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 Those fears that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alack, poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder!

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the knowe with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty!
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other!

* In the Author's edition of the Song, the name is GRISY, which the Editor has taken the liberty of changing into one that sounds more agreeably.

SAW YE JOHNY COMING, QUO' SHE.

AIR—FEE HIM, FATHER.

'Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,
 'Saw ye Johnny coming,
 'Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,
 'Saw ye Johnny coming :
 'Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 'And his dogie running ;
 'Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 'And his dogie running,' quo' she,
 'And his dogie running ?'

'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 'Fee him, father, fee him ;
 'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 'Fee him, father, fee him ;
 'For he is a gallant lad,
 'And a well-doing,
 'And a' the wark about the town
 'Gaes wi' me when I see him,' quo' she,
 'Gaes wi' me when I see him.'

"O what will I do wi' him," quoth he,
 "What will I do wi' him ?
 "He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
 "And I ha'e nane to gi'e him."
 "I ha'e twa coats into my kist,
 "And ane o' them I'll gi'e him ;
 "And for a merk of mair fee,
 "Dinna stand wi' him,' quo' she,
 "Dinna stand wi' him."

'For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
 'Weel do I lo'e him ;
 'For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
 'Weel do I lo'e him :
 'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
 'Fee him, father, fee him ;
 'He'll ha'd the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 'And crack wi' me at e'en,' quo' she,
 'And crack wi' me at e'en.'

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR, A LITTLE SLOWER.

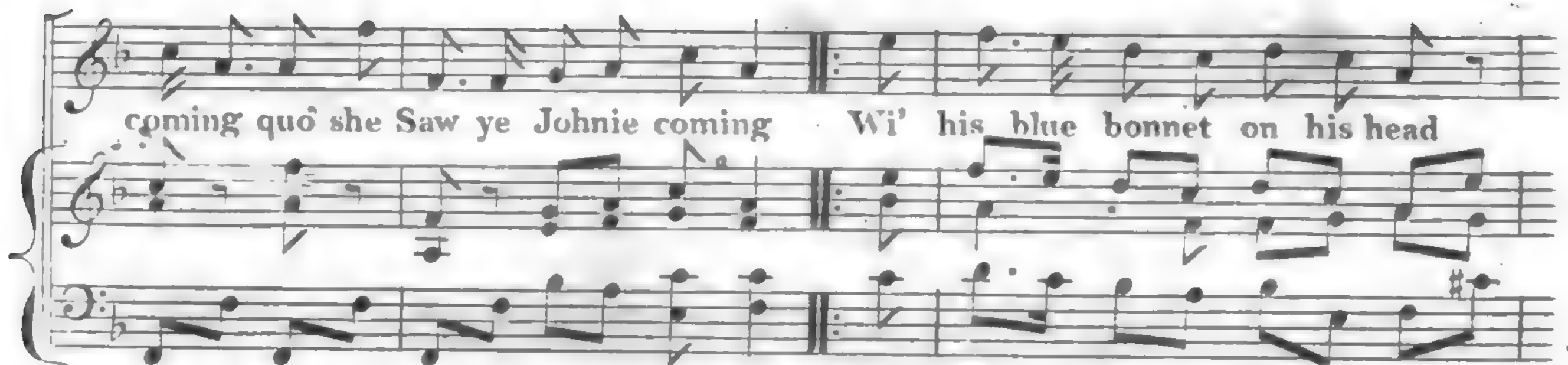
THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever ;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Often hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—
 I must see thee never, Jamie,
 I will see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken ;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love another maid,
 While my heart is breaking ;
 Soon my weary eyes I'll close,
 Never more to waken, Jamie,
 Never more to waken !

These Verses, with a very slight variation, are given to another Air in this Work.

Saw ye Johnie coming &c. Air. See him father. 110

*Allegretto
sebastando.*



Ay waking!

Vio. Vio. S.

Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get for

Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get for

thinking of my dearie O this Lovethis Love! Life to me how dreary

thinking of my dearie O this Lovethis Love! Life to me how dreary

ADACIO 17 S.

When I sleep I dream O when I wake Im eerie. O this Lovethis Love!

When I sleep I dream O when I wake Im eerie. O this Lovethis Love!

AY WAKING, O!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL,

By BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA EXCEPTED.

Ay waking, O!
Waking ay and wearie,
Rest I canna get
For thinking on my dearie.
O this love, this love!
Life to me how dreary!
When I sleep I dream;
O! when I wake I'm eerie.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow,
Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow;
Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
*Spare, O spare my Love! **

* The line in the first Stanza, "Life to me how dreary!" and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor for the sake of the Music.

A ROSE-BUD, BY MY EARLY WALK.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn inclosed baw,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
 In all its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,—
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
 Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.*

* This Song was written in 1787. Miss JEANY C*****K, Daughter of a Friend of the Bard, is the Heroine.

A rosebud &c. for The Shepherd's Wife.

112

Allegretto.

Violino



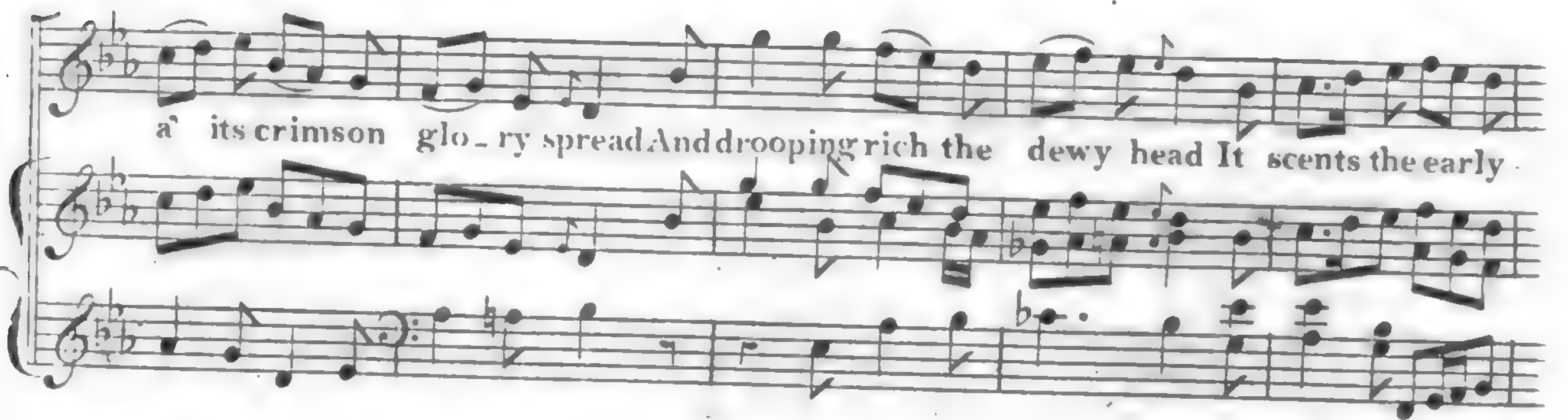
A rosebud by my ear - ly walk A down a corn in - closed bawksae gently bent its



thorny stalk All on a dewy morning Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In



a' its crimson glo - ry spread And drooping rich the dewy head It scents the early



Violino

morning.



For you ye Fair & Air. The looking glass.

In poco

Tivace.

p *s.* For you ye Fair the olive spreads For you the myrtles

blossom The low re-tiring violet sheds its fragrance in your bosom

CHORUS

While in your native sphere you move And seek no higher station 'Tis

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule creation.

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule creation.

FOR YOU, YE FAIR, THE OLIVE SPREADS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

AIR—THE LOOKING GLASS.

FOR you, ye fair, the olive spreads,
 For you the myrtles blossom;
 The low retiring violet sheds
 Its fragrance in your bosom.
 While in your native sphere you move,
 And seek no higher station,
 'Tis yours to lead, in bands of love,
 The lords that rule creation.

But when let loose from modern schools,
 In this blest age of reason,
 The fair one laughs at antique rules,
 And thinks them out of season.
 She boldly hopes with lordly man
 To share supreme dominion;
 Forgetful, while she forms her plan,
 It lives but in opinion.

At first, with graces, airs, and smiles,
 Each artless heart enchanting:
 She soon forgets these common wiles,
 For greater conquests panting:
 On sportive wit and native charms
 No longer has reliance,
 But wrests from man his boasted arms,—
 Philosophy and science!

While, dumb with wonder and affright,
 She vainly thinks him dying,—
 The lover, like a recreant knight,
 His safety seeks by flying!
 Tho' lofty flights a-while may please,
 When novel and uncommon;
 'Tis modest worth, and graceful ease,
 That charm in lovely woman.

THOU LING'RING STAR, WITH LESS'NING RAY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE AIR BY MISS LUCY JOHNSTON, AFTERWARDS MRS OSWALD OF AUCHENCRAIG.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear, departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity cannot efface
 Those records dear of transports past,
 The image of our last embrace;—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:
 The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 'Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

AH! WHERE IS NOW MY SOUL'S DELIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By PETER PINDAR.

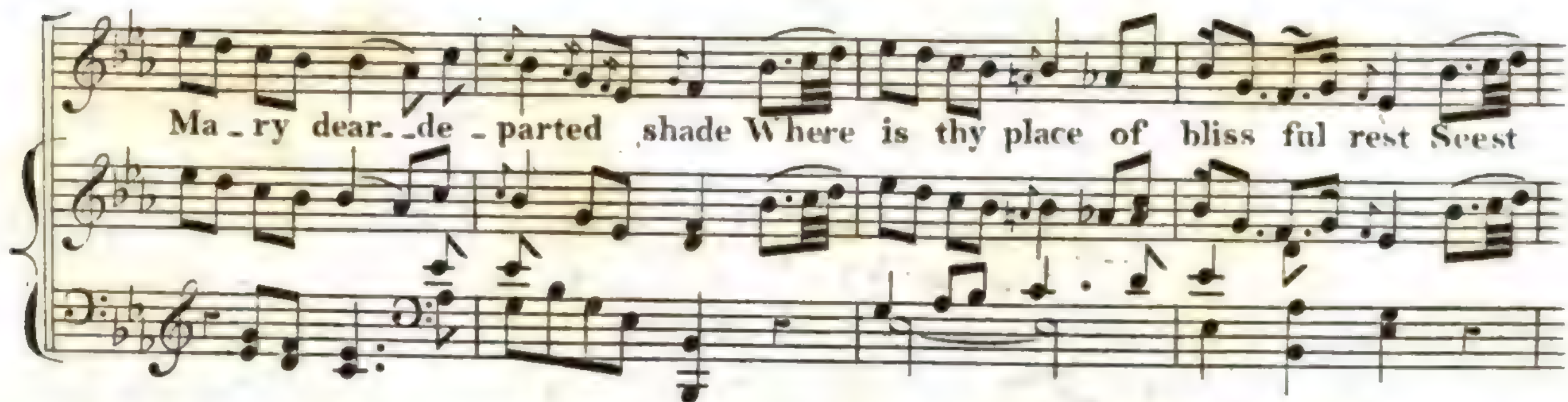
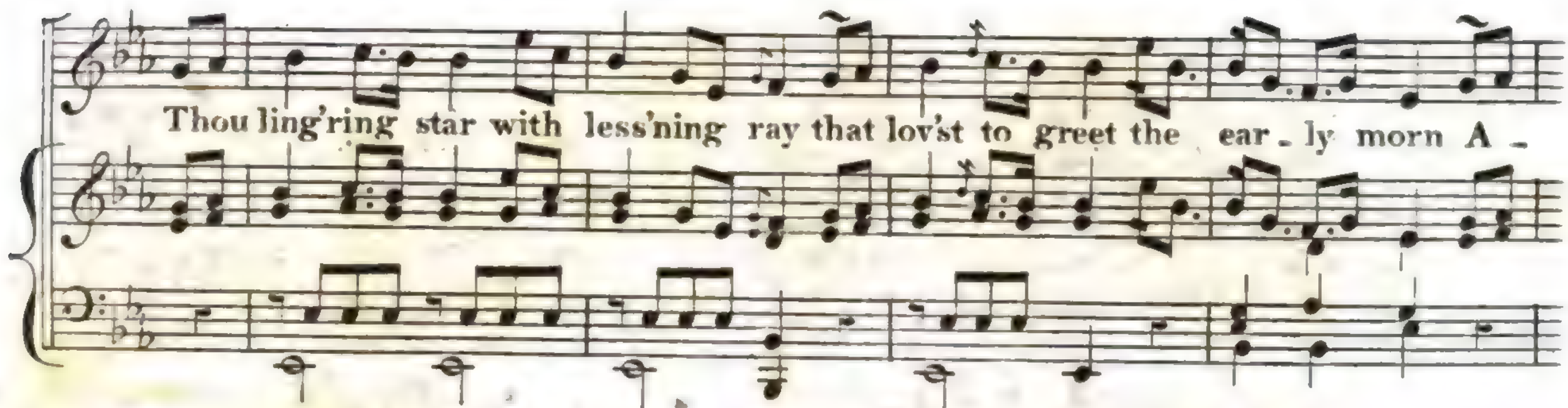
THE SAME AIR.

AH! where is now my soul's delight?
 In yonder grave my Lucy lies!
 The lip of fragrance smiles no more!
 She hears no more her lover's sighs!
 When winter spreads his freezing cold,
 And storms the world with horror sweep,
 I'll warm the sacred turf with tears,
 Where Lucy's clay-cold beauties sleep!

How oft the scene where Lucy rests,
 Has mark'd of health her cheek's pure glow!
 The scene where oft her melting heart
 Has mourn'd the silent dead below.
 Adieu! for ever, ah, adieu!
 Whose form these eyes no more shall see!
 The drop thy lids no longer hold,
 Receive, O sweetest shade! from me.

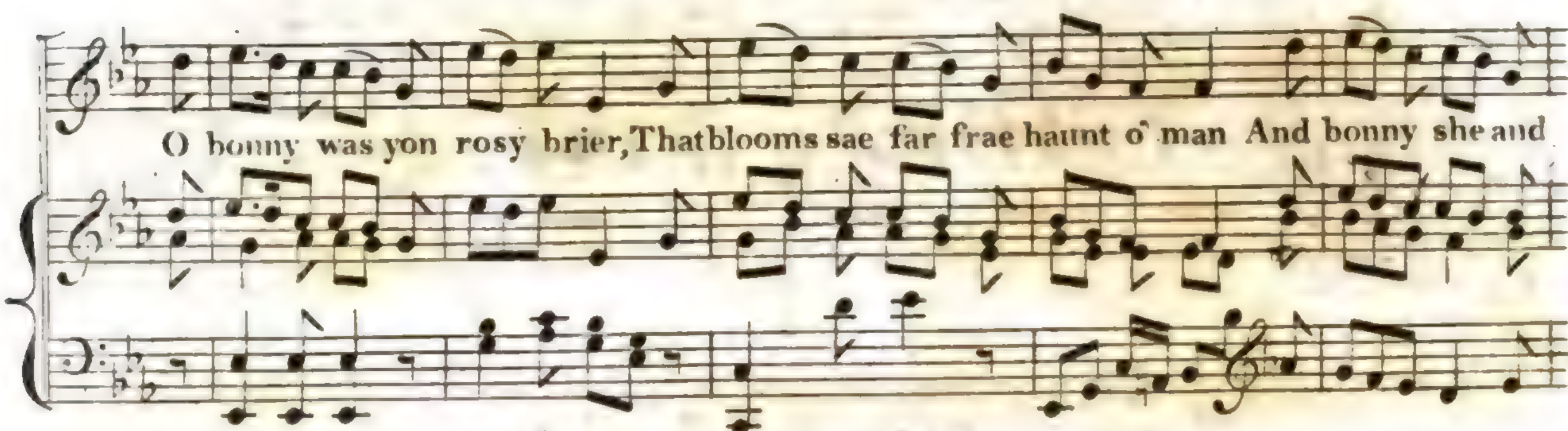
114
Thou ling'ring star &c. Air Highland Mary.

*Andante
espressivo.*

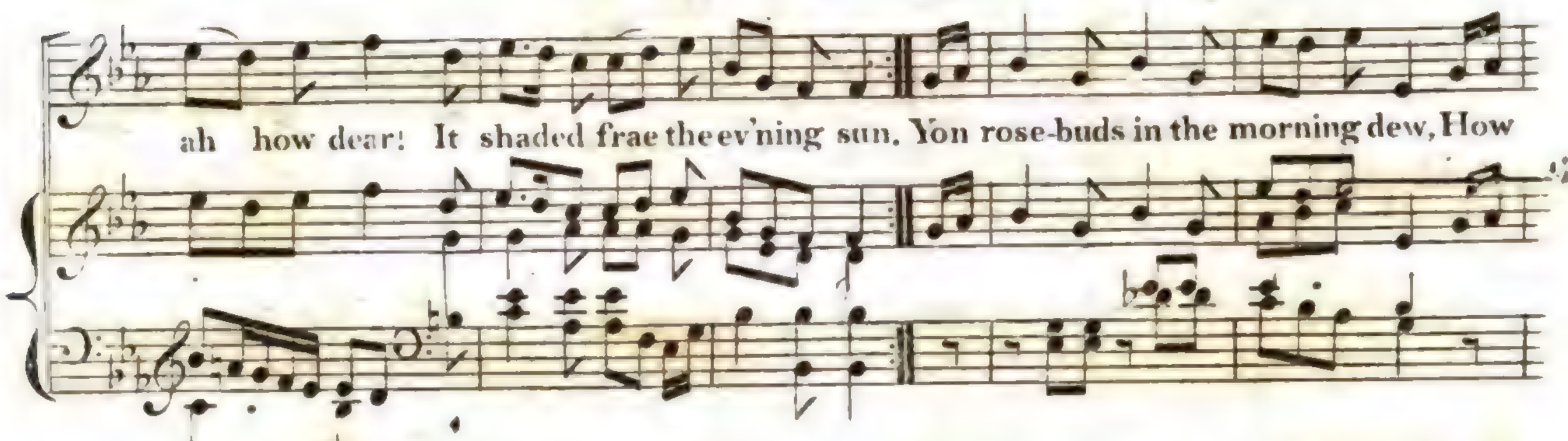


115 *O bonny was yon rosy brier - Air. The wee wee. Han.*

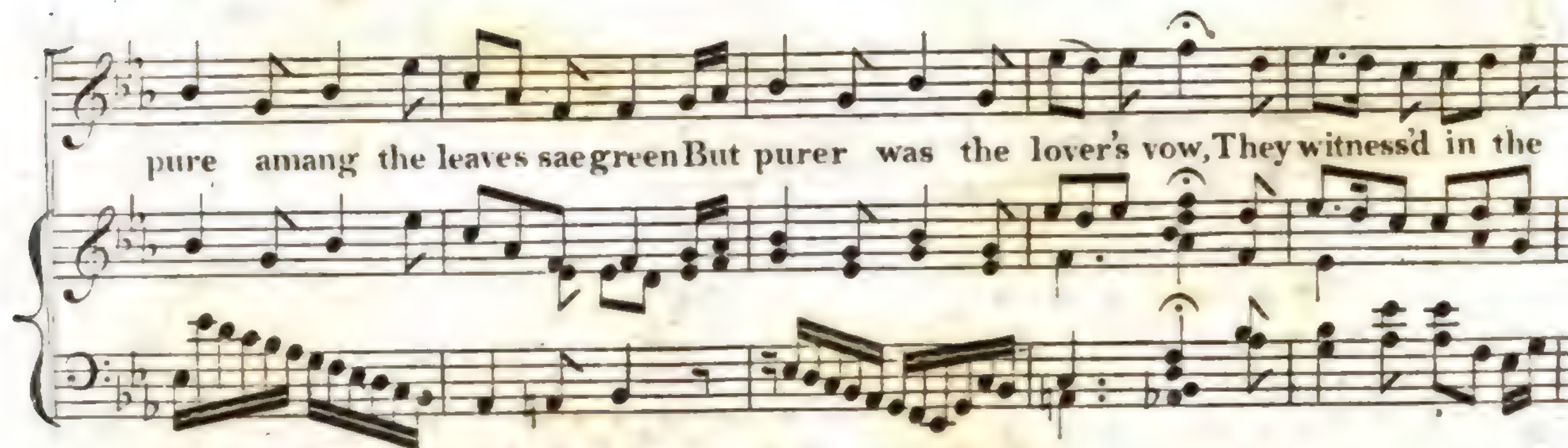
ALLEGRETTO



O bonny was yon rosy brier, That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man And bonny she and



ah how dear! It shaded frae the ev'ning sun, Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, How



pure amang the leaves sae green But purer was the lover's vow, They witness'd in the



shade yestreen.

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE WEE, WEE MAN.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.
Yon rose buds in the morning dew,
How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flow'r
Amid life's thorny path o' care.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world nor wish nor scorn,—
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

WAPT ME, SOME SOFT AND COOLING BREEZE.

WRITTEN

By LORD LANSDOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

WAFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady kind retreat,
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the raging dog-star's heat.
Where tufted grass and mossy beds
Afford a rural calm repose;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Where wealthy Thames, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadow strays.
His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with smiling plenty swell;
Where'er his purer stream is seen
The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arm once more divide:
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling tide.
Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some osier's dusky shade,
Where water-lilies paint the ground,
And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda, too, be there,
With azure mantle lightly drest;
Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair!
Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast!
O haste away, fair maid, and bring
The Muse, the kindly friend to love,
To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal grove.

O LOGAN, SWEETLY DIDST THOU GLIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—LOGAN WATER.

O LOGAN! sweetly didst thou glide,
The day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and vallies gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs;
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning tears are tears o' joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:—
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes:

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry!
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hane to Logan braes!

LOGAN WATER.

By JOHN MAYNE,

AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF GLASGOW.

The following is the ballad of Logan Water, which Mr BURNS supposed to be old, and of which he says, in a Letter to Mr THOMSON, dated 7th April 1793, that he recollects only these two lines:

*"While my dear lad maun face his faes,
"Far, far frae me and Logan braes,"—*

Which two lines he adopted as the burthen of the preceding Song. But the Editor has since been assured, that the two first stanzas of the Ballad were written in Glasgow in 1783, by the Gentleman whose name is now prefixed to it. Those two stanzas were printed in the STAN Newspaper of Saturday, May 23. 1789, signed with the initial letter of the Author's name, and were given anonymously in the former edition of this volume. The third stanza was lately presented by the Author to the Editor, and appears here for the first time (1810). To assign this beautiful ballad to its proper owner is but an act of justice.

BY Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, wae's my heart! these days are gane;
And I wi' grief now herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.

I weel may sing,—these days are gane!
Frae kirk or fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en, when hope amais is gane,
I dauder dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath yon hawthorn tree,
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.
O cou'd I see these days again!
My lover skaithless and my ain!
Belov'd by friends, at peace wi' faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

THOMSON'S VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone!

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care,—
All other wishes I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine!

O Logan sweetly &c. Air Logan water 116

Violoncello

O Logan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Wil-lie's bride, And

years sin-syne hae o'er us run, Like Logan to the Summer sun But

now thy flow'ry banks ap-pear Like drumlie win-ter dark and drear While

my dear lad maun face his faes Far, far frae me and Lo-gan braes.

Vio

The lass of Patie's mill.

*Andante
gracioso*

The lass of Patie's mill So bonny blythe and gay In spite of all my
skill Has stole my heart a way. When tedding of the hay Bare
headed on the green Love midst her locks did play And wantond in her e'en.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.
 Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 That Hopeton's mountains fill *,
 Insured long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will :
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

* Alluding to the Lead Hills, belonging to the Earl of Hopeton, thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh.

WHEN COLIN TOLD HIS TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR.*

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Colin told his tale,
 What damsel could deny ?
 For maids of every vale
 Had wish'd to win his eye.

But when to *me* he came,
 Could Marian tell him nay ?
 Ah, no ! I met his flame ;
 'Twas Love's wild holiday.

But bliss soon feels alloy !
 The shepherd falsely vow'd ;
 Too soon my morn of joy
 Was dimm'd by Sorrow's cloud.

Lo ! Colin now is gone
 To maids of other groves,
 Whose heart I thought my own,—
 But who *suspects* that loves ?

I SIGH AND LAMENT ME IN VAIN.

AIR—QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan ;
 Alas ! it encreases my pain,
 When I think of the days that are gone.
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see
 The birds as they wanton in air ;
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair !
 Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes ;
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those !

False woman ! in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be ;
 And, when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me !
 Ye roofs ! where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell !
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 " O Mary prepare thee to die !"
 My blood it runs chill at the sound.

HARK ! HARK ! 'TIS A VOICE FROM THE TOMB !

WRITTEN

By Mr RICHARD MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !
 ' Come, Lucy,' it cries, ' come away ;
 ' The grave of thy Colin has room
 ' To rest thee beside his cold clay.'
 " I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;
 " Ye friends and companions, adieu !
 " I haste to my Colin's dark home,
 " To lie in his bosom so true !"
 All mournful the midnight bell rung,
 When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose :
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground ;
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.
 " How long, my lov'd Colin," she cried,
 " How long must thy Lucy complain ?
 " How long shall the grave my Love hide ?
 " How long ere it join us again ?

" For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,—
 " With thee o'er the world would she fly ;
 " For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd ;
 " For thee would she lie down and die !
 " Alas ! what avails it how dear
 " Thy Lucy was once to her swain !
 " Her face like the lily so fair,
 " And eyes that gave light to the plain !
 " The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,—
 " That face and those eyes charm no more ;
 " And Lucy, forgot and alone,
 " To death shall her Colin deplore."
 While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echo around,
 Inflamed at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground !
 " I hear the kind call, and obey !
 " Ah, Colin ! receive me," she cried,
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and died !

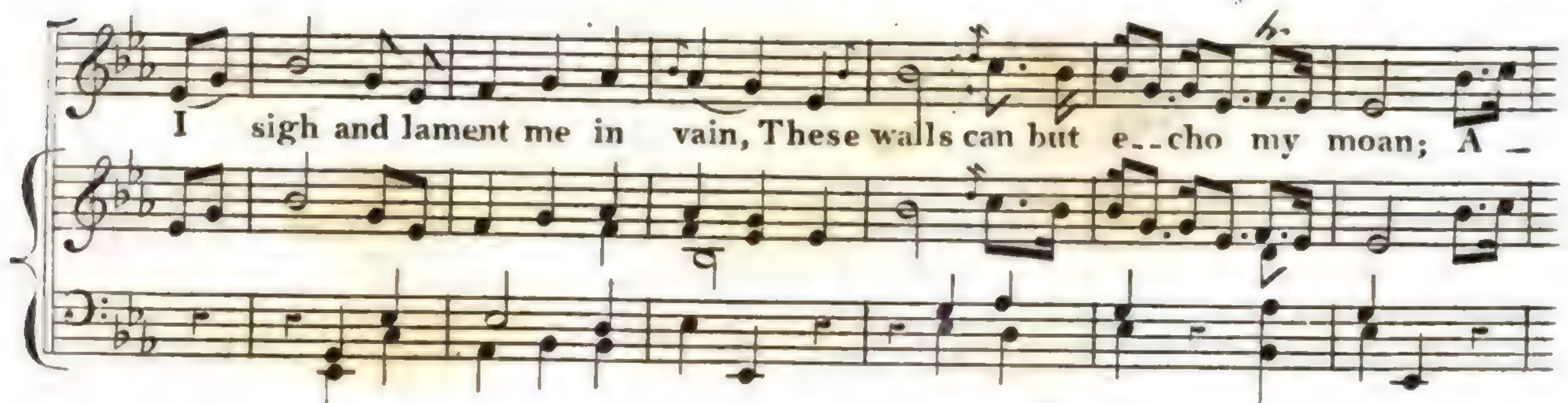
118

Sigh & Lament &c. Air, Queen Mary's lamentation.

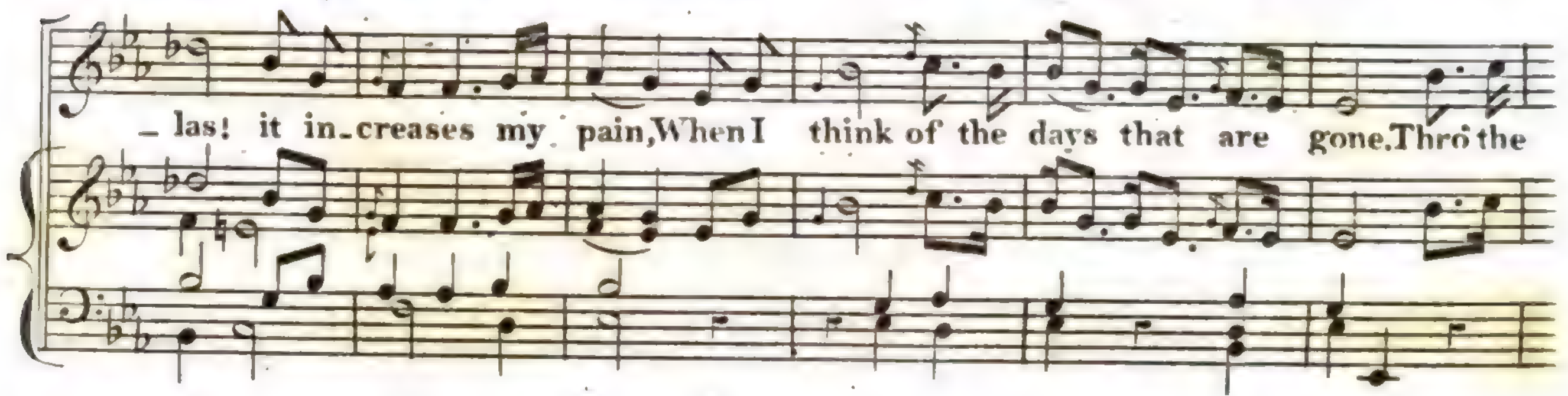
Andante.



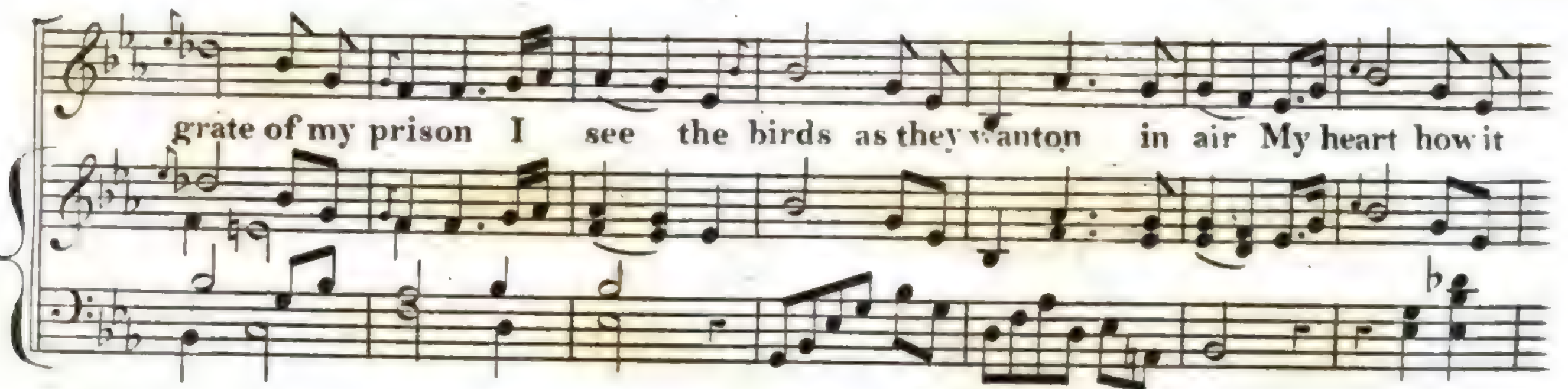
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, flowing style, with the right hand playing a melody and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment.



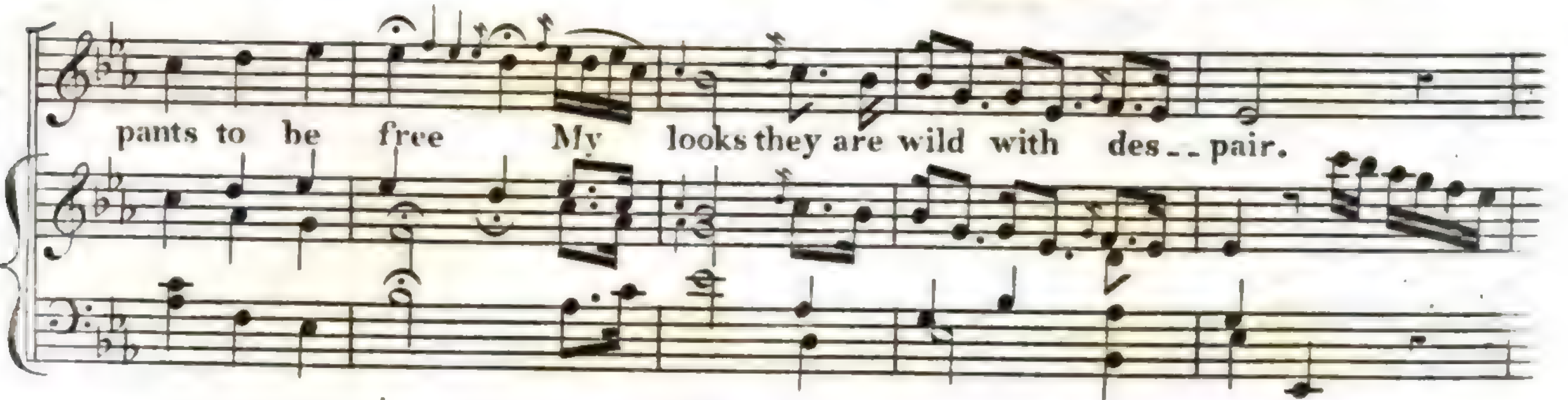
I sigh and lament me in vain, These walls can but e...cho my moan; A -



- las! it in-creases my pain, When I think of the days that are gone. Thro' the



grate of my prison I see the birds as they wanton in air My heart how it



pants to be free My looks they are wild with des...pair.



The final line of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, flowing style, with the right hand playing a melody and the left hand providing a harmonic accompaniment.

I gaed a wae fu' Co., Air, The Blathrie o't.

Violino.
Andante

I gaed a wae... fu' gate yes... treen A gate I.

fear I'll dear... ly rue I got my death frae

twae sweet een Twae love... ly een of bon... nie blue.

Violino.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE BLATHRIE O'T.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een of bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily white,—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,—
 She'll, aiblins, listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.*

* The Heroine of this song was Miss J. of Lochmaben, now Mrs R. in New-York, North America.

I TOLD MY NYMPH, I TOLD HER TRUE.

WRITTEN

By SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;
 While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
 That Julia * might not prove sincere.

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind!
 The friends I lov'd became unkind—
 She heard, and shed a generous tear;
 And is not Julia then sincere?

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold;
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
 And is not Julia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Julia must not hope for dress;
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
 And Julia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
 Go reap the plenty of your plains;
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Julia's love sincere.

* FLAVIA in the Author's copy.

 AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.

AIR—THE SAME.

An thou wert mine ain thing,
 O I would love thee, I wou'd love thee;
 An thou wert mine ain thing,
 How dearly wou'd I love thee.
 Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since naething earthly equals thee;
 For Heaven's sake, O favour me,
 Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
 Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in saft whispers through the night
 I'd tell how much I love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.

Tho' I were number'd wi' the dead,
 My soul should hover round thy head;
 I may be turned a silent shade,
 But never cease to love thee!

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
 Thy nightly dreams, thy lonely hours,
 Thy thoughtful seats in these sweet bow'rs,
 Thy ev'ning walks 'mang dewy flow'rs,
 I'd watch, and ever love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
 And when at last, thou lovely maid!—
 A drooping flow'r,—thyself shalt fade,
 I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,
 And then for ever love thee!

 THY FATAL SHAFTS UNERRING MOVE.

WRITTEN

By SMOLLET.

THE SAME AIR.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;
 I bow before thine altar, Love!
 I feel thy soft resistless flame
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!
 For while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;
 Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing murmurs to complain;
 My tongue some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!
 Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

* In singing the English Song to the Scottish Air, a quaver must be supplied for the beginning of the first and third lines of each stanza.

Oh thou wert mine ain thing.

120

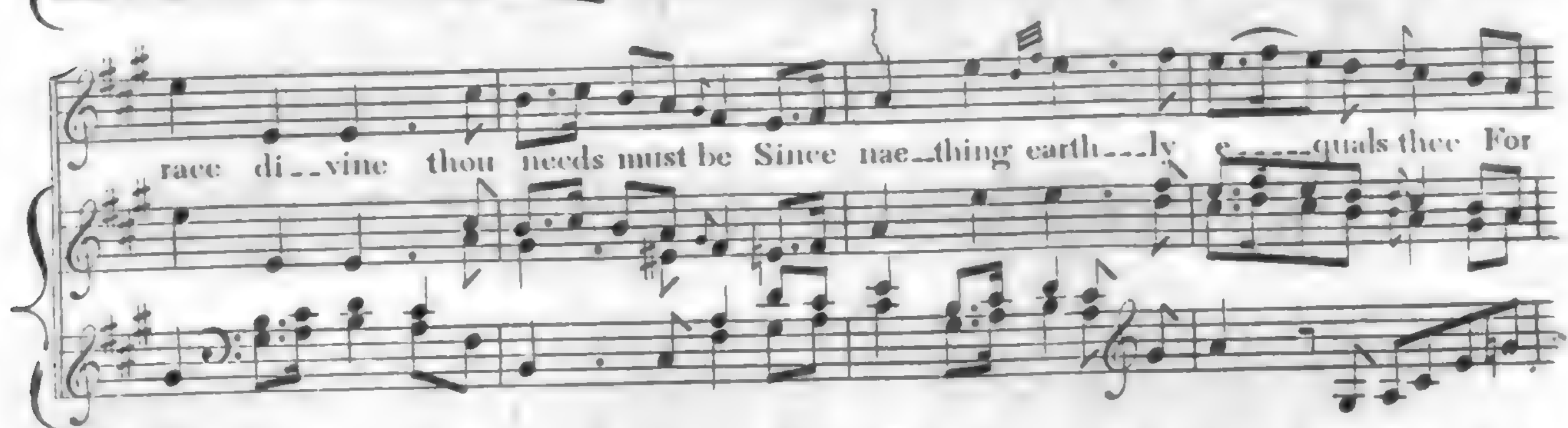
Larghetto



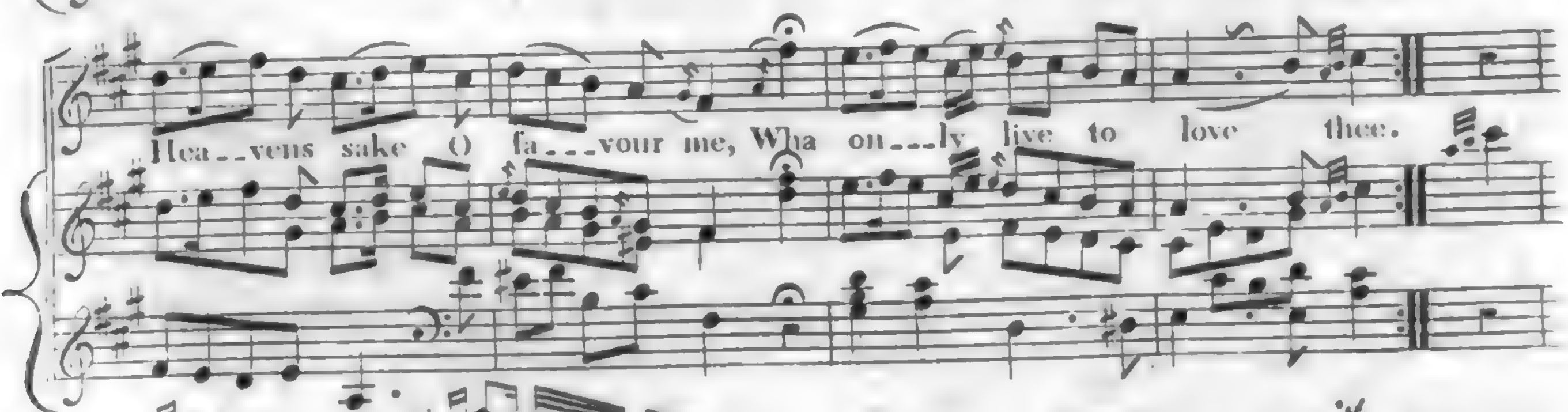
An thou wert mine ain thing, O I would love thee I would



love thee An thou wert mine ain thing How dearly would I love thee. Of



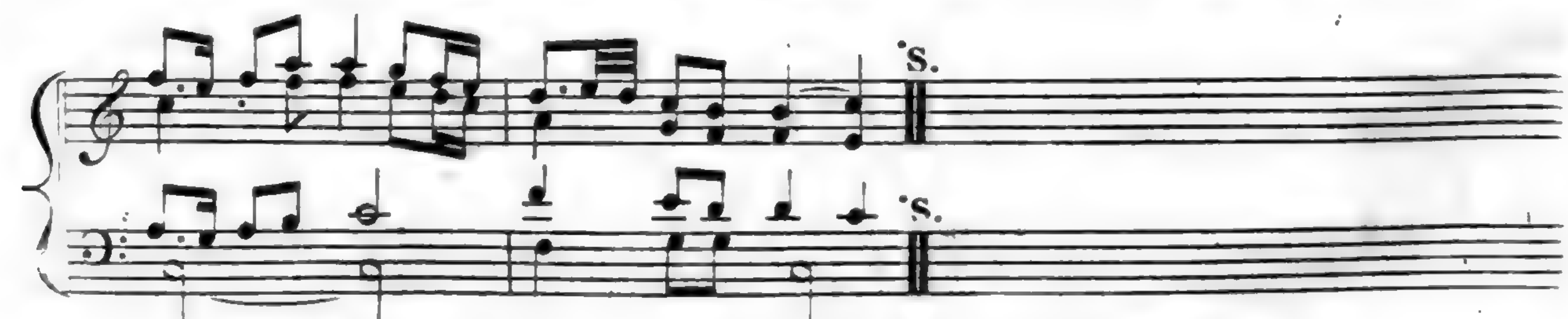
race di-vine thou needs must be Since nae-thing earth-ly e-quals thee For



Hea-vens sake O fa-vour me, Wha on-ly live to love thee.



Lassie wi' the lint white locks. (Air: Rothiemurcus ram.)



* When the Voice cannot reach the upper notes the under ones may be substituted.

LASSIE WI' THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—ROTHIEMURCHUS RANT.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O !

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
And when the welcome summer show'r
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O !
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk of love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie !
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O ?
And when the howling, wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks !
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do ?
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ;
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !
O did not Love exclaim, " Forbear !
" Nor use a faithful lover so ?"

Fairest maid on Devon banks !
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do !
Then come, thou fairest of the fair !
Those wonted smiles, O let me share !
And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.

Note.—" *Fairest maid on Devon banks,*" it is believed, was the very last production of our much lamented Bard :—
He transmitted it to the Editor about a week only before his death.

LOVE NEVER MORE SHALL GIVE ME PAIN.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—MY DEARIE AN THOU DIE.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fixed on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me;
Without thee I shall never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

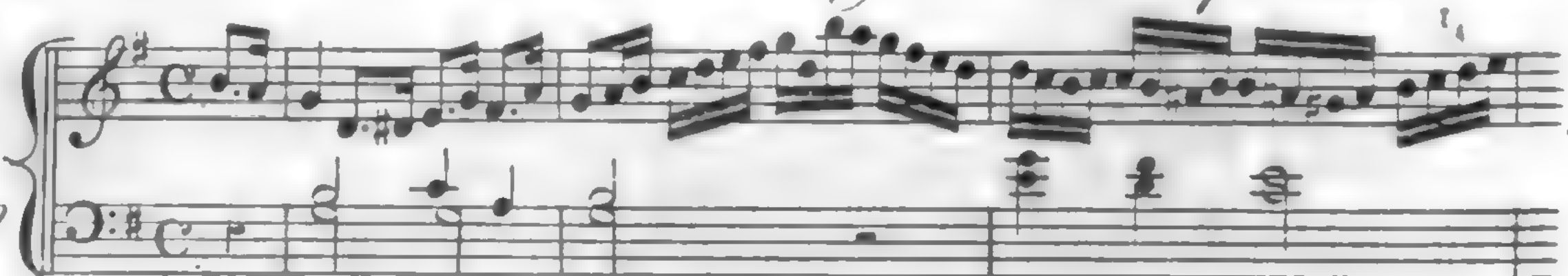
If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You, who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair;
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob me from those arms,—
I'm lost, if Peggy die!

Love never more &c. Air. My dearie if thou die. 129

Andante
Espressivo



S.
Love ne-ver more shall give me pain; My fan-cy's fix'd on



thee, Nor e-ver maid my heart shall gain, My Peg-gy if thou



die. Thy beauties did such plea-sure give Thy love's so true to



me With-out thee I shall ne-ver live, My dea-ry if thou



die.



O Tibbie I have seen the day. Or, Ha body meet a body.

*Andantino
piuosto
Allegretto.*

O Tibbie I have seen the day Ye wou'd na been sae shy For lack o' gear ye lightly me But

troth I care na by. Yestreen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na but gaed

by likestoure Ye geck at me because I'm poor But feint a hair care I.

O TIBBIE! I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day :
 Ye would na been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spake na, but gaed by like stour ;
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would nae been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy,
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If he but want the miser's dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by,
 But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
 Ye would na been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice :
 Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice ;
 The diel a ane would spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day,
 Ye would na been sae shy ;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But troth I care na by.
 There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would na gi'e her under sark
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand merk ;
 Ye need na look sae high.

BENEATH A BEECH'S GRATEFUL SHADE.

WRITTEN

By MR CRAWFORD.

AIR—PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young Colin lay complaining;
 He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining;
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,—
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him!
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

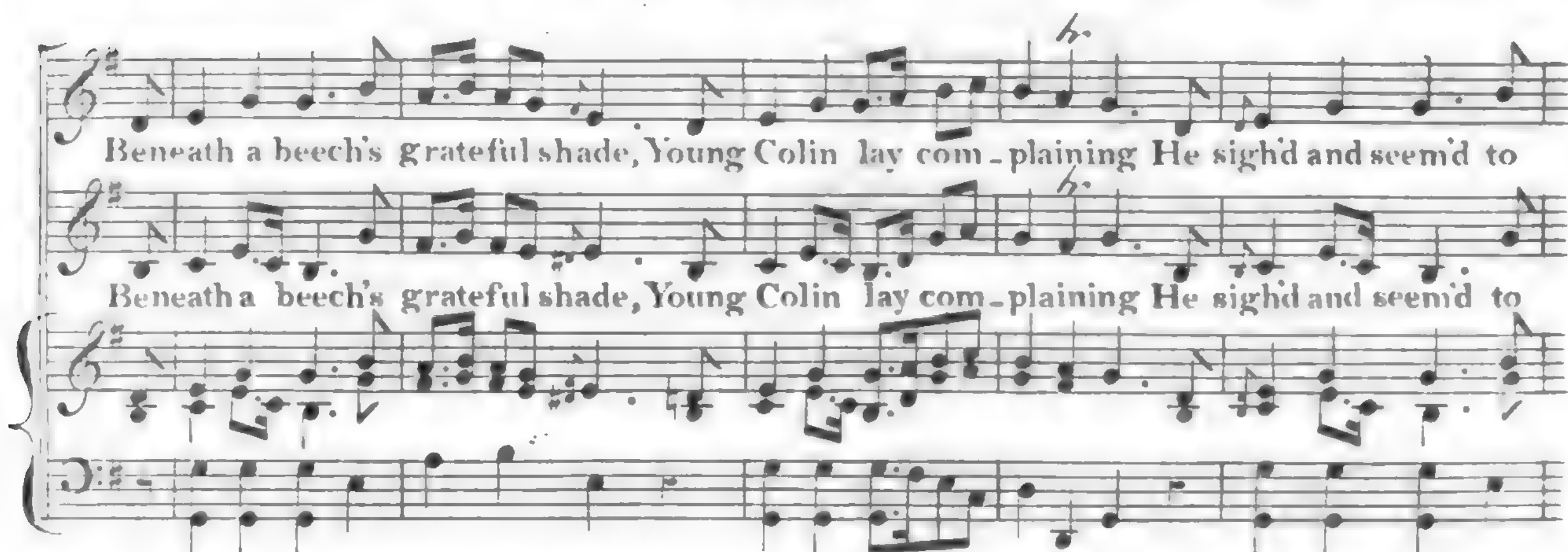
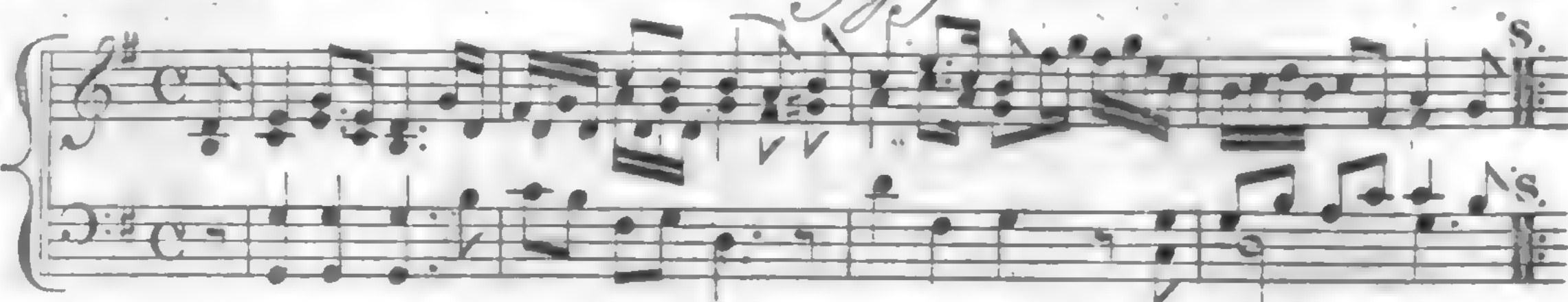
For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where every maid invites me;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,—
 For thee that only slights me:
 This love that fires my faithful heart,
 By all but thee's commended:
 Oh! wouldst thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast; so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over;
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas! tho' should it ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

121

Beneath a beech &c.—Sir, Peggy I must love thee.

Duet
Andante.



Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to

Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to



love a maid, With-out hopes of ob-tain-ing For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho

love a maid, With-out hopes of ob-tain-ing For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho



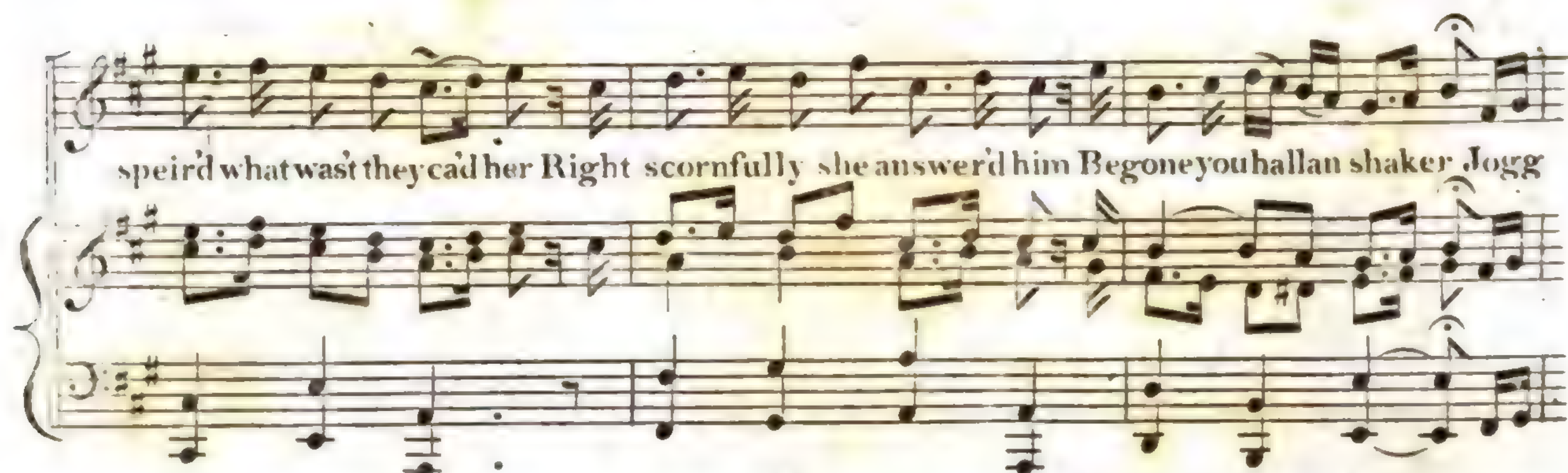
pi-ty cannot move thee Tho thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.

pi-ty cannot move thee Tho thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.



Wha wad na be in love; Sir. Maggy Lauder.

*Allegretto
spiritoso*



WHA WADNA BE IN LOVE.

AIR—MAGGY LAUDER.

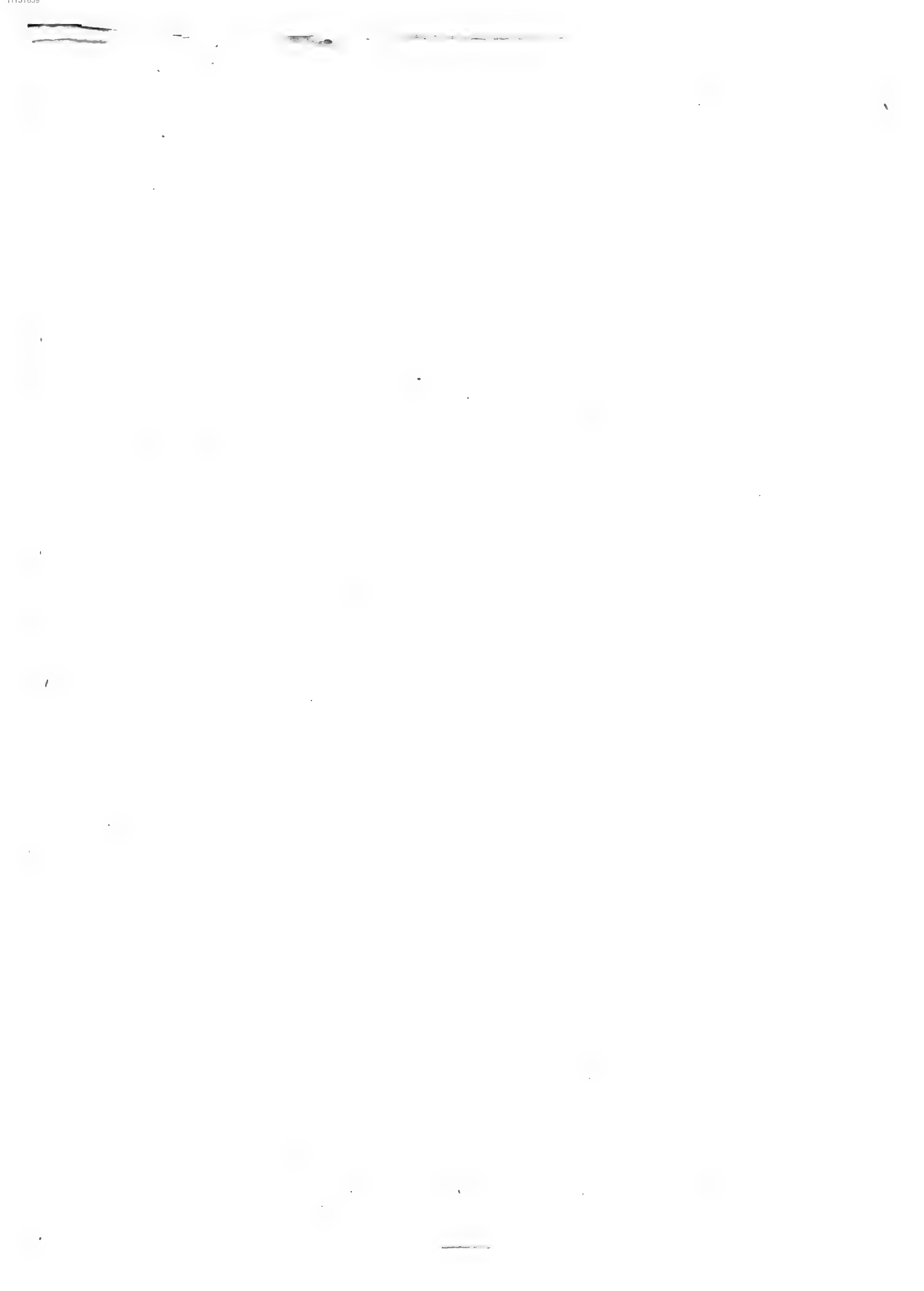
WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonie Maggie Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,—
 ' Begone you hallanshaker!
 ' Jogg on your gate, you bladderskate,
 ' My name is Maggie Lauder.'

" Maggie," quo he, " and by my bags,
 " I'm fidging fain to see thee!
 " Sit down by me, my bonie bird,
 " In troth I winna steer thee:
 " For I'm a piper to my trade,
 " My name is Rob the Ranter;
 " The lasses loup as they were daft
 " When I blaw up my chanter."

' Piper,' quo' Meg, ' ha'e ye your bags,
 ' Or is your drone in order?
 ' If you be Rob, I've heard of you,—
 ' Live you upo' the border?
 ' The lasses a' baith far and near,
 ' Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 ' I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 ' Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.'

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it,
 " Weel done," quo' he—" Play up," quo' she;
 " Weel bobb'd," quo' Rob the Ranter:
 " It's worth my while to play indeed,
 " When I ha'e sic a dancer."

' Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
 ' Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 ' There's nane in Scotland plays so weel,
 ' Since we lost Habby Simson.
 ' I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 ' These ten years and a quarter;
 ' Gin you should come to Anster fair,
 ' Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.'



When the sheep are in the fauld, air, huld Robin Gray

Old Air

*Andante
espressivo*

When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame And

the weary world to rest are gane. The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee While

my gude man lies found by me.

Modern 'S. Air

Affettuoso

Young

Jamie loed me weel and fought me for his bride; But faving a crown he had

nae-thing be-side To make the crown a pound' my Jamie gaed to sea And the

Page 1

1

O sair did we greet and muckle did we say
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to die:
How lang shall I live to cry, O waes me.
I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na think to spin;
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

When Willy Pitt &c. Air. Klicrankie.

Violino.

*Maestoso
non troppo
Lento.*



When Willy Pitt as he thought fit Did rule and guide us a' man, And



furious war his iron car Drove over the Nations a' man Then Buo...naparte e'en



took a start to vi...sit A...fri...ca man The Mal...ta knights those feckless Wights, Re...



Violino.

...sistance made but sma' man.



WHEN WILLY PITT, AS HE THOUGHT FIT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

AIR—KILLICRANKIE.

WHEN Willy Pitt, as he thought fit,
Did rule and guide us a', man,
And furious War his iron car
Drove o'er the nations a', man;
Then Buonaparte e'en took a start
To visit Africa, man:—
The Malta Knights, those feckless wights,
Resistance made but sma', man.

While on their rocks, the Gallie cocks
Did stoutly strut and crawl, man;
The reaver band despoil'd the land,
Took a' their gear awa', man;
Wi' saints of gowd, in siller row'd,
O wow but they were braw, man!
The isles of Greece they next did fleece;
Sic rugging ye ne'er saw, man.

But L'Orient's hulk had room and bulk,
To haud and stow it a', man;
To Egypt come, they beat their drum,
Hoist up their flag and a', man;
The Crocodile forsook the Nile,
And fled wi' fear awa', man;
The river horse beheld their force,
And sair did snort and paw, man.

The Mussulmen forsook their den,
And to the mosque did draw, man;
Their prophet great they did entreat,
And said a prayer or twa, man.
But to be brief, the wily chief,
Wha came from Corsica, man,
Had gart them trow, I kenna how,
He had nae creed at a', man;
And gin they please, their minds to ease,
He'd tak their prophet's law, man.

The mighty Turk dislik'd the work,
Wi' rage his lip did gnaw, man,
And tell'd our King, sae fause a thing
He cou'd na bide at a', man:
A renegade, that made a trade
Of spulzieing friends and a', man,
To set his foot, or raise his snout
In Pharaoh's ancient ha', man.

Gie him a bield in that same field
Where Israel gather'd straw, man,
'Twas one to ten but he came ben
As far as Mecca's wa', man.
Our Monarch's nod, like Neptune's rod,
That sways the ocean a', man,
Sent out a fleet their ships to meet,
Near Alexandria, man.

At Aboukir, withouten fear,
As Nelson's line did draw, man,
His hearts of oak their hawsers broke,
They did na wait to jaw, man;
Tri-colour'd flags came down like rags,
Where Nelson's guns did ca', man,
'Till glory's light sae drown'd his sight,
'Twas utter darkness a', man!

They left the sea like Antony,
And to the Nile did draw, man:—
As rockets fly that mount the sky,
When conquests glad us a', man,
So L'Orient fair gaed through the air,
Like shooting stars that fa' man;
With dying cries they pierced the skies,
And griev'd our heroes a', man.

The Mamelukes came frae their nooks,
To see the low sae braw, man;
On wings of flame, high mounted Fame,
And loud her trump did blaw, man;
'Till Gallic faith, and a' their skaith,
Was kent in Asia, man;
And Nelson's fame, and Britain's name
Rejoic'd, and fear'd them a', man!

WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD, &c.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our hellim thrav, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man,
And did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec,
Montgomery-like, did fa', man:
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Among his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
'Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
Six-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gade up, like spur and whip,
'Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
And did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thrav, man:
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
'Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek
Conform to gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thrav, man
For North and Fox united stocks,
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's carts,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
'Till the Diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man."

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While sice Dundas arous'd the class
Benorth the Roman wa', man;
And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man),
Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd, "Willie, rise!
"Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man."

But word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gouff'd Willie like a ba', man,
'Till Southren raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man;
And Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw, man:
And swore fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,
To make it gude in law, man.

HOW BLYTHE ILK MORN WAS I TO SEE.

AIR—THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
 I met with him with good will.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.
 I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
 While his flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.
 He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envied not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born!
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
 He staw my heart, could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My dogie, and my little kit,
 That held my wee sowp whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now lie useless by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
 Farewel a' pleasures there!
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care!
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

WHEN SUMMER COMES, &c.

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN summér comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haugh, and Leader-side,—
 Oh! how I bless'd the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At ev'n among the broom.

Ye Powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowdenknows!

125
How Blythe &c. for The Broom of Cowdenknows.

How Blythe &c. for The Broom of Cowdenknows.

f *Dol.*

S. How bly the ilk morn was I to see My swain come
S.
S.

o'er the hill He skipt the burn and flew to me I met him with good will

O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with
O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with

my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom
my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom

Fol. *S.*

129 *Argyle is my name. Air, Bannocks o' barley meal.*

Allarghetto.

S. Ar-gyle is my name and you may think it strange To

live at a Court yet never to change; To faction or ty-ran-ny equal-ly foe The

good of the land's the sole motive I know The foes of my Country and King I have

fac'd; In Ci-ty or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd I've done what I could for my

Country's weel Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME;—OR, BANNOCKS O' BARLEY-MEAL.

AS ALTERED FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

OF *AUCHINLECK.*

<p>ARGYLE is my name,—and you may think it strange To live at a Court, and yet never to change : To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,— The good of the land's the sole motive I know. The foes of my Country and King I have faced, In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced ; I've done what I could for my Country's weal ; Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.</p>	<p>Ye riots and revels of London, adieu ! And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you ! For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife ; For myself, I seek peace, and an innocent life : I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene With Maggy, my Love, in her rockley o' green ; On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel, While she shares my bannock o' barleymeal !</p>
--	---

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
 He shall fight for his King, as his father has done ;
 I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
 O ! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
 I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place ;
 I long for the smile of each welcoming face ;
 I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
 And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

'T WAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER AT THE BATTLE OF PRESTON, IN 1745.

By Sir GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto.

AIR—BARBARA ALLAN.

These pathetic Verses appear to the Editor better adapted to this fine Air than those with which it has hitherto been united. The old verses, however, are also subjoined, for the choice of the Singer.

'T WAS at the hour of dark midnight,
 Before the first cock's crowing,
 When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,
 With hollow murmurs blowing ;
 When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,
 Sad on her bed was lying,
 And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard
 The boding screech-owl crying.

' O dismal night !' she said, and wept,
 ' O night presaging sorrow ;
 ' O dismal night !'—she said, and wept,
 ' But more I dread to-morrow,
 ' For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
 ' Each host to Preston bending ;
 ' At morn, shall sons their fathers slay,
 ' With deadly hate contending.

' Even in the visions of the night
 ' I saw fell death wide sweeping ;
 ' And all the matrons of the land,
 ' And all the virgins weeping.'
 And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning ;
 And now through all the castle heard
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading :
 ' O speak,' she cried, ' my father's slain !
 ' I see, I see him bleeding !
 " A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 " At morn, fair maid, I left him ;
 " Even at the threshold of his gate
 " The foe of life bereft him.

" Bold in the battle's front he fell,
 " With many a wound deformed :
 " A braver knight, nor better man,
 " 'This fair isle ne'er adorned."
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded ;
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining ;
 But oh ! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining !
 But why complain ? the hero's soul,
 Is high in Heaven shining :
 May Providence defend our isle,
 From all our foes designing.

THE OLD SONG OF BARBARA ALLAN.

THE SAME AIR.

IT was in and about the Mart'mas time,
 When the green leaves were a-falling,
 That Sir John Græme, in the west countrie,
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.
 He sent his man down thro' the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling—
 ' O haste, and come to my master dear,
 ' Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

O hooley, hooley gaed she up,
 To the place where he was lying ;
 And when she drew the curtain by,—
 ' Young man, I think you're dying !'
 " O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,
 " And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan !"
 ' O the better for me ye's never be,
 ' Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling !

' O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
 ' When ye in the tavern was drinking,
 ' That ye made the healths gae round and round
 ' And slighted Barbara Allan !'
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing :—
 " Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 " And be kind to Barbara Allan !"

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him :
 And sighing said, " she could not stay,
 " Since death of life had reft him.'
 She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
 It cried " Woe to Barbara Allan !"

O mother, mother, make my bed,
 " O make it soft and narrow ;
 " Since my Love died for me to-day,
 " I'll die for him to-morrow !"

'Twas at the hour &c. Air. Barbara Allan. 150

Allegretto.

Vio. Vio. Vio. S.

p cres f

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cock's crowing: When west land

winds shook Stirlings tow'rs With hallow murmurs blowing When Fanny fair all

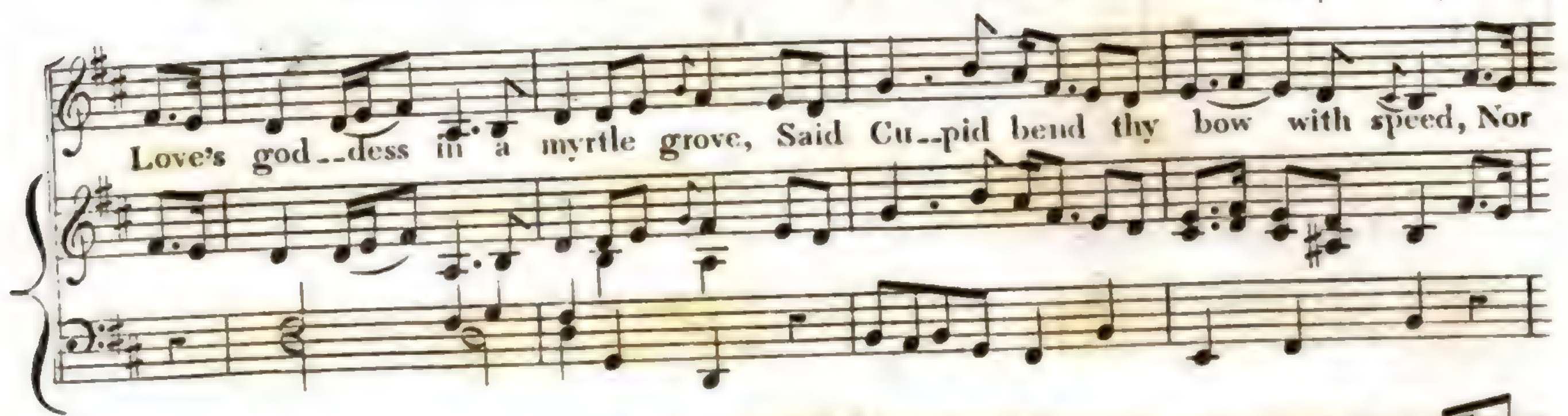
woe begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard the

Vio. S.

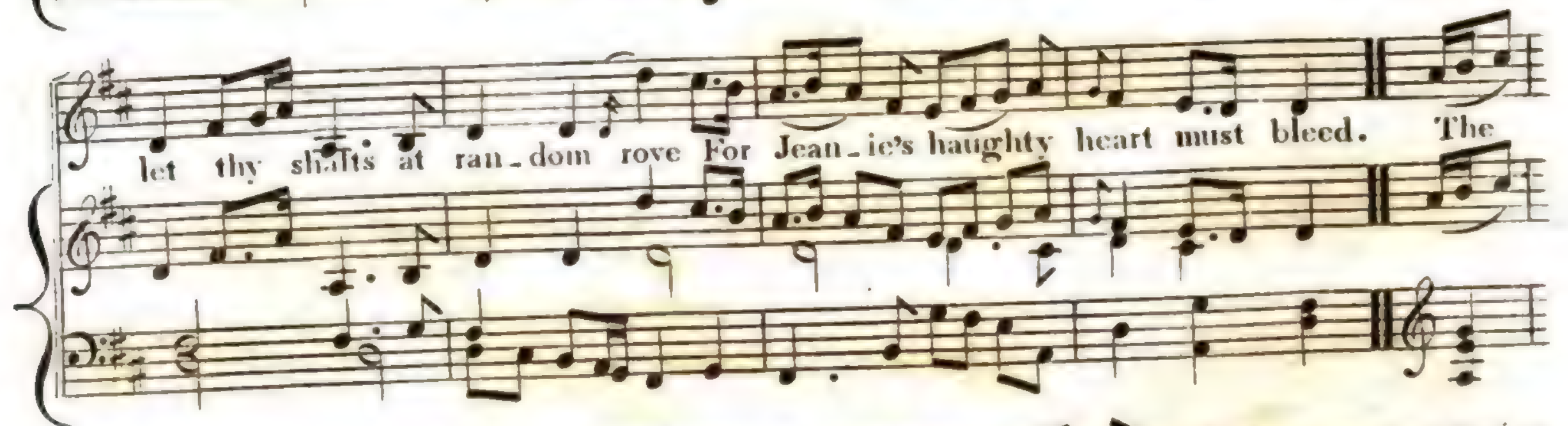
boding screech owl crying.

151 *Love's Goddess in a myrtle grove. Air, Bonny Jean.*

Andante
Respirativo



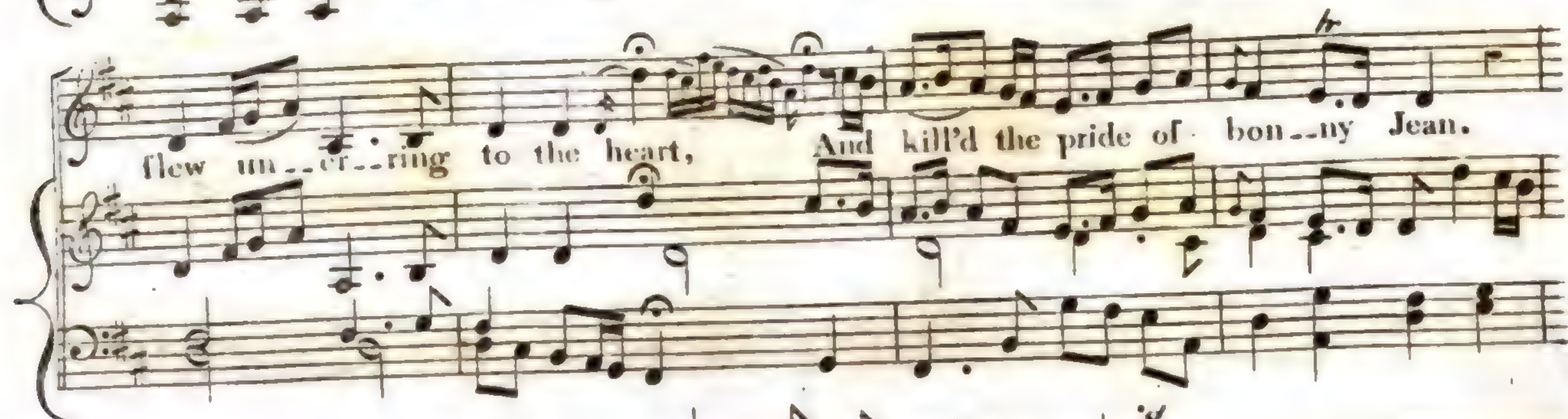
Love's god_dess in a myrtle grove, Said Cu_pid bend thy bow with speed, Nor



let thy shafts at ran_dom rove For Jean_ie's haughty heart must bleed. The



smi_ling boy with di_vine art, From Paphos shot an ar_row keen Which



flew un_er_ring to the heart, And kil'd the pride of bon_ny Jean.



LOVE'S GODDESS IN A MYRTLE GROVE.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—BONNY JEAN.

Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, "Cupid bend thy bow with speed,
"Nor let the shaft at random rove,
"For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed."
The smiling boy with divine art,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,
With breaking day he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

WHEN SAPPHO TUNED THE RAPTUR'D STRAIN.

WRITTEN

By SMOLLETT.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Sappho tuned the raptur'd strain,
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breast was all on fire;
And when she join'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had she added still to these,
Thy softer, chaster power to please,
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well!
 Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray;
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay!
 Let the blast, &c.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys:
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest
 To each pirate of the skies.
 Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow!
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
 Chords that vibrate, &c.

'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

WRITTEN

By GAY.

THE SAME AIR.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd:
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 Which trembled o'er the brook.
 Her head was crown'd, &c.

" Twelve months are gone and over,
 " And nine, long, tedious days;
 " Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 " Why didst thou trust the seas?
 " Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 " And let a lover rest;
 " Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 " To that within my breast?
 " Ah! what's thy, &c.

" The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
 " Views tempests in despair;
 " But what's the loss of treasure
 " To the losing of my dear?
 " Should you some coast be laid on
 " Where gold and diamonds grow,
 " You'll find a richer maiden,
 " But none that loves you so.
 " You'll find, &c.

" How can they say that Nature
 " Has nothing made in vain;
 " Why then beneath the water
 " Do hideous rocks remain?
 " No eyes those rocks discover
 " That lurk beneath the deep,
 " To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 " And leave the maid to weep.
 " To wreck," &c.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear;
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she 'spied;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and died!
 Then like, &c.

Sensibility how charming... Air, Sensibility.

152

*Andante
affettuoso.*



Sen-si-bi-li-ty how charming Thou my friend canst truly tell But dis-tress with horrors



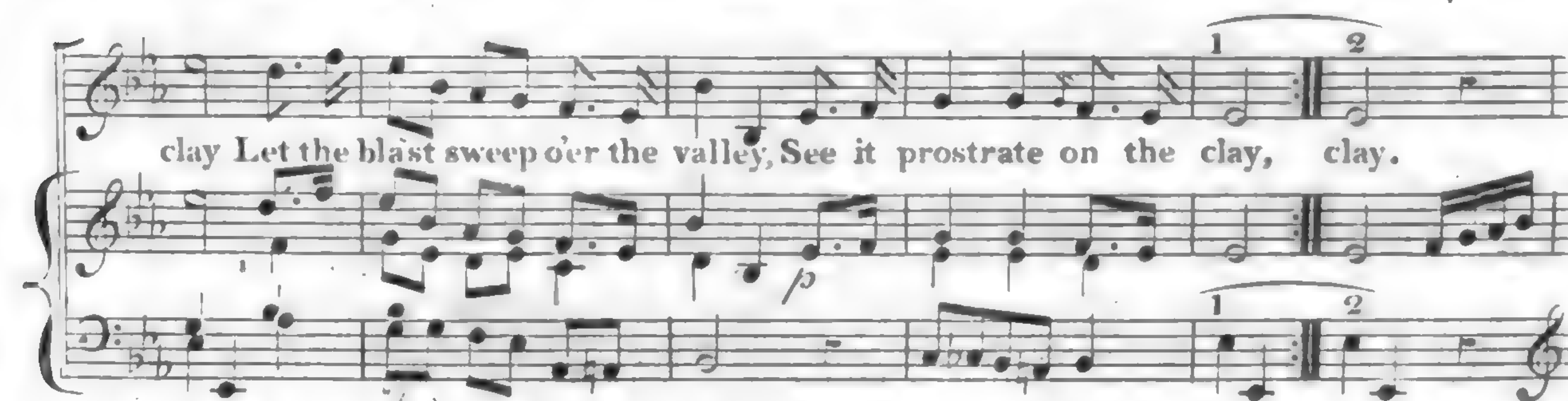
arming, Thou hast al-so known too well. Fairest flow'r behold the li-ly blooming



in the sunny ray, Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the



clay Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay, clay.



Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled. Air, Hey tutti tauti.

*Muſtoſo
e ben
Marcato.*

S.
Scots wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled

Scots wham Bruce has af - - ten led Welcome to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to -

rie Now's the day and now's the hour See the front of bat - - tle hour

See approach proud Edwards pow'r, Chains and slave - - rie.

ff

In the former editions this Air was in the key of G, but is here raised to B, as better
suited to Voices in general.

THE ROYAL SCOT'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—HEY TUTTI TAITI.

. The Poet originally intended this noble strain for the Air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the Editor of this Work, who then thought "Lewie Gordon" a fitter tune for the words, they were united together, and published in the preceding volume (p. 74.) The Editor, however, having since examined the Air "Hey tutti taiti" with more particular attention, frankly owns that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the Poetry than the Air of "Lewie Gordon." He therefore sent it to HAYDN, who has entered into the spirit of it with a felicity peculiar to himself; his inimitable Symphonies and Accompaniments render it completely martial, and highly characteristic of the heroic verses. It is worthy of remark, that this appears to be the oldest Scottish Air concerning which any thing like evidence is to be found. See Preface, p. 4.

By changing wha into who, hae into have, wham into whom, aften into often, and sae into so, the following song will be English.

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

THE SAME AIR.

To be sung in a soft and plaintive manner. The Accompaniment should be touched very lightly, and the demi-semiquavers omitted. A quaver must be supplied for the first word of each verse. These simple and affecting verses came under the Editor's notice but very lately; he wished to give the name of the ingenious author, but his endeavours to find it out have not been successful.

I'M wearing awa', John,
Like snaw wreathes in thaw, John,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day's ay fair
I' the land o' the leal.

O dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
My soul lang's to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal:
Ye have been leal and true, John,
Your task's near ended now, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And we grudg'd her sair
To the land o' the leal:
But sorrow's sell wears past, John,
And joy's comin fast, John,
The joy that's ay-to-last
I' the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, John,
We've lang been left alane, John,
We'll a' meet again
I' the land o' the leal.

Then fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and ay be fain
I' the land o' the leal.

THE JACOBITE WORDS OF THE SAME AIR.

WHEEL may we a' be,
Ill may we never see;
God bless the king
And the good company.
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!
That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys!
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;
And to every honest man,
That will do't again. *Fill, fill, &c.*
Here's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans;
They ha'e done it mair than ance;
And they'll do't again! *Fill, fill, &c.*

When the pipes begin to play
Tutti taiti to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again!
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! fie!
That winna do't again!

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE OF KELLIE.

HIGHLAND AIR.

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling
 Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt!
 Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,—
 A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.
 The moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping;
 Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb!
 Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping;
 And the sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with gloom.

HOW PLEASANT THE BANKS, &c.

Written in 1787, on a young Lady, residing on the banks of the river Devon, in Clackmananshire, but whose infant years
 were spent in Ayrshire.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR,

In a more lively style.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.

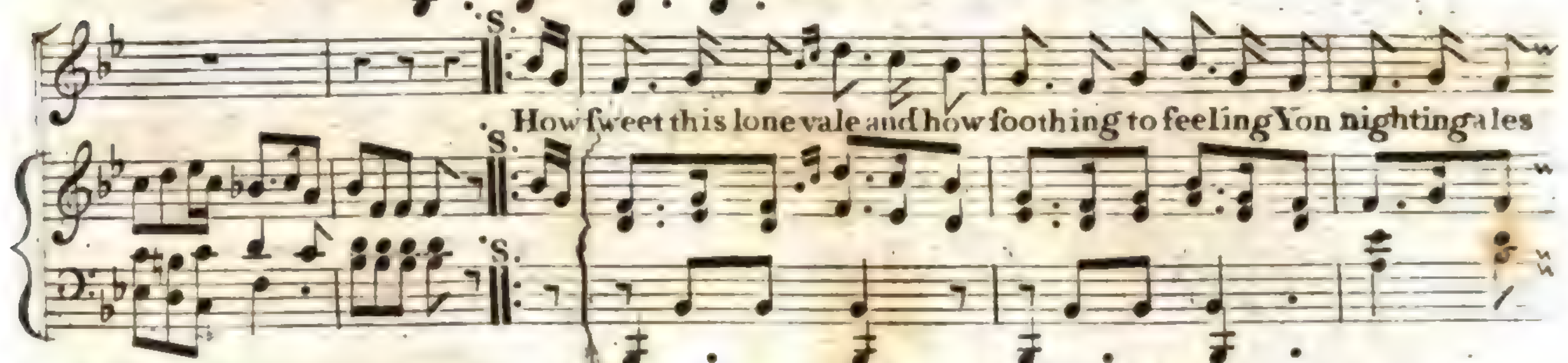
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn:
 And far be thou distant thou reptile that seizest
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;—
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.

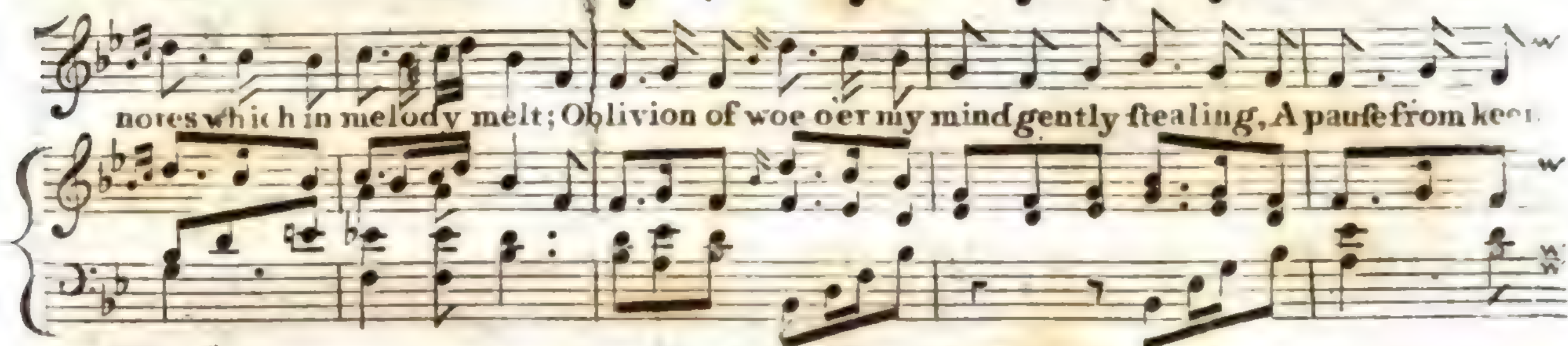
How sweet &c. Air. The lone vale.

134

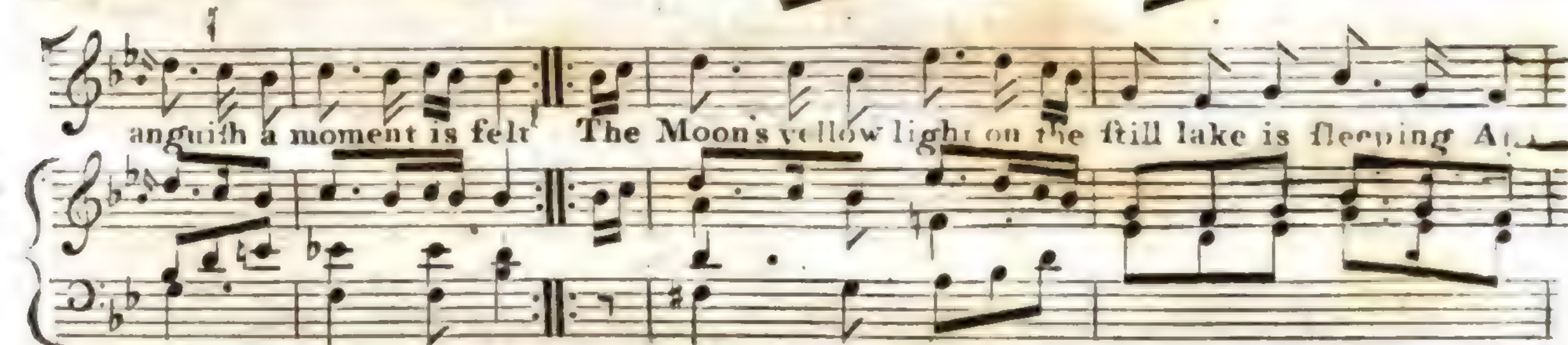
*Andante
affettuoso*



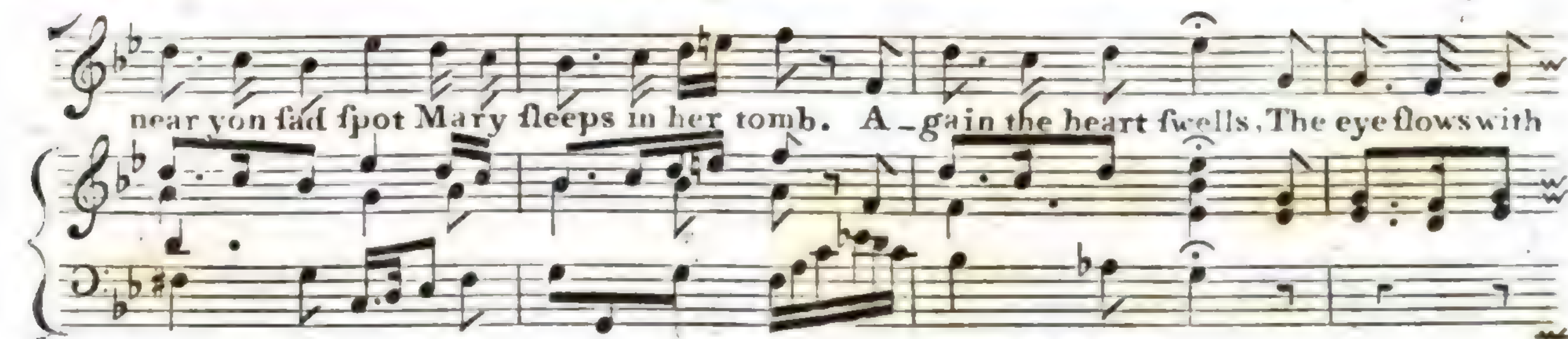
How sweet this lone vale and how soothing to feeling Yon nightingales



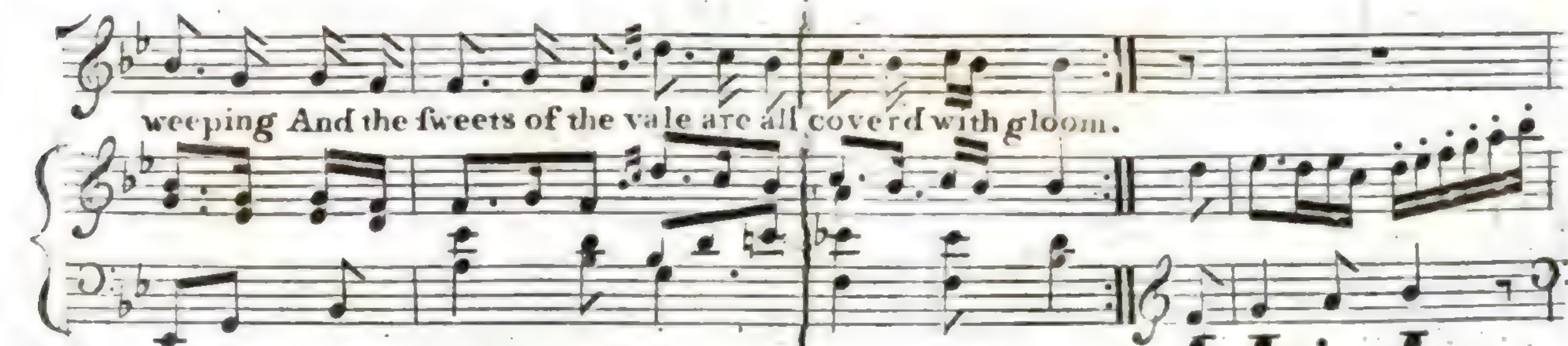
notes which in melody melt; Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing, A pause from keen



anguish a moment is felt The Moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping A



near yon sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb. A - gain the heart swells, The eye flows with



weeping And the sweets of the vale are all coverd with gloom.



Where tell me, Sir: The Blue Bell of Scotland.

*Andante
Cresc. poco*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an instrumental introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Andante Cresc. poco'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal part enters with the lyrics 'O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone O'. The score continues with several lines of music, including a repeat section. The lyrics are: 'where tell me where is your highland laddie gone He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home.' The piece concludes with a final instrumental flourish in the piano part.

O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone O

where tell me where is your highland laddie gone He's gone with streaming banners where

noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home He's

gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till

he come safely home.

O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON THE

MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT WITH HIS REGIMENT, IN 1799,

By Mrs GRANT.

AIR—THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

‘ O H where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?

‘ O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?

“ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,

“ And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.

“ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,

“ And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.”

‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?

‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?

“ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,

“ And many a blessing follow’d him the day he went away ;

“ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,

“ And many a blessing follow’d him the day he went away.”

‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?

‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?

“ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,

“ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star ;

“ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,

“ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.”

‘ Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound

‘ Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound !

“ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,

“ The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye !

“ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,

“ And for his King and Country dear with pleasure he would die !

“ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,

“ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,

“ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,

“ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds,

“ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,

“ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.”

BONIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

BONIE lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?
 Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?
 The little birdies blythely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

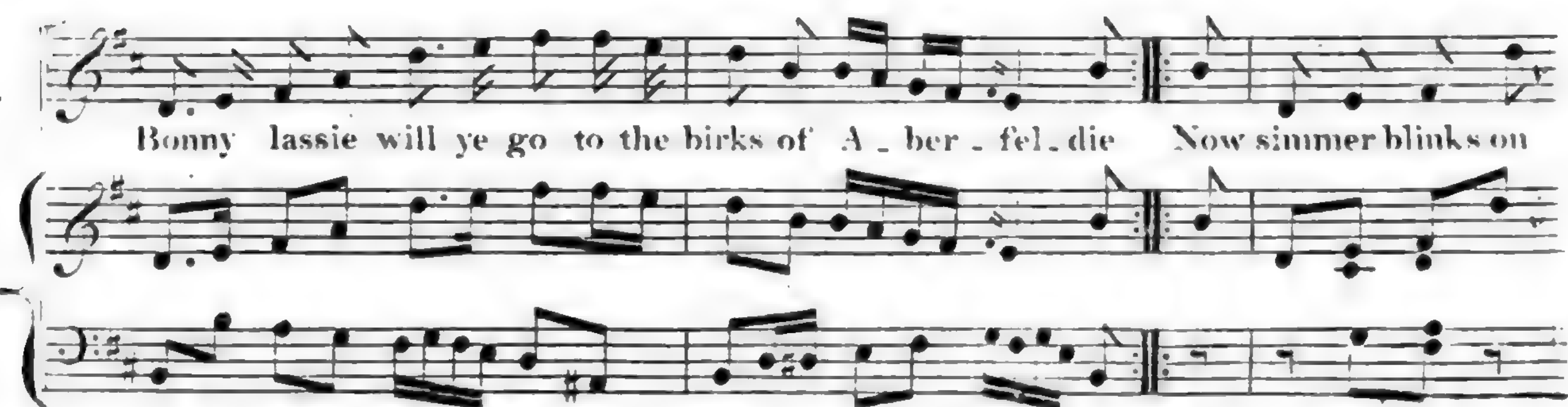
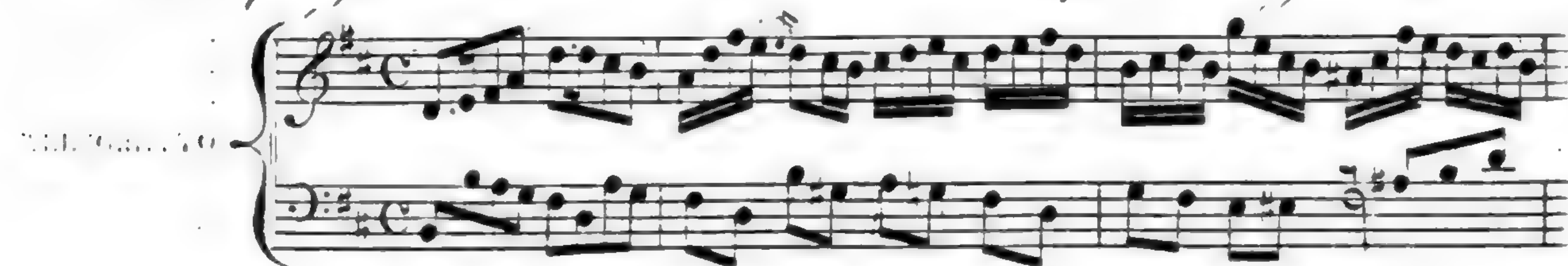
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?
 The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?
 Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.*

* This is written in the same measure with the old Song, "The Birks of Abergeldie," from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines.

Bonny lassie &c. Air. The birks of Abergeldie.



157 *Again rejoicing &c. Air. Wish my love were in a wire.*

ANDANT
AFFETTUOSO

A gain re - joicing Na - ture sees her robe as - sume its ver - nal hues, Her

lea - fy locks wave in the breeze, All fresh - ly steep'd in morning dews. In

vain to me the cowslips blow, In vain to me the vi - lets spring In vain to

me in glen or shaw, The ma - vis and the lint-white sing.

* If the upper notes are too high, take the under ones.

AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MYRE.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring,
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And o'er the moorlands whistles shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisie's side,
And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,
A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me.

Note.—It may be proper to mention, that, for the sake of even stanzas to suit the air, four lines of the song, as originally written, are omitted in the above. The lines are,

*"The wanton coot the water skims,
"Among the reeds the ducklings cry;
"The stately swan majestic swims,
"And every thing is blest but I,"*

In the Poet's works, a chorus verse, written by a friend, beginning, "And maun I still on MENIE doat," is also printed with this Song. But it has been remarked, by a very able critic, that the insertion of that chorus-verse serves only to interrupt the train of sentiment which the song excites, and it is therefore here omitted.

BLESS'D AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE.

A TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO,

By AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq.

THE SAME AIR:

BLESS'D as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.
'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd,—the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play—
I fainted, sunk, and died away!

O BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
They are twa bonie lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter:
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
With ilky grace she can command,—
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty!

And Mary's locks are like the crow,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, red up, and braw,—
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,—
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonie lasses:
Waes me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be with ane contented.

* * The first four lines of the above are supposed to have been part of an old song, now probably irrecoverable. If it existed in RAMSAY'S days, it is to be regretted that he did not rescue it from oblivion. In the statistical account of the parish of Methven, Perthshire, the following tradition is mentioned: viz. BESSY BELL was the daughter of the Laird of Kinraid, and MARY GRAY daughter of the Laird of Lednock. Being near neighbours, a great intimacy subsisted between the young ladies. When they were together at Lednock, in the year 1645, the plague broke out; to avoid which, they retired to a romantic spot called BURN BRAES, on the estate of Lednock, where they lived for some time; but afterwards caught the infection from a young gentleman, an admirer of both, who came to visit them in their solitude: Here they died, and were buried at some distance from their bower, near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Major BERRY, the late proprietor of Lednock, inclosed, with pious care, the spot of ground, and consecrated it to the memory of these famed and amiable friends.

FAIR PLENTY CAME TO OUR BLEST ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT,

At the close of harvest 1801; soon after the Preliminaries of Peace were signed.

THE SAME AIR.

FAIR Plenty came to our blest isle,
With wealthy burdens bending;
And Peace, with soft angelic smile,
From orient clouds descending.
Now Plenty's locks are crown'd with corn,
In yellow bright abundance;
And mellow fruit her copious horn
Pours out in rich redundancy.

Her swelling bosom teems profuse
With flowers, the summer's glory;
Her joyous smile can charms diffuse,
To brighten winter hoary.
But Peace, with downcast eyes so meek,
Displays her modest graces;
The soft blush mantling on her cheek,
My soul delighted traces.

Her flowing robe, of snowy hue,
Is bound about her bosom,
With zone of pure celestial blue,
Where lurks the olive blossom.
O Peace and Plenty! ye are stars
That shine so bright together;
Even Famine gaunt, or furious Mars,
Might fall in love with either.
Then in my heart exalt your throne,
And rule with powers united;
A heart that's so much pleas'd with one,
With both must be delighted.—
'Twas thus of old, in Windsor's grove,
The merry knight decided,
When rival charms with equal love
His ample heart divided.

O' Bessy Bell & Mary Gray.

158

ALLEGRETTO
PIU TOSTO
VIVACE



O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray They are twa bonny lassies, They bigged a bower on



yon burnbrae, And theek'd it o'er wi' rushes, Fair Bessy Bell I lo'd yestreen, And

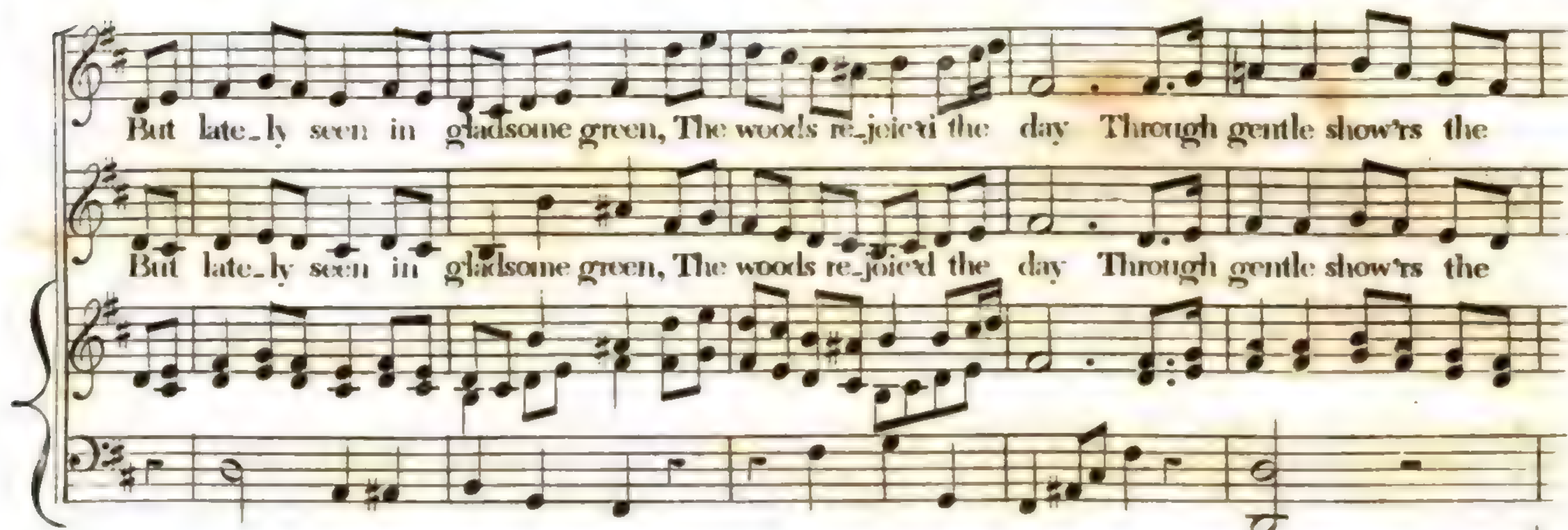


thought I ne'er could alter, But Mary Gray's twa pawky een, Soongarr'd my fancy fal - - ter.



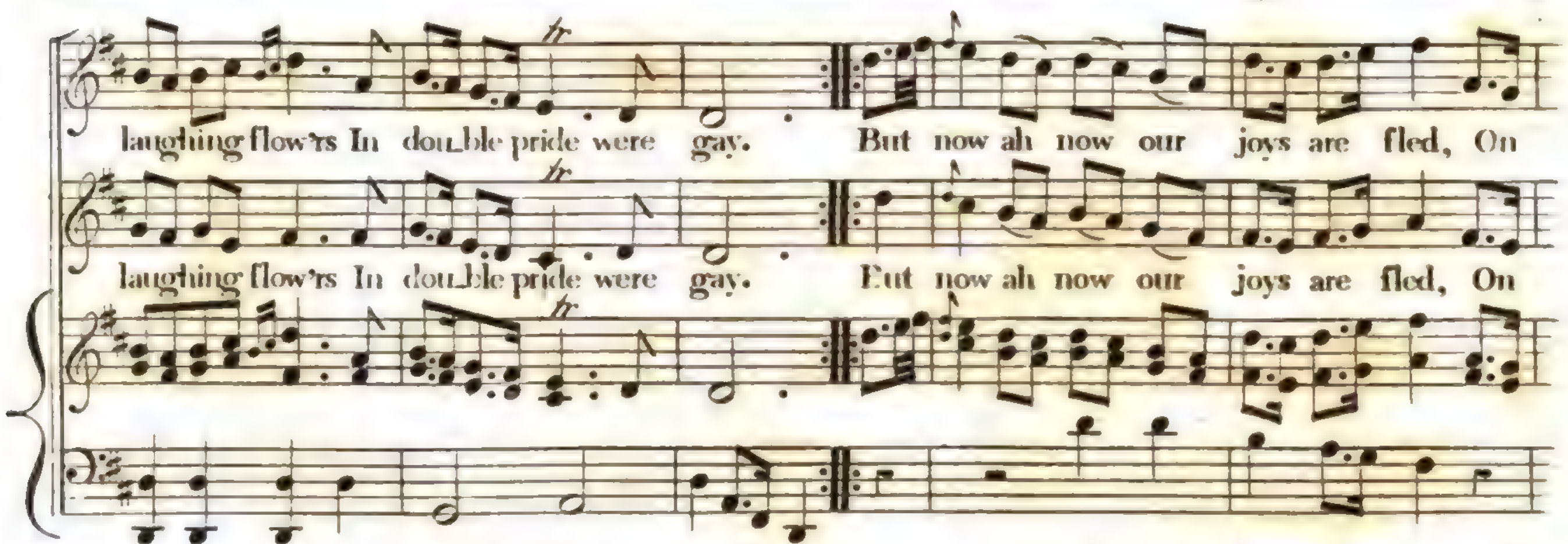
But lately seen &c. Air. The death of the Linnet

DUET
Andantino



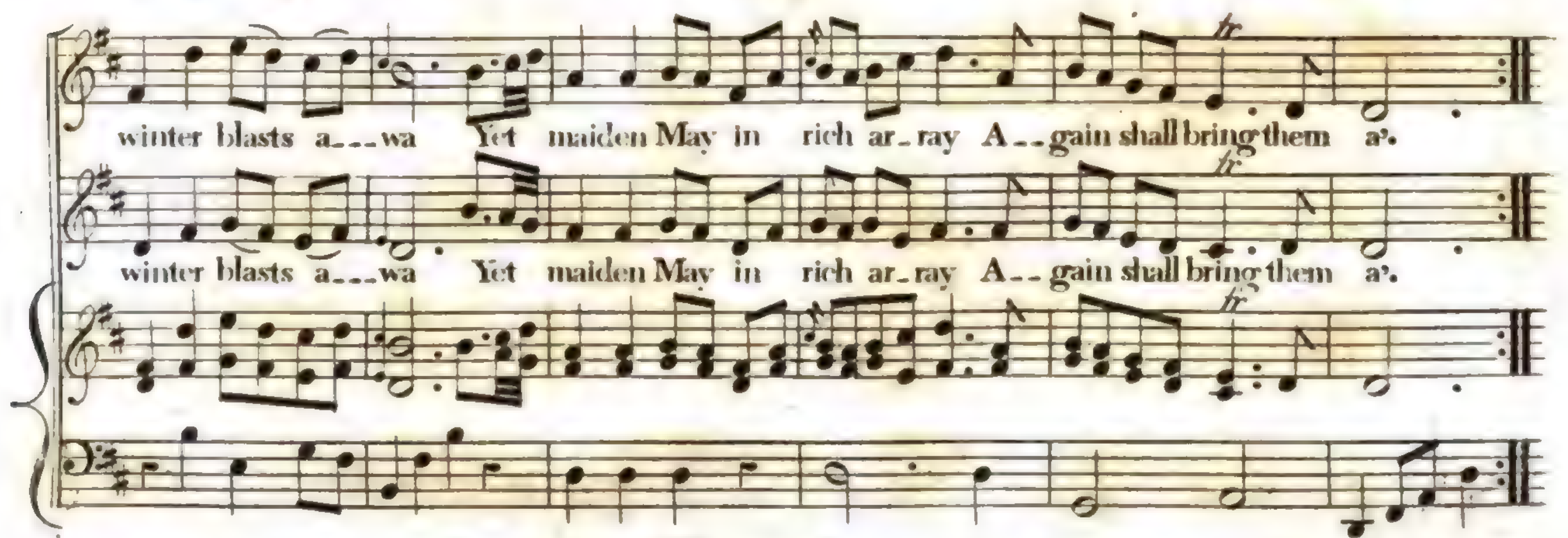
But late-ly seen in gladsome green, The woods re-joiced the day Through gentle show'rs the

But late-ly seen in gladsome green, The woods re-joiced the day Through gentle show'rs the



laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay. But now ah now our joys are fled, On

laughing flow'rs In double pride were gay. But now ah now our joys are fled, On



winter blasts a---wa Yet maiden May in rich ar-ray A--gain shall bring them a^a.

winter blasts a---wa Yet maiden May in rich ar-ray A--gain shall bring them a^a.



winter blasts a---wa Yet maiden May in rich ar-ray A--gain shall bring them a^a.

winter blasts a---wa Yet maiden May in rich ar-ray A--gain shall bring them a^a.

BUT LATELY SEEN, IN GLADSOME GREEN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.

BUT lately seen, in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoic'd the day,
 Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay.
 Tho' now all Nature's sweets are fled *
 On winter blasts awa';
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white powe, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary, weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
 Why com'st thou not again!

* In the Author's copy, the 5th line of this stanza is, "But now our joys are fled," which being too short for the Air, the Editor has taken the liberty of altering as above.

WHEN DAMON LANGUISH'D AT MY FEET.

WRITTEN

By MR MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet!
 But ah, how swift they flew!
 The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
 The garden and the grove,
 Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
 And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
 He left her to complain;
 To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
 And measure time by pain.
 But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,
 In pity to despair;
 And the last sigh that rends the heart
 Shall waft the spirit there.

WELL, I AGREE, YE'RE SURE OF ME.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—O'ER BOGIE.

WELL, I agree, ye're sure of me,
 Next to my father gae;
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly sae you nay;
 For ye have what he wou'd be at,
 And will commend ye weel;
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain;
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree;
 And if you faithful prove in love
 You'll find nae fault in me.

NO MORE MY HEART, &c.

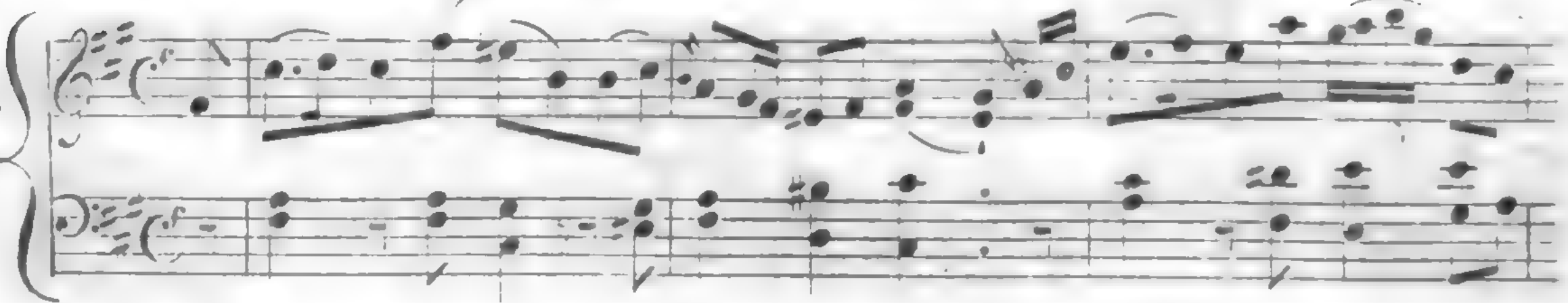
THE SAME AIR.

NO more my heart shall loosely rove
 In search of novel charms:
 My fancy's fix'd, resistless love
 My glowing bosom warms.
 A blushing cheek, a lip, an eye,
 A shape, an air, a voice,
 Oft rais'd a wish, or forc'd a sigh,
 But ne'er could fix my choice.

For soon I shook off beauty's chains,
 Impatient of controul,—
 The object chang'd, no trace remains
 Imprinted on the soul.
 The charms that gild a lovely mind,
 Can conquer that alone;
 My fancy's fix'd, convinc'd I find
 Variety in one.

Well I agree &c. - Air. C. B. B. 110

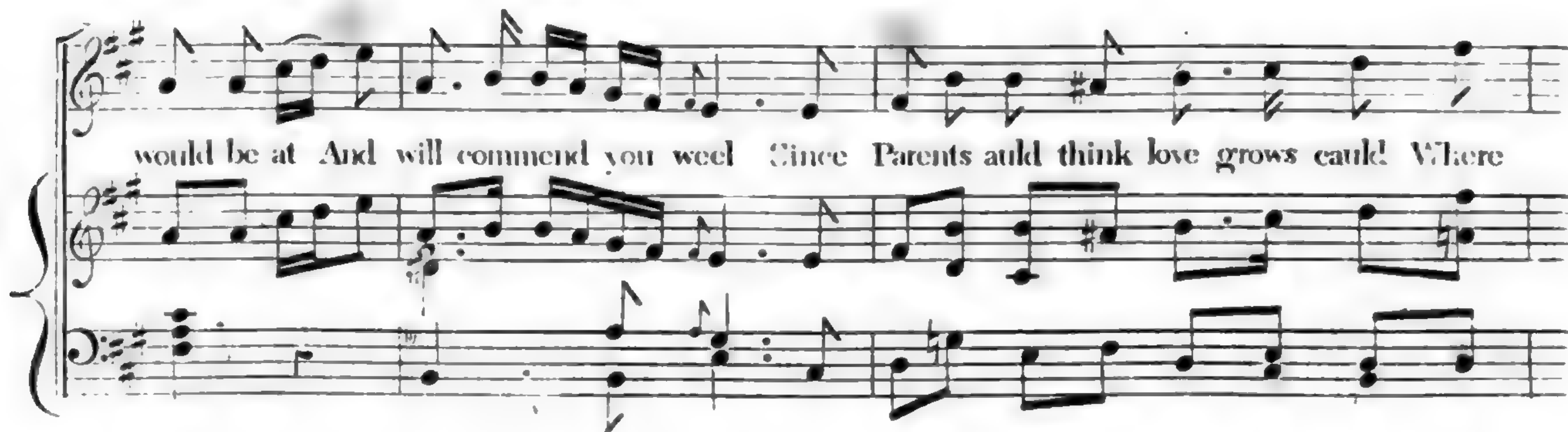
Allegretto
piu tosto
Vivace



Well I a-gree you're sure of me Next to my fa-ther gae Make



him con-tent to gie con-sent We'll hard-ly say you nay. For you have what he



would be at And will commend you weel Since Parents auld think love grows cauld Where



bairns want milk and meal.

141. *Al the Shepherd's mournful fate Air Galashiel's.*

Appelluoso

S. Ah the poor

shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish, To hear the scornful

fair one's hate Nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet ea-ger looks and dy-ing sighs my se-cret

soul dis-cover While rapture trembling through mine eyes, re-veals how much I love her: The

tender glance, the red'ning cheek, o'er-spread with rising blushes, A thousand various ways they

Violino speak, A thousand various wishes.

S.

AH THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.

OF BANGOUR.

AIR—GALLASHIELS.

AN the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover ;
While rapture, trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heav'nly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee,—
Till death o'ertake me in the chace
Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,—
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven !

IN WINTER WHEN THE RAIN RAIN'D CAULD.

AIR—TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,—
 ' Get up, goodman; save Cromie's life,
 ' And tak' your auld cloak about ye.
 ' My Cromie is an useful cow
 ' And she is come of a good kyne ;
 ' Aft has she wet the bairns's mou,
 ' And I am laith that she should tyne ;
 ' Get up, goodman, it is fu' time,
 ' The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 ' Sloth never made a gracious end,
 ' Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.'
 " My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 " When it was fitting for my wear ;
 " But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 " For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 " Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 " We little ken the day we'll die ;
 " Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn—
 " To ha'e a new cloak about me."
 ' In days when our King Robert rang,
 ' His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;
 ' He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 ' And call'd the tailor thief and loun.

' He was the King that wore a crown,
 ' And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,—
 ' 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 ' Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.'
 " Every land has its ain laugh,
 " Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 " I think the world is a' run wrang,
 " When ilka wife her man would rule.
 " Do ye not see Rob. Jock, and Hab,
 " As they are girded gallantly,
 " While I sit hurklen in the ase?—
 " I'll ha'e a new cloak about me!"
 ' Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 ' Since we did ane anither ken ;
 ' And we have had between us twa,
 ' Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
 ' Now, they are women grown, and men,
 ' I wish and pray weel may they be ;
 ' And if you prove a good husband,
 ' E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.'
 " Bell, my wife, she loves pa strife ;
 " But she wad guide me, if she can ;
 " And to maintain an easy life,
 " I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :
 " Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 " Unless you gi'e her a' the plea ;
 " Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 " And tak' my auld cloak about me!"

WHEN DAISIES PY'D, AND VIOLETS BLUE.

WRITTEN

By SHAKESPEARE.

THE SAME AIR.

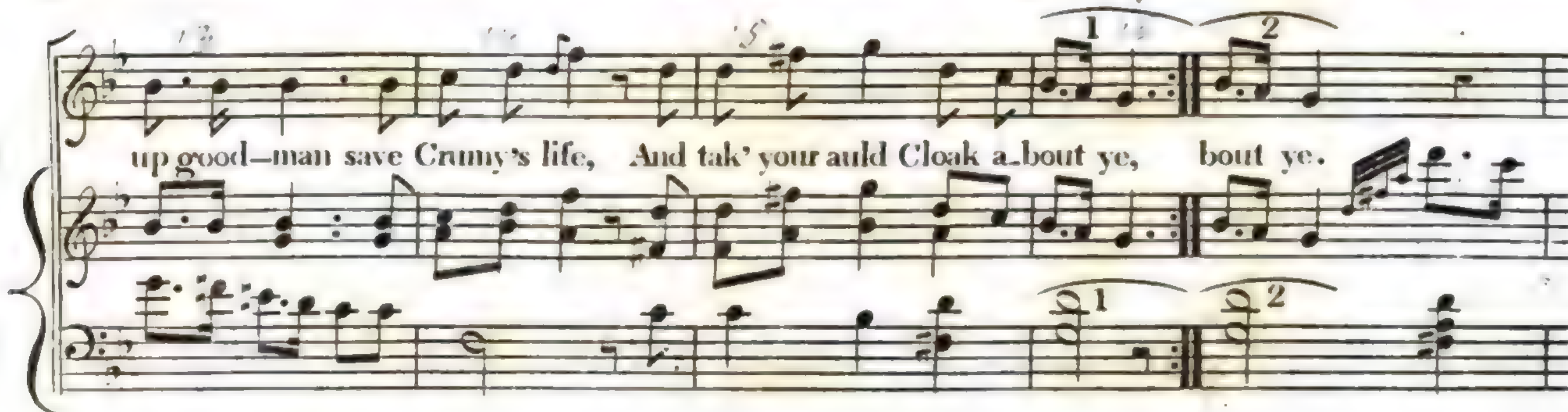
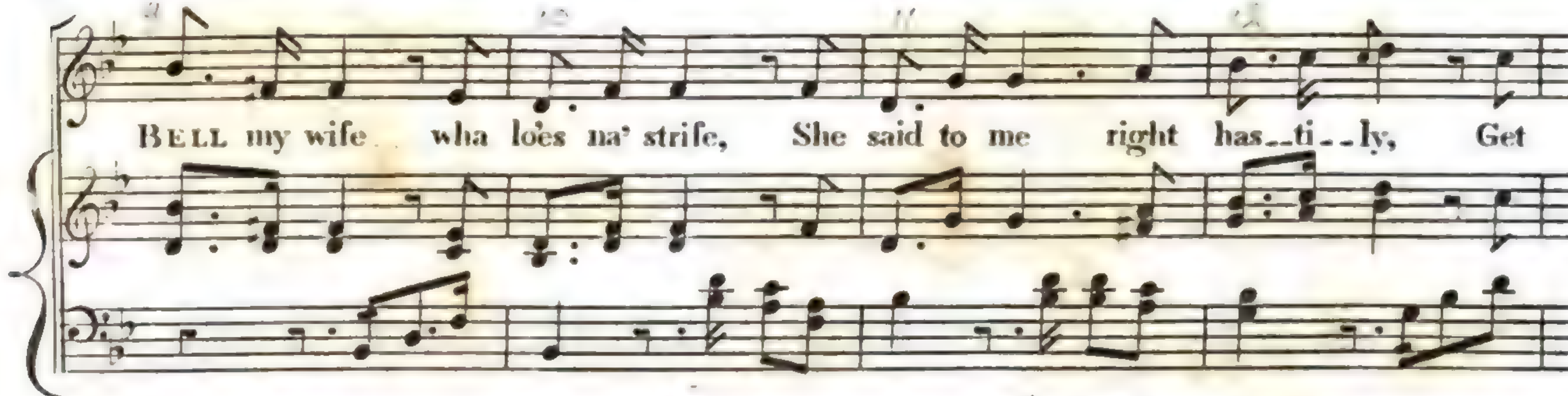
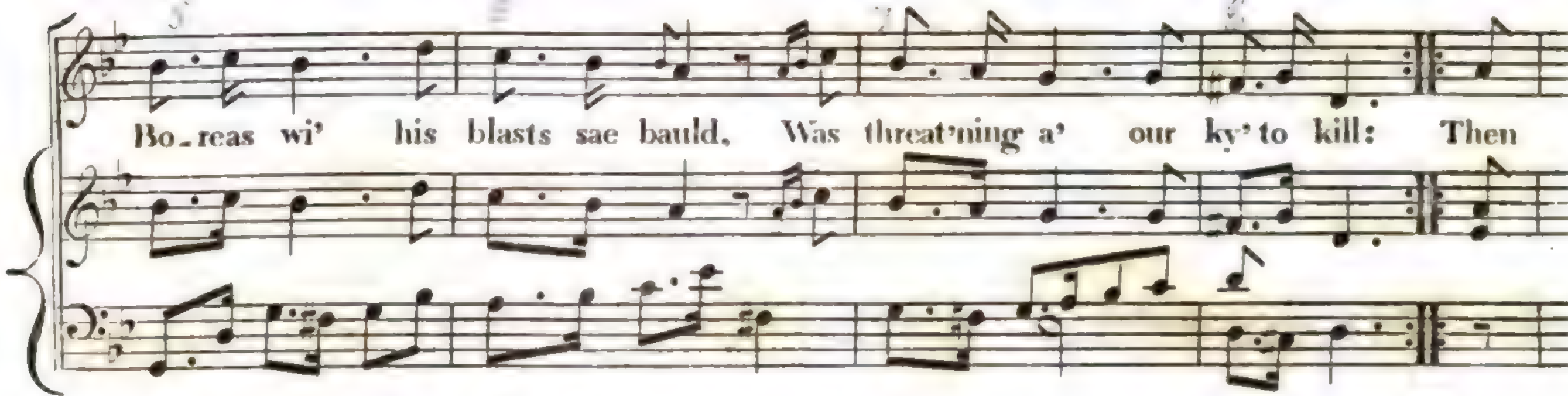
WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !
 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmens clocks ;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks :
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

In winter No. 1. Air. Take your auld cloak about ye.

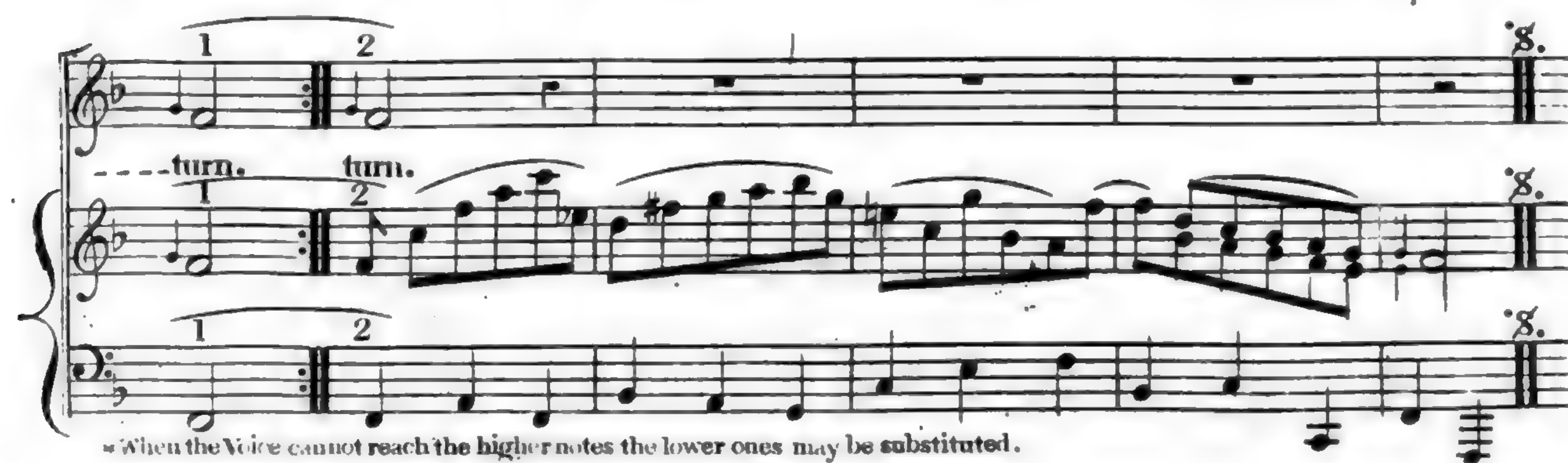
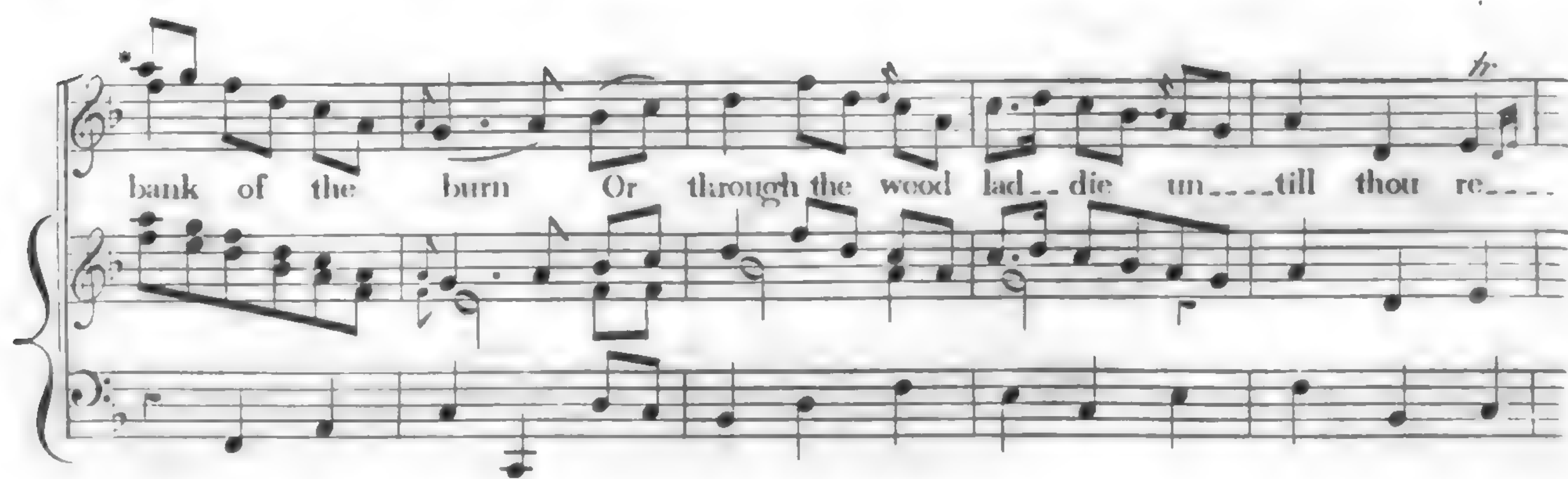
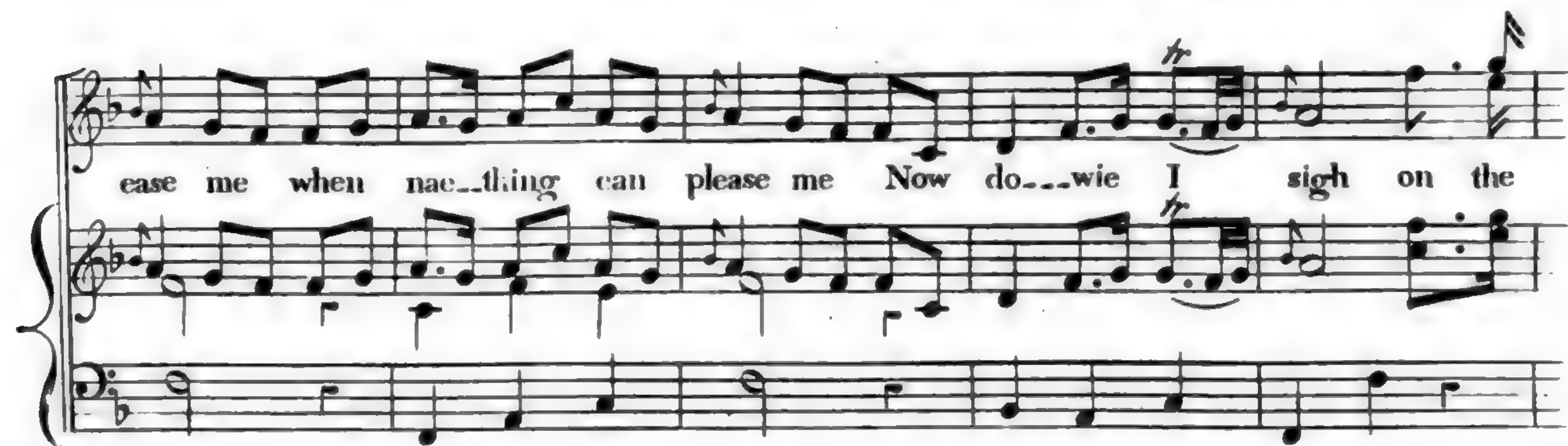
142

ANDANTINO
UN POCO
VIVACE.



Sandy Go... Air. Through the wood laddie

Andante



*When the Voice cannot reach the higher notes the lower ones may be substituted.

O SANDY, WHY LEAV'ST THOU THY NELLY TO MOURN.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

<p>O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn, Thy presence could ease me, When naething can please me: Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn, Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.</p> <p>Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear, While lav'rocks are singing, And primroses springing, Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.</p>	<p>That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell; I'm fash'd wi their scorning, Baith evening and morning; Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell, When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.</p> <p>Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away, But quick as an arrow Haste here to thy marrow, Wha's living in languor till that happy day, Whentho' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.</p>
--	--

ALAS! I PERCEIVE ALL MY WISHES ARE VAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR*.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>ALAS! I perceive all my wishes are vain, That Fortune, too cruel, condemns me to pine; Yet of Julia I will not, I dare not complain, But of Folly that whisper'd the nymph would be mine.</p> <p>For another (how happy!) the virgin is fair: Too happy the swain who possesses her charms; Yet I'll praise e'en a <i>rival</i>, amid my despair, Since his worth must be great that can merit <i>her</i> arms.</p> <p>Tho' slighted, her name will I carve on the tree, And lonely I'll sit on the sod in the grove, Where fondly I thought that she loiter'd for <i>me</i>, And fancied each word and each smile to be love.</p>	<p>Ah! the heart is too ready <i>itself</i> to deceive; Too often it leads the poor shepherd astray! What we ardently wish, we too fondly believe, And Winter is often mistaken for May!</p> <p>Wild Hope dreams of nought but possession and joy, And cheated, sees nothing but sunshine around: She dreams not of tempests so prone to destroy, And shake the gay blossoms of love to the ground.</p> <p>But Hope shall no longer my bosom beguile; With sorrow I'll think of the change thro' the year; Yes, I'll think on the day that has op'd with a smile, And often deceitful has clos'd with a <i>tear</i>.</p>
---	---

FAREWEL, YE DUNGEONS, DARK AND STRONG.

WRITTEN

By BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA AND THE CHORUS EXCEPTED.

AIR—MACPHERSON'S FAREWEL.

This noted Freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lyke-wake; as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The following are the wild stanzas, grounded, however, upon some traditional remains, which BURNS has put into the mouth of this desperado.*

FAREWEL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long,—
On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?—
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*


Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

* We have heard some of those recited, particularly one, which begins,

Now farewell house, and farewell friends,
And farewell wife and bairns;
There's nae repentance in my heart.
The fiddle's in my arms.

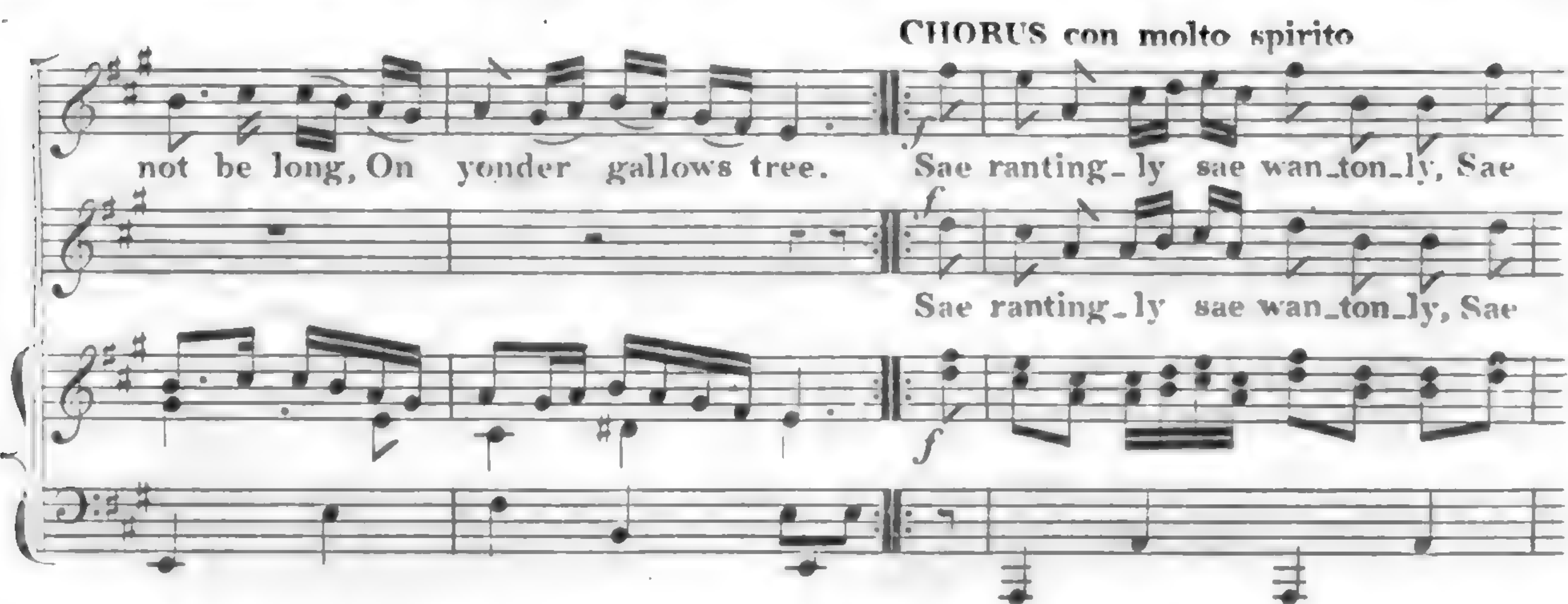
Farewell ye dungeons. Air. Macpherson's farewell. 144

Andante
risoluto.

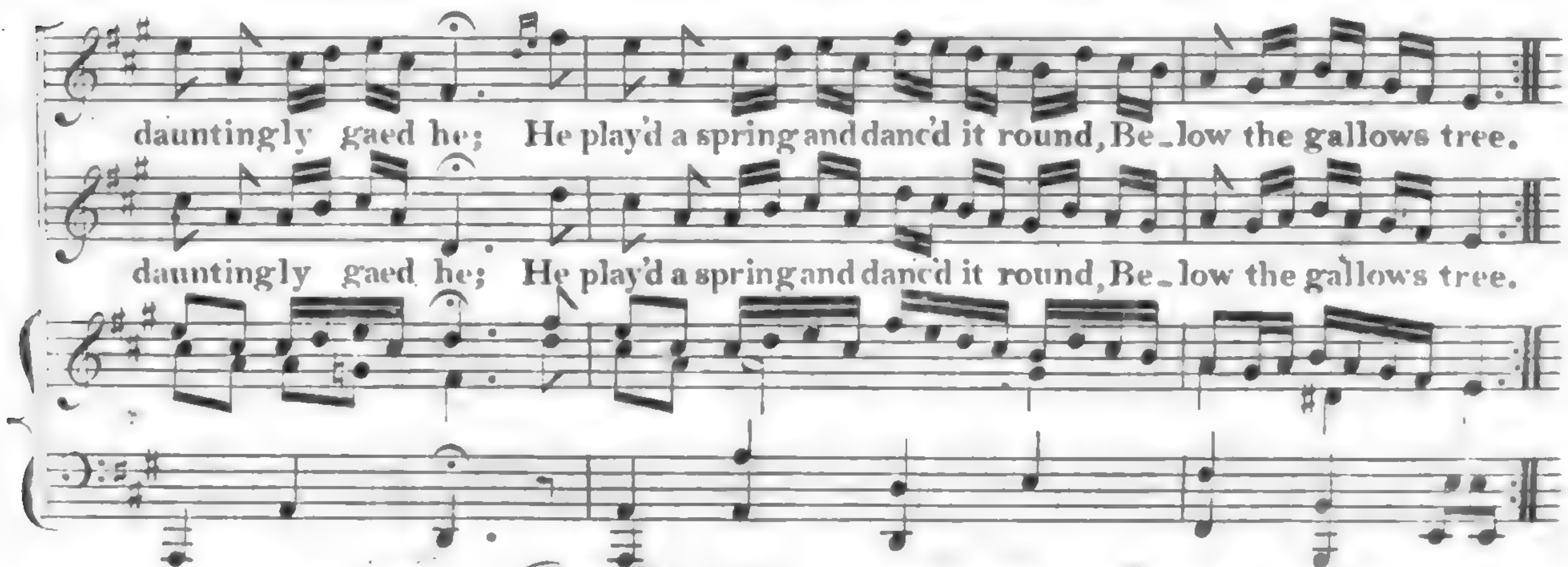


Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des-ti-ny Mac-pherson's time will

CHORUS *con molto spirito*



not be long, On yonder gallows tree. Sae ranting-ly sae wan-ton-ly, Sae
Sae ranting-ly sae wan-ton-ly, Sae

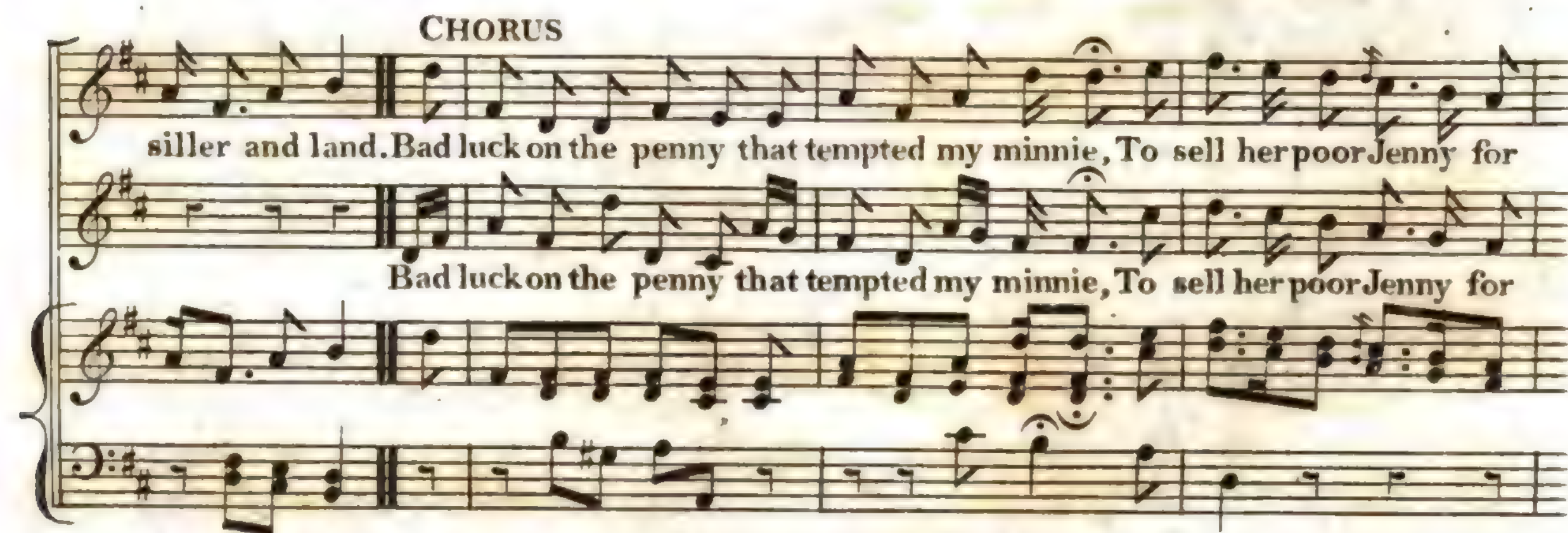
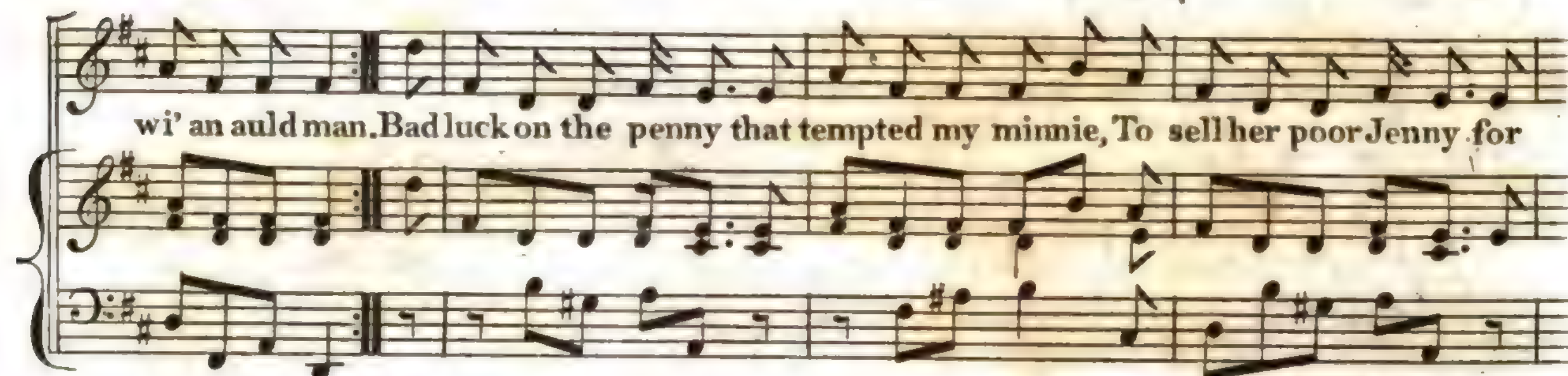
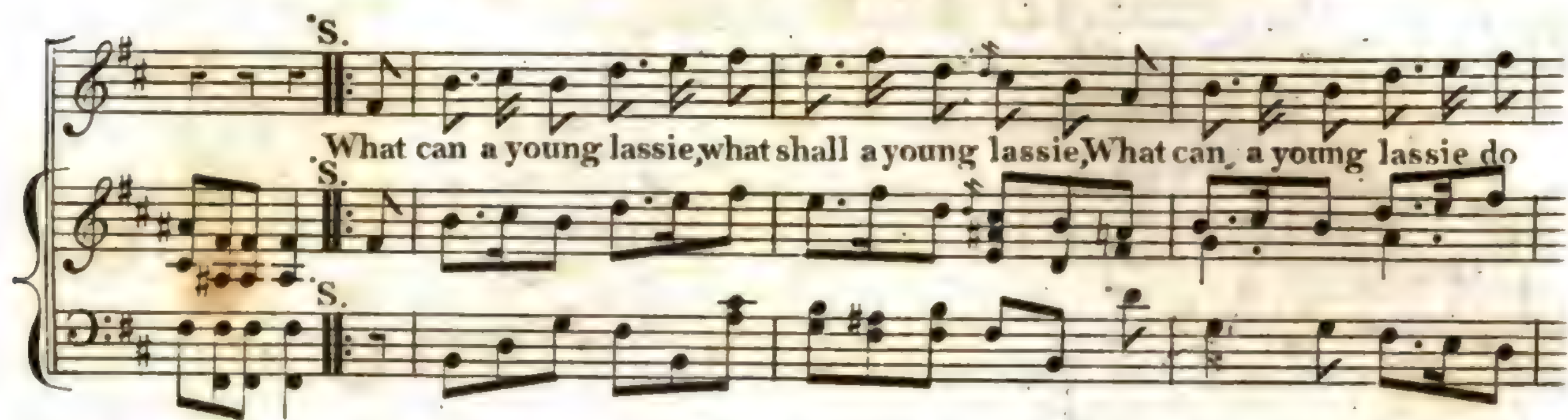
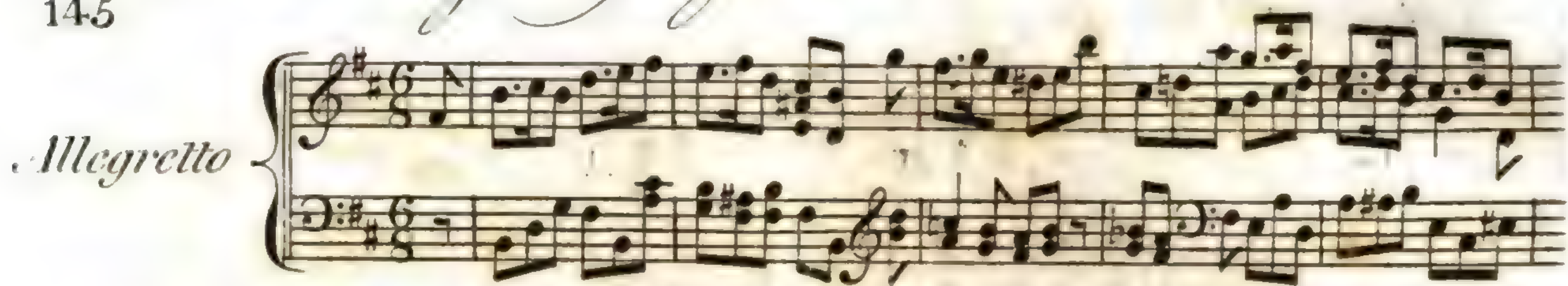


dauntingly gaed he; He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Be-low the gallows tree.
dauntingly gaed he; He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Be-low the gallows tree.



What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld man.

145



WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an lan'.
Bad luck, &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's doyl't, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
I'll cross him, &c.

SINCE WEDLOCK'S IN VOGUE, &c.

WRITTEN

By CUNINGHAME.

THE SAME AIR.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
 To all bachelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!
I'm a maid, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end;
 Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend;
 Nor the fool that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind;
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the fool, &c.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and dress,
 Not the squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;
 Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind;
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the free, &c.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit,
 Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
 Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of mankind;
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Nor the fine, &c.

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire;
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd
 This—this, and no other's the man to my mind.
In whose heart, &c.

BY PINKY HOUSE OFT LET ME WALK.

WRITTEN

By J. MITCHELL.

AIR—PINKY HOUSE.

By Pinky House oft let me walk,
 While circled in my arms,
 I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,
 And gaze o'er all her charms.
 O let me ever fond behold
 Those graces void of art ;
 Those cheerful smiles, that sweetly hold
 In willing chains my heart !

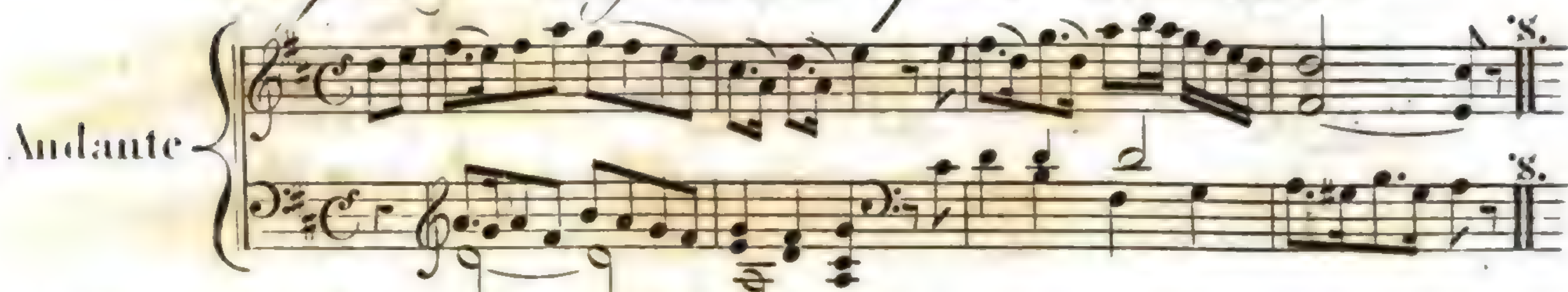
O come, my Love ! and bring a new
 That gentle turn of mind ;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By Nature's hand design'd ;
 That beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame,
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same !

Ye light coquets ! ye airy things !
 How vain is all your art !
 How seldom it a lover brings !
 How rarely keeps a heart !
 O gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease ;
 That blushing modesty that warms,
 That native art to please !

Come, then, my Love, O come along,
 And feed me with thy charms !
 Come, fair inspirer of my song,—
 O fill my longing arms !
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye
 And fill the soul divine !

By Pinkey house oft let me walk 146

Andante



I'll hae my coat &c - Air The auld gudeman.

ALLEGRETTO

The musical score is written in 6/8 time, marked 'ALLEGRETTO'. It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

I'll hae my coat o' gude snuff brown My pouther'd wig to cou'r my crown, I'll
 deck me Meg and busk me fine, I'm gae to court a tocher'd quean. Your hosens Laird are
 baith to darn Your best sark's bleach in that's but harn Your coat's a' stour your
 wig's to flame, Troth Laird ye better bide at hame

I'LL HA'E MY COAT O' GUDE SNUFF-BROWN.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MUIRLAND LAIRD, AND MEG HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

OF AUCHINLECK.

AIR—THE AULD GUEDEMAN.

LAIRD.

I'LL ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown,
 My pouter'd wig to cou'r my crown,
 I'll deck me, Meg, and busk me fine,
 I'm ga'en to court a tocher'd quean.

MEG.

Your hosens, Laird, are baith to darn,
 Your best sark's bleachin', (that's but harn,)
 Your coat's a' stour, your wig's to kame,
 Troth, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

LAIRD.

Auld Punch will carry Jock, the lad,
 I'll ride mysel' the lang tail'd yad,
 Wi' pistols at my saddle-tree,
 Well mounted, as a Laird should be!

MEG.

There's peats to cast, the hay's to cuile,
 The yad's run ow'r the muir a mile,
 The saddle's stoun, auld Punch is lame,—
 'Deed, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

Think, Laird, a wee, and look about,
 Your gear's a thrivin' in and out,—
 I'm wae to see you courting dule—
 Wha kens but this same quean's a fool?

LAIRD.

Aye, aye, *your* drift's no ill to tell,—
 Ye fain wad hae me, Meg, yoursel';
 But, sure as Blutterbog's my name,
 I'll court the lass, and bring her hame

FAR IN THE GLEN, WHENCE YONDER LIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck.

AIR—SCORNFUL NANSY,—OR, NANSY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

There is something tender in this air, which has often suggested the propriety of finding verses for it of a different character from that of the humorous and excellent old song. The Editor thinks himself fortunate, therefore, in presenting, with the old song, the following new one, for the choice of the Singer.

FAR in the glen, whence yonder light
 Scarce pierces thro' the gloaming,
 I've linger'd aft till fall of night,
 Around the cot-house roaming :
 Or listen'd while the frequent breeze
 Wafted the song of Nancy ;
 While on the pool, or thro' the trees,
 The moon-beam sooth'd my fancy.
 'Twas here, beneath this blooming thorn,
 I vow'd I'd never leave her ;
 A wretch ne'er saw the light of morn
 So base that could deceive her.
 O Love ! blest be thine artless power,
 That did my thoughts discover ;
 And ever blessed be the hour
 She own'd me for her lover !

I wealth would ask, that she might share,—
 Yet rich in her caresses,
 How little seems the drudge of care,
 And all that he possesses !
 Whose lips in transport never glow'd,
 A mutual passion sealing,
 Whose frigid blood ne'er wildly flow'd
 In veins alive to feeling.

Yes, round this thorn, the twining rose
 In native bloom shall flourish ;
 And, ever while it buds and blows,
 'Twill sweet remembrance nourish.
 Each blissful scene, when here we meet,
 Be memory's fond treasure ;
 And oft I'll seek this happy seat,
 And ponder on past pleasure.

THE OLD SONG OF—NANSY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

THE SAME AIR, IN A LIVELY STYLE.

NANSY's to the green wood gane,
 To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring,
 And Willy he has followed her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring ;
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.
 ' What ails you at my dad,' quoth he,
 ' My minny, or my aunty ?
 ' With crowdy-moudy they fed me,
 ' Lang-kail and ranty-tanty ;
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 ' Of thae there was right plenty,
 ' With chapped stocks butter'd fou' weel ;
 ' And was not that right dainty ?
 ' Altho' my father was nae laird,
 ' 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 ' He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 ' A ha' house and a pantry ;
 ' A good blue bonnet on his head,
 ' An owrlay 'bout his craigy ;
 ' And ay, until the day he died,
 ' He rade on gude shanks' nagy.'
 ' Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 ' Wad ye ha'e bonny Nansy ?
 ' Wad ye compare yoursel' to me ?—
 ' A docken till a tansy ?

" I ha'e a wooer of my ain,
 " They ca' him Souple Sandy,
 " And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 " Is sweet like sugar-candy."
 ' Wow, Nansy, what needs a' this din ?
 ' Do I not ken this Sandy ?
 ' I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 ' Was Rab the beggar randy ;
 ' His minny, Meg, upon her back,
 ' Bare baith him and his billy :
 ' Will ye compare a nasty pack
 ' To me, your winsome Willy ?
 ' My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 ' Tho' it be auld and rusty, ,
 ' Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
 ' It is baith stout and trusty ;
 ' And if I can but get it drawn,
 ' Which will be right uneasy,
 ' I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 ' That he shall get a hcezy.'

Then Nansy turn'd her round about,
 And said, " Did Sandy hear ye,
 " Ye wadna miss to get a clont,
 " I ken he disna fear ye :
 " Sae had your tongue, and say nae mair,
 " Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 " For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 " Ye never shall get Nansy."

Far in the glen, &c.: Air. Scornful & Saucy. 145

Andantino



Far in the glen whence yonder light Scarce pierces through the gloaming I've



linger'd oft 'till fall of night Around the Cothouse roaming, Or listen'd while the



frequent breeze, Wafted the song of Nan-cy While on the pool or through the trees The



moon beam sooth'd my fan-cy.

A youth adorn'd with every art.

Larghetto

A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art, To warm and win the coldest heart In

se-cret mine possess: The morning bud that fair-est blows, The ver-nal

Oak that straitest grows, His shape and face ex - - prest his shape and face ex -

- - prest.

* Either the F or D.

A YOUTH, ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART.

WRITTEN

By *MALLET*.

AIR—TEARS THAT MUST EVER FALL.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with ev'ry art
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possest :—
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
Whom Love had made sincere.

At morn he left me,—fought and fell,
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed !
Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
For, ah ! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead !

NO HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE COULD STOW THEM.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

AIR—WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

•• This Song was written on seeing a modern Scottish one, beginning, "The grass had na freedom for growing," which the Editor intended to give also; but not having room for both, he preferred the one that appeared to him the best.

NO house in the village could stow them, Last week, when I first went to see her,
We were crowded with gallants so gay, She was drest like a bough-pot in May,
So deck'd out, you scarcely could know them, And ask'd of her Harry to give her
All boot'd in costly array. A hat, with pink ribbons so gay;
The grass was trod down in our meadows, But Harry desir'd her to hurry,
It never grew up into hay, And spin her new garments of grey;
The lovers grew meagre as shadows With that she got up in a hurry,
Before the fair maid went away. Flung out of the door and away.
Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away,
The pride and the boast of the parish, The gayest drest maid in the parish The beauty and brag of the parish
Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away.

But if Harry had known her as I do, She ran home in tears to her mother,
How her youth has been trifled away, Who cried out, 'What brought you to-day?'
Without knitting, or baking, or brewing, "Pray was it to set me a spinning,
Or spinning, or making of hay; "Poor I was married away.
Her dress was her sole occupation, "To knit, and to mend up old linen,
And when that is taken away, "And drudge in the house the long day;
She will quickly wear out of the fashion, "And then to be rul'd by a master,
When drest in plain garments of grey. "Who says I was born to obey."
Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away,
The bottom fine toast of the parish The maid that danc'd best in the parish, The Queen of the May in our parish
Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away. Is gone and married away.

Her mother then answer'd, 'Dear Dolly,
'I think he has something to say,
'For idleness sure would be folly,
'In folks that have so much to pay;
'The true way to make your yoke lighter
'Is while the sun shines to make hay;
'Then wedlock's dark brow will look brighter,
'When beauty and youth must decay.'
Then hie away home to your husband,
Like a fool his forgiveness to pray,
And give us no more of your nonsense,
Or you'll fright the poor fellow away.
Home she went sobbing and sighing,
And threw off her gaudy array;
Then down to her wheel she sat crying,
And spun her new garments of grey.
Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away, Woo'd & carried away, woo'd & carried away,
The Queen of the May in our parish
Is gone and married away.

THE OLD VERSES TO WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE bride came out of the byre,
And O as she dight'd her cheeks,
'Sir's, I'm to be married the night,
'And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets;
'Ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,
'Nor scarce a coverlet too;
'The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
'Has e'en right meikle ado.'
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she na very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough,
'O haud your tongue, my dochter,
'And ye's get gear enough.
'The stirk that stands in the tether,
'And our braw basin'd yade,
'Will carry ye hame your corn,
'What would you be at, you jade?'
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she na very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's mither,
'What diel needs a' this pride!
'I had nae a plack in my pouch
'That night I was a bride;
'My gown was linsy-woolsy,
'And ne'er a sark ava;
'And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins
'Mae than ain or twa.'
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she na very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kye:
'Poor Willie had ne'er ha'e ta'en ye,
'Had he kent ye as weel as I:
'For you're baith proud and saucy,
'And no for a poor man's wife;
'Gin I canna get a better,
'I'll never tak' ane in my life.'
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was na she very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre,
'O gin I were but married,
'It's a' that I desire!
'But we poor folk maun live single,
'And do the best we can,
'I dinna ken what I should want,
'If I cou'd get but a man.'
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was na she very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'!

EDINBURGH:

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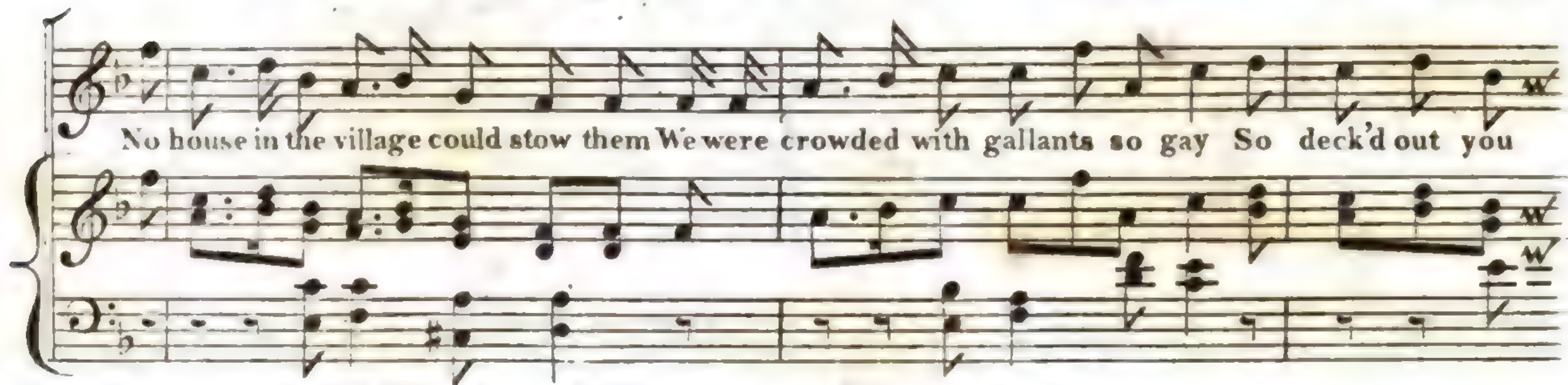
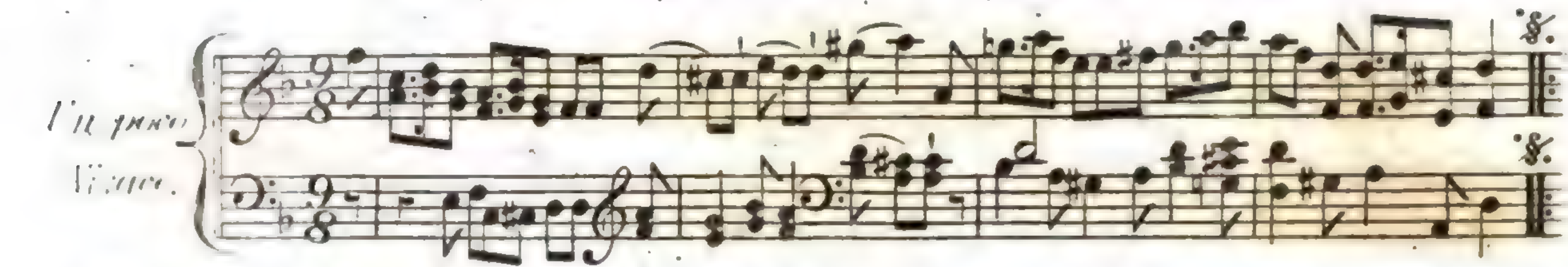
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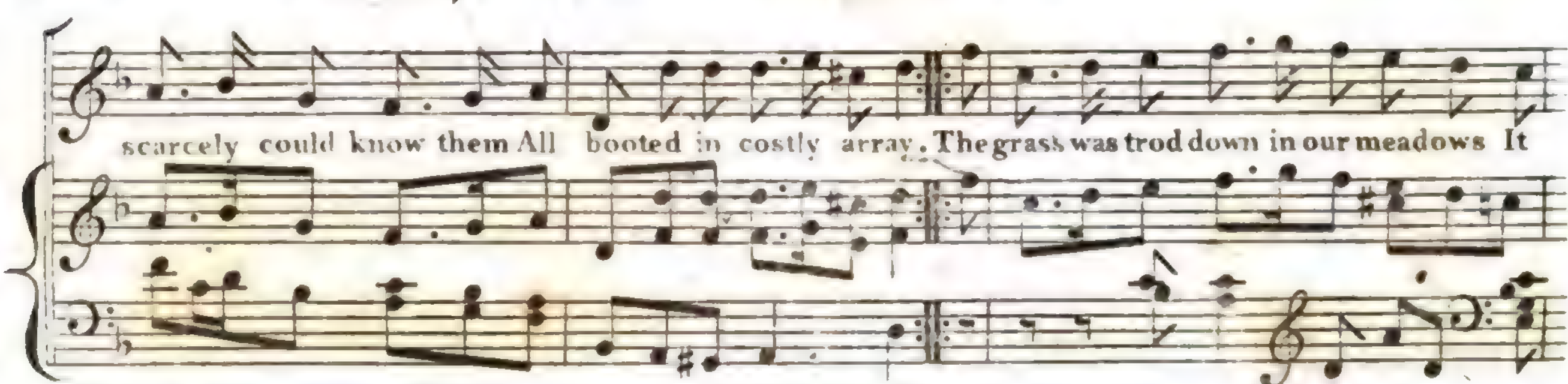
1817.

No House in the Village, &c. (Air; Wood's marriage &c. 150

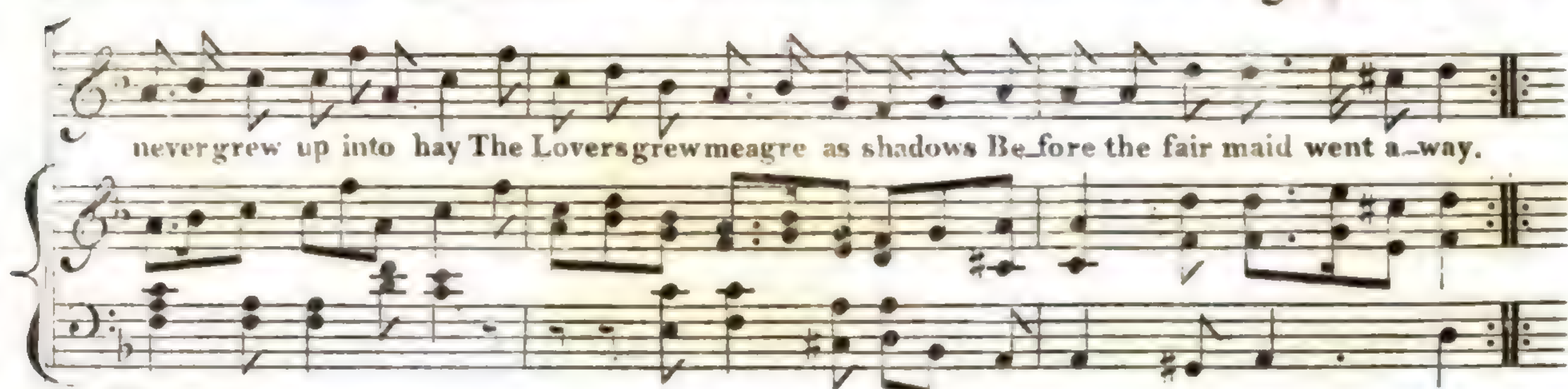
In piano
Viola



No house in the village could stow them We were crowded with gallants so gay So deck'd out you

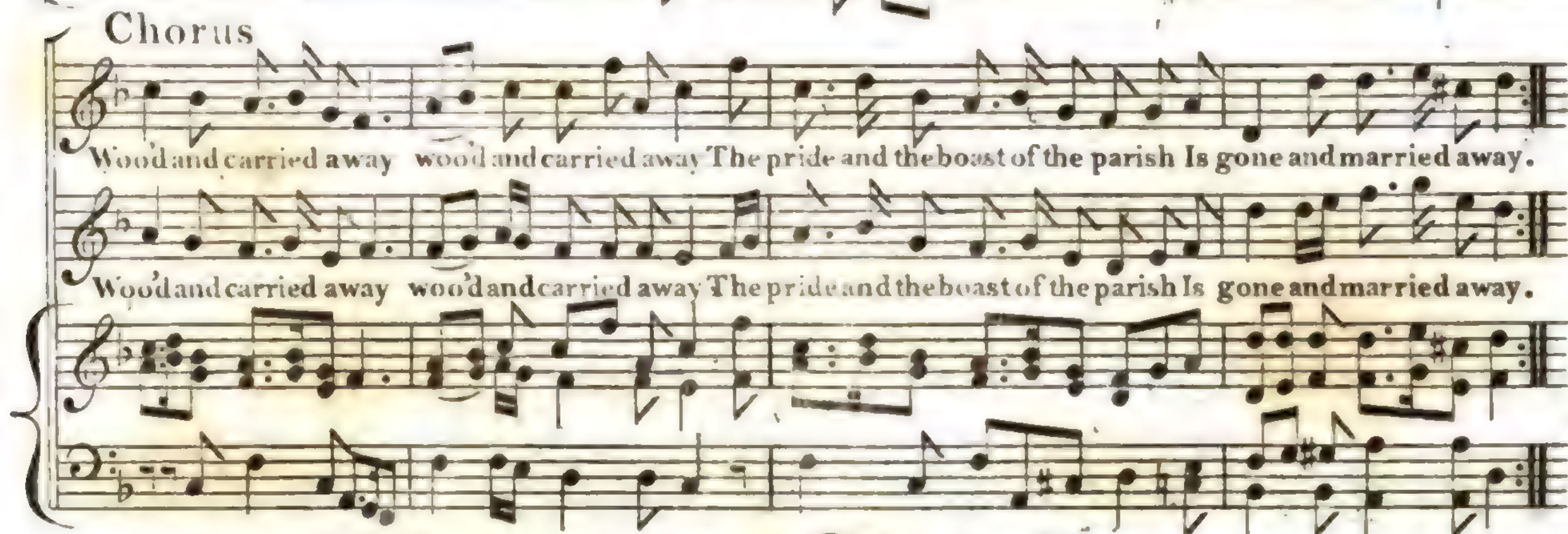


scarcely could know them All booted in costly array. The grass was trod down in our meadows It



never grew up into hay The Lovers grew meagre as shadows Be fore the fair maid went a way.

Chorus

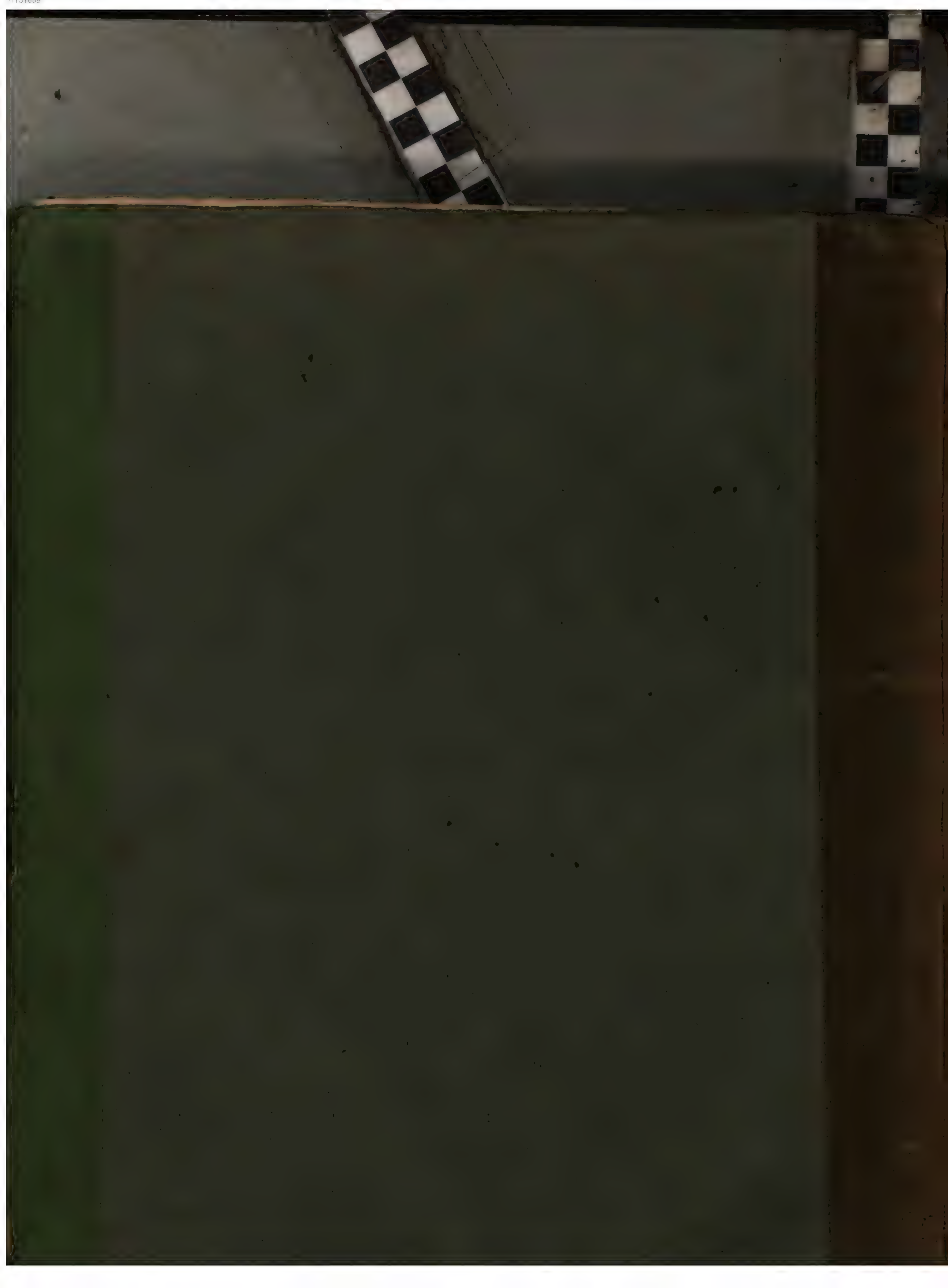


Wood and carried away wood and carried away The pride and the boast of the parish Is gone and married away.



Wood and carried away wood and carried away The pride and the boast of the parish Is gone and married away.





20
Mus. Pr.

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-4

New and Improved Edition.

A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS:

FOR THE VOICE:

WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

TO EACH AIR,

FOR THE PIANO-ORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO;

COMPOSED BY

PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, HAYDN,
AND
BEETHOVEN,

UNITED TO THE MOST ADMIRABLE SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,

OF WHICH ONE HUNDRED OF THE LATTER BY

BURNS.

THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED IN FIVE VOLUMES, BY

G. THOMSON, F.R.S.

Edinburgh :

OF WHOM MAY BE HAD, PRINTED UNIFORMLY WITH THIS WORK,

A SELECT COLLECTION OF WELSH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN THREE VOLS.

AND

A SELECT COLLECTION OF IRISH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN TWO VOLS

With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to the AIRS in each Work, composed by

Haydn & Beethoven.

THE PUBLISHERS BY APPOINTMENT, LORD LYONS, J. F. CURRAN, Esq. W. G. LEWIS, Esq. J. DODD, Esq.

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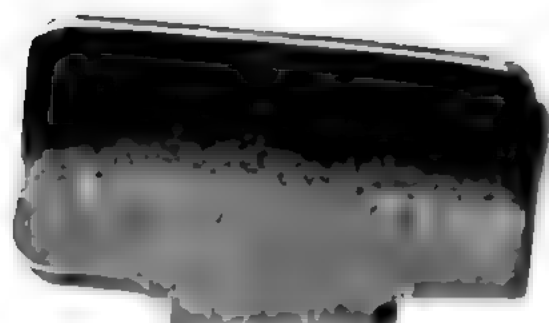
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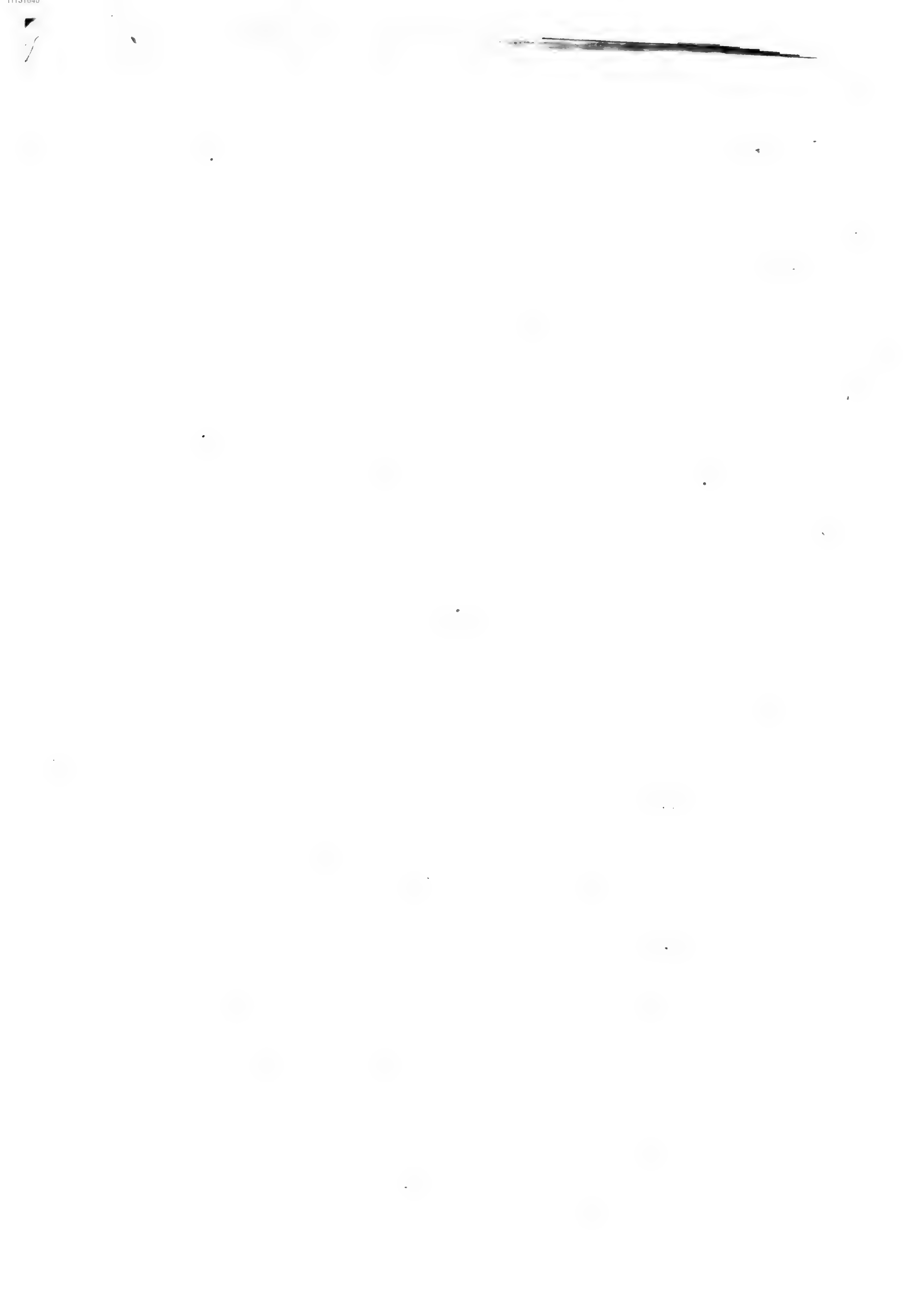
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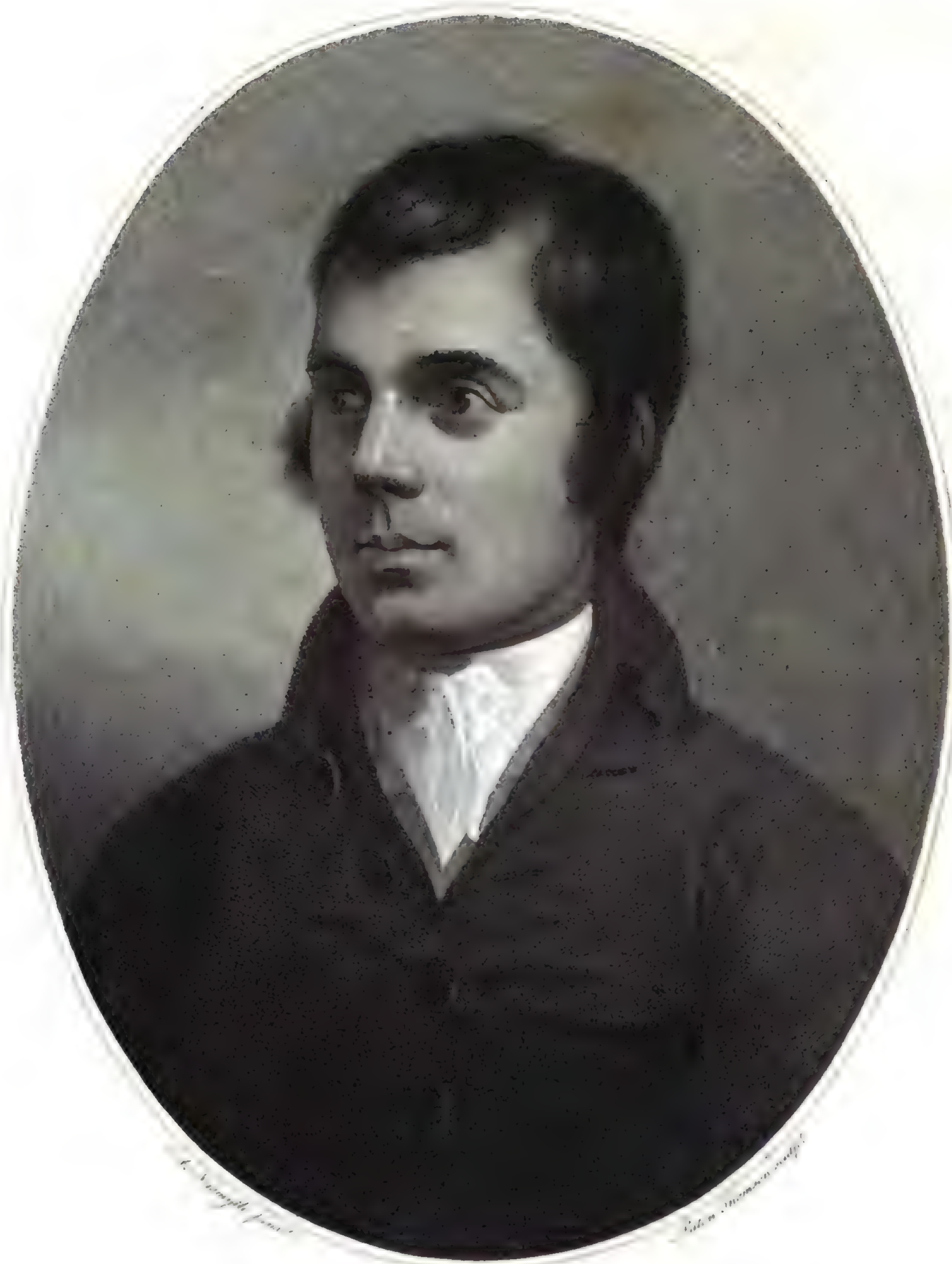


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ROBERT BURNS.

*Published as the Act directs June 1803. by T. Preston, Strand, London. & G. Thomson, Edinburgh.
(And re-engraved for the New Edition 1817.)*

Select Collection of
ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS,

For the Voice
With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies
& Accompaniments for the
PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO,

By
Handel,
With

Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English
adapted to the Airs, including upwards of
One Hundred New Songs by

BURNS

Price of each Volume the Voice & Piano Forte, One Guinea.
The Violin & Violoncello parts separate 6. sh.



Now see where Caledonia's Genius mourns
And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns

Volume **4** Ent^d at Stationers Hall.

London, Printed & Sold by T. Preston, 97, Strand.

Sold also by G. Thomson the Editor & Proprietor Edinburgh.

G. Thomson

(E)

TO THE PUBLIC.

By the late Act of Parliament, 54th Geo. III. granting the EXTENSION of Copy-right to Works already published, if not published before 1800, it is to be observed, that the Copy-right even of the two earliest Volumes of these Scottish Songs is thus secured to the Publisher, G. Thomson, FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER 1803; in which year a great many new and most valuable Compositions in the First and Second Volumes were first published, or rather first printed, for it accidentally happened that their publication was delayed till April 1804.

Just published by GEORGE THOMSON, No. 3, Royal Exchange, Edinburgh, and by T. PRESTON, 97, Strand, London,

THE FIFTH VOLUME OF
SELECT SCOTTISH MELODIES:
With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed by

HAYDN & BEETHOVEN.

And with Songs written for the Melodies, by

ROBERT BURNS, JAMES HOGG,
SIR W. SCOTT, BART. WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.
JOANNA BAILLIE, &c.

Also a Cantata by BURNS, called THE JOLLY BEGGARS, containing Songs of exquisite humour by a Soldier, a Widow, a Fiddler, a Tinker, and a Bard; with Chorusses; the whole set for Voices, and for the Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, by

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Those desirous of having this Volume, in order to complete their copies of the Scottish Work, and of securing early impressions of a very fine Engraving prefixed to it, will please to send their names to Mr Thomson, as above.

The Editor having lately published a new Edition of the Scottish Volumes I, II, III, and IV, took that opportunity of introducing what he conceives will be found useful to a number of singers. Having had frequent occasion to observe with what difficulty many young Ladies sing some of the Melodies that rise to the Note G or A, he carefully examined every Melody of that description; and where it could be done *with propriety*, he has introduced an *optional* lower note, which may be sung instead of the high one, by those who find the latter above their compass, while the original is still retained without alteration, for such voices as can reach it; and thus most of the high Melodies are placed quite within the reach of all voices of ordinary compass. Some Melodies also, which were found of an inconvenient pitch for voices in general, have been put into other keys:—and some have been expunged, to make room for others of greater

merit. The Frontispieces, too, and most of the Music-Plates, have been re-engraved; and neither pains nor expence spared to render the new Edition as perfect as possible, in every respect.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Volumes I. and II. are the composition of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, and HAYDN.

Those to Volumes III. and IV. are composed wholly by HAYDN; who, zealously devoting his extraordinary talents to the composition, and feeling a conscious pride in the originality and beauty of his Symphonies and Accompaniments, and in his peculiarly happy adaptation of these to the character of each Melody, wrote thus emphatically to the Editor, when he sent the Music; “*I boast of this Work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death.*”

“HAYDN.”

The POETRY will be found to contain the most select and complete Collection of Songs, ancient and modern, English as well as Scottish, hitherto offered to the Public; and the following Certificate will shew that this is the only Musical Work in which ALL the delightful Songs of BURNS can be published.

“I do hereby certify, That all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published by Mr GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And, moreover, that *I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work.* And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend ANY of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof,” &c.

“ROBERT BURNS.”

The Poet (as appears from his Correspondence with Mr THOMSON) in writing his amatory Songs, had generally in his eye some bewitching fair one that warmed his imagination at the time. Mr THOMSON, desirous of ascertaining, as far as he could, who were the Poet's fair inspirers, lately applied to Gilbert Burns, and to such friends as lived in daily intimacy with the Poet, for that information; and by their obliging communications, together with the notices by the Poet himself, he has been enabled, in the new edition, to prefix to a number of the Songs, the names of the Heroines.

WELSH SONGS.
HAYDN & BEETHOVEN.

Mr THOMSON has also published,

SELECT WELSH MELODIES, in Three Volumes; collected by him in a Tour through North Wales, and now first adapted for THE VOICE; with Characteristic ENGLISH VERSES, written by Mrs Grant, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Opie, Joanna Baillie, Robert Burns, Alexander Boswell, Esq. M. G. Lewis, Esq. S. Rogers, Esq. W. Smyth, Esq. Sir Walter Scott, &c. &c. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed chiefly by HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, who have also set many of the *Airs* for two Voices.

IRISH SONGS.—BEETHOVEN.

Mr THOMSON has likewise just published,

SELECT IRISH MELODIES, in Two Volumes; with Characteristic English Verses, chiefly by the same distinguished Poets. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed wholly by BEETHOVEN; who has also arranged many of the *Airs* for two Voices.

The above Works put the Public in possession of all that appeared to the Editor the most valuable and worthy of preservation in the National Music of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales: united with Poetry the most interesting that could possibly be obtained for it, including more than one hundred Songs of BURNS.

The SYMPHONIES, in all the Volumes, form Introductions and Conclusions to each Melody, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most fanciful and beautiful manner, according to the plaintive, spirited, or playful character of the Melodies for which they were composed.

The ACCOMPANIMENTS are equally appropriate and delightful. In Chamber-singing, the Piano Forte alone will be found highly satisfactory; and when the additional Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello are joined with it, either in public or private Concerts, the effect will

be felt in the highest degree excellent; for the parts united, exhibit combinations of harmony so rich, varied, and ingenious, as to give a new and powerful charm to the Melodies, such as will perpetuate their celebrity.

The Scottish Volumes contain each about FIFTY Melodies; and they are embellished with Engravings from the Birks of Invermay, John Anderson my Jo, the Soldier's Return, James V. disguised as a tinker, making love to a country-girl, and a capital Portrait of BURNS.—Price One Guinea each Volume: and the separate parts for the Violin and Violoncello 6 shillings per Volume.

The Welsh Volumes contain each THIRTY Melodies, and are embellished with Engravings of Llangollen Vale, The Gipsy Fortune-teller, and Conway Castle.—Price One Guinea each Volume, including the separate parts for the Violin and Violoncello.

The Irish Volumes contain each THIRTY Melodies, and are embellished with Engravings of St Cecilia, from the much admired picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the Origin of Painting by Cunnego, after the painting of David Allan. Price one Guinea per Volume, including the separate Violin and Violoncello parts.

The Works are to be had complete, or each Work separately, or in single Volumes, of G. THOMSON, Trustees Office, Exchange, Edinburgh: at Preston's, 97, Strand; at Birchall's, 133, New Bond Street; J. Murray's, Albemarle Street, London: and at J. Cumming's, Dublin.

The Publisher has an exclusive right to all the Songs written for his three National Collections above-mentioned, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments. And as he did not obtain these without expending a large sum of money, and not till after a correspondence of twenty years, with Poets and Composers of Music, both at home and abroad,—he feels it due to himself distinctly to announce, that if any person shall publish any of those Songs, or any of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted for damages, &c. in terms of the Act of Parliament.

Each genuine Volume of those works bears, at the foot of the Title-page, the written signature of

G. THOMSON.

Edinburgh, Royal-Exchange, December 1820.

*The braes of Ballochmyle.**Andante**espressivo*

The musical score is written for piano in G minor, 3/4 time. It consists of six systems of staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'The Catrine woods were yellow seen The'. The third system continues the melody with 'flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green But Na_ture sick en'd'. The fourth system continues with 'on the e'e. Thro' fad_ded groves Ma_ri_a sang Her_sel in beauty's bloom the while And'. The fifth system continues with 'ay the wild wood e_choes rang Fare_weel the braes of Bal_lochmyle.' The sixth system is a concluding instrumental passage. Dynamics include *fz*, *p*, and *f*. The tempo is marked *Andante* and the expression is *espressivo*.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen The

flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green But Na_ture sick en'd

on the e'e. Thro' fad_ded groves Ma_ri_a sang Her_sel in beauty's bloom the while And

ay the wild wood e_choes rang Fare_weel the braes of Bal_lochmyle.

THE CATRINE WOODS WERE YELLOW SEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS,

On the amiable family of the WHITEFORDS leaving Ballochmyle.

AIR—THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE,—COMPOSED BY ALLAN MASTERTON.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,*
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle!†

Low in your wintry beds ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or flowret smile:
 Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

* CATRINE in *Ayrshire*, the Seat of DUGALD STEWART, Esq.—† BALLOCHMYLE, now the Seat of BOYD ALEXANDER, Esq.

WHERE ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

THE SAME AIR.

WHERE Esk* its silver current leads
 'Mang greenwoods gay wi' mony a flower,
 I hied me aft to dewy meads,
 In happy days, and built my bower.
 I call'd upon the birds to sing,
 And nestle in ilk fragrant flower,
 While in the liv'ry of the spring
 I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower.

'Twas there I found, ah! happy time,
 A modest, sweet, and lovely flower!
 I cropt it in its virgin prime,
 To grace and cheer my bonny bower.
 But soon the blast howl'd in the air
 That robb'd me of this matchless flower;
 And sorrow since, and mony a care,
 Have stript and wither'd a' my bower!

* The ESK here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of ROSLIN, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful.

THERE WAS A LASS AND SHE WAS FAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

The Heroine of the following Song was MISS MACMURDO, Drumlanrig,—She is now MRS CRAWFORD. "I have not (said the Poet) painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."

THERE was a lass and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tell'd a tale o' love
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.
"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
"O can'st thou think to fancy me!
"Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
"And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
"Or naething else to trouble thee,
"But stray amang the heather bells,
"And tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

THE OLD SONG

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

It is mentioned in the Memoranda of BURNS, that this Song was written upon WALKINSHAW of Walkinshaw, near Paisley. 'Tis said, however, by others, that the Hero was HAMILTON of Gilbertfield.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa':
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willie said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the Weaponshaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fient a' ane amang them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae Willie a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom spier'd where he had
been.
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But, shame light on his souple snout!
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, weil's me on your bonnie face;
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the
dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless, like Willie, ye advance,
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring,
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

There was a lass. Sir Willy was a wairden wag.

152

Violino

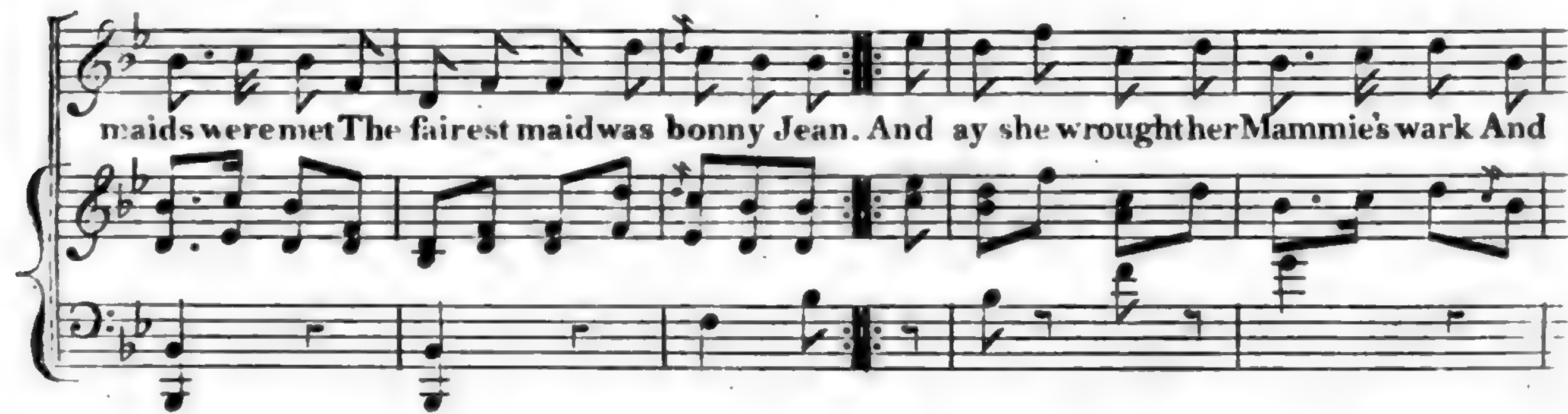
*Andantino
piuttosto
illegretto*



There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk and market to be seen When a' our fairest



maids were met The fairest maid was bonny Jean. And ay she wrought her Mammie's wark And

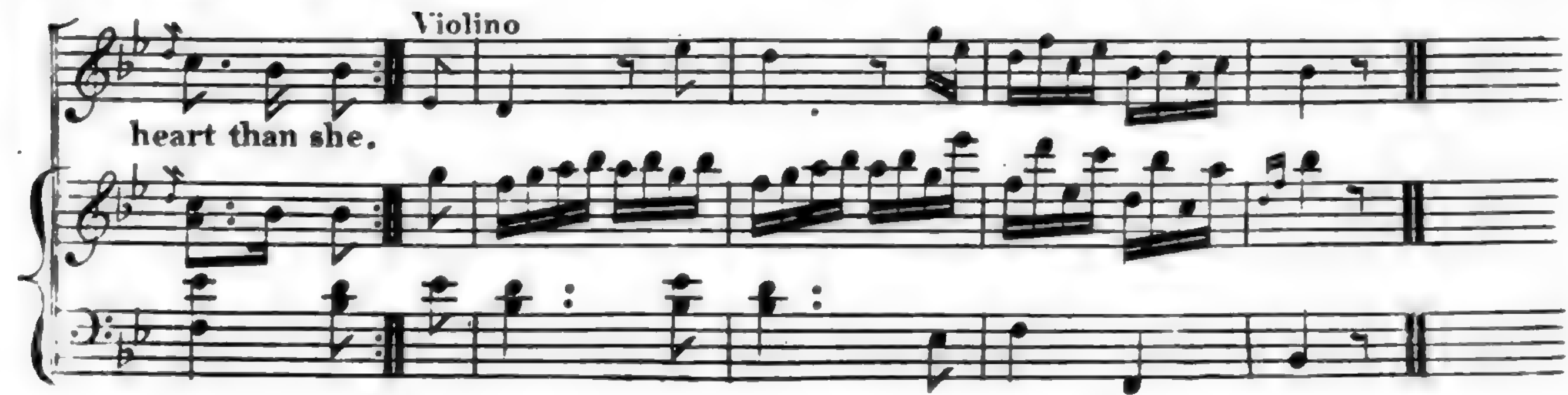


ay she sang sae mer-ri-ly The blythest bird up-on the bush Had ne'er a lighter



Violino

heart than she.



O wise & valiant Willy. Air. Rattling roaring Willy.

ivace.

O wise and va...liant Wil...ly Wou'd ye but grip the helm My

bless...ings on the day Ye rose to guide the realm The

winds blew hard on Wil...ly And loud...ly roard the sea When

a' the rest look'd silly Like Ail...sa rock was he.

Pia. *For:*

O WISE AND VALIANT WILLY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By MRS GRANT, Laggan,

In Summer 1803, when it was understood that a negotiation, for bringing Mr Pitt again into office, had failed.

AIR—RATTLING ROARING WILLIE.

O wise and valiant Willy,
 Would ye but grip the helm !
 My blessings on the day
 Ye rose to guide the realm.
 The winds blew hard on Willy,
 And loudly roar'd the sea,
 When a' the rest look'd silly,
 Like Ailsa rock was he.

O douce hard-working Willy,
 How sair he won his fee !
 He spent it ay as he got it,
 And now he has naething to gi'e.
 O douce lang-headed Willy,
 When he began to crack,
 He held to his point ay steady,
 And never a foot gaed back.

O douce and stalwart Willy,
 He's gane to ca' his plough,
 But ere the play be play'd,
 He'll get some mair ado.
 There's nought in Will's kail-yard,
 But ae bit laurel tree ;
 Yet douce and stalwart Willie
 Is welcome ay to me.

His daddy gied him his name,
 'Twas a' that he could gi'e,
 It's kent his daddy's coat
 There's nane could fill but he.
 O bold and reckless Willy,
 Nane bides a blast like thee,
 In rough and blustering weather,
 Ye're welcome ay to me.

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

HIGHLAND AIR—ORAN GAOIL.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart :
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?
 But fate has will'd and we must part !
 I'll often greet this surging swell ;
 Yon distant isle will often hail ;
 " E'en *here*, I took the last farewell ;
 " *There*, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me !

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

The First and Second Stanzas written for this Work by BURNS and J. RICHARDSON.—The last Stanza is old.

THE SAME AIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 With purple blossoms to the spring !
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing.
 How I would mourn when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !
 But I would sing on wanton wing,
 When merry May its bloom renew'd.

O were my love yon violet sweet,
 That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray ;
 And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
 Among its bonnie leaves to play.
 I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
 Beneath the noontide's scorching ray ;
 And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
 At morning dawn and parting day.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa' !
 And I mysel' a drap of dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !
 Oh, there, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft folds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

Behold the hour - tis Cran yacil,

154

DUET

Be - hold the hour the

ANDANTE

EXPRESSIVO

boat arrive Thou goest thou darling of my heart Ah! sever'd from thee can I survive But

boat arrive Thou goest thou darling of my heart Ah! sever'd from thee can I survive But

fate has will'd and we must part I'll of - ten greet this surging swell, Yon distant Isle will of - ten

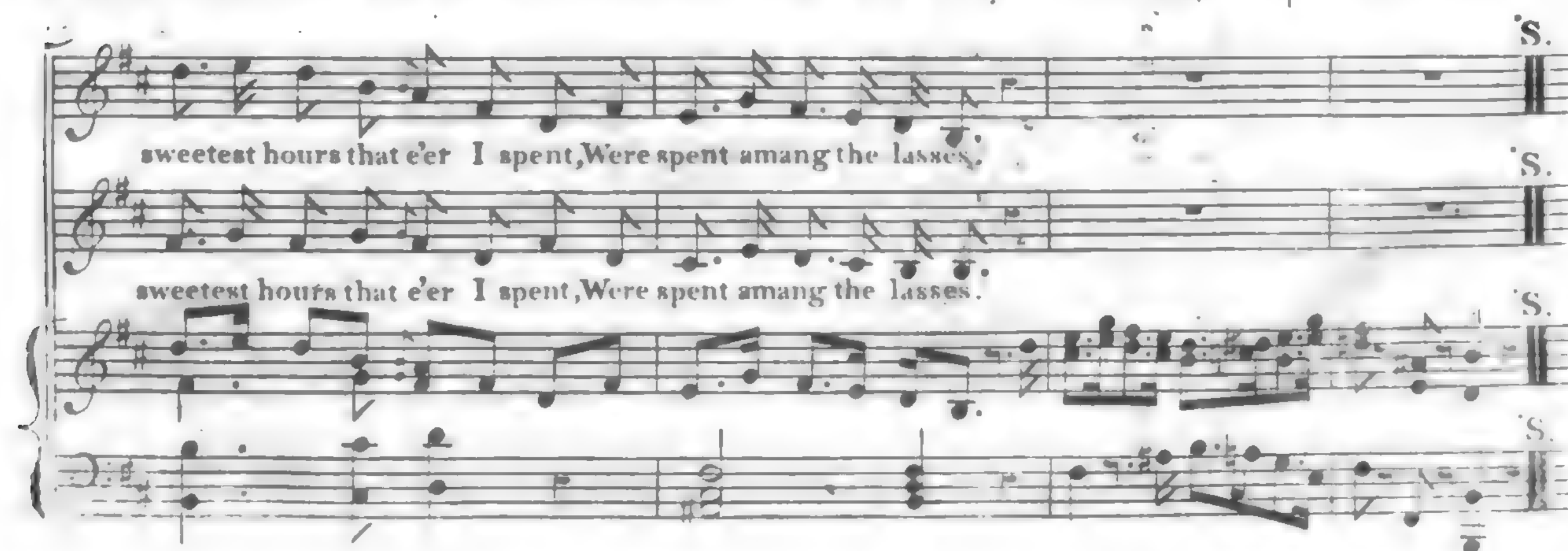
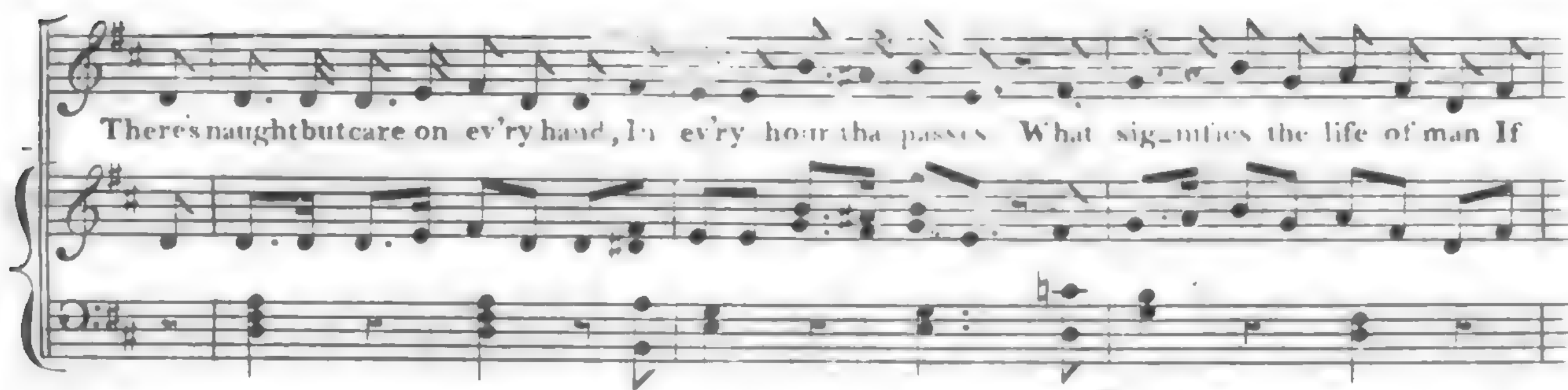
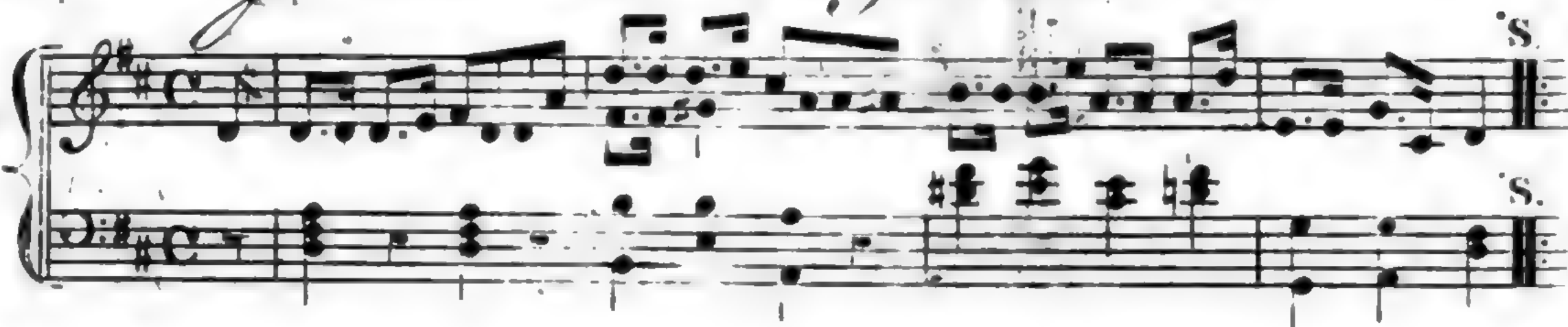
fate has will'd and we must part I'll of - ten greet this surging swell, Yon distant Isle will of - ten

hail E'en here I took the last farewell There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.

hail E'en here I took the last farewell There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.

There's naught but care in Green grow the rashes.

*Allegretto
piu tosto
Vivace*



THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE ON EV'RY HAND.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes :
 What signifies the life o' man
 If t'were na for the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses.

The warldly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them ;
 And tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie ;
 And warldly cares and warldly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses ;
 The wisest man the warld saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes ;
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

Her Answer.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou waking, I would wot,
For Love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye came again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night
I winna let you in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Take pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in this ae night, &c.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pine, jo.
O let me in this ae night, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

O let me in this ae night!

Andante
espressivo

Las-sie art thou sleep-ing yet Or art thou waking I would wit For

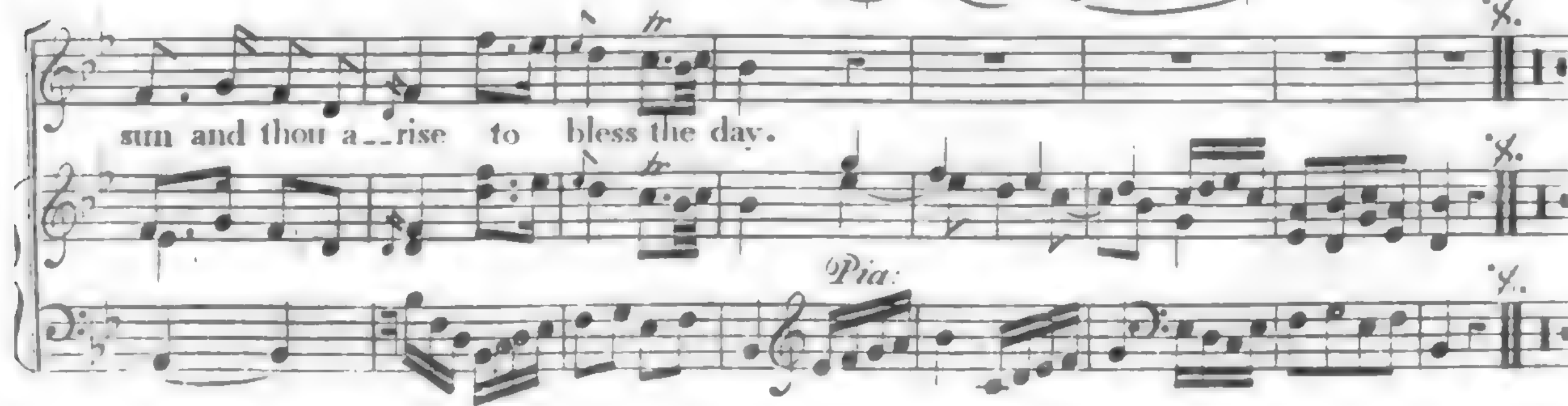
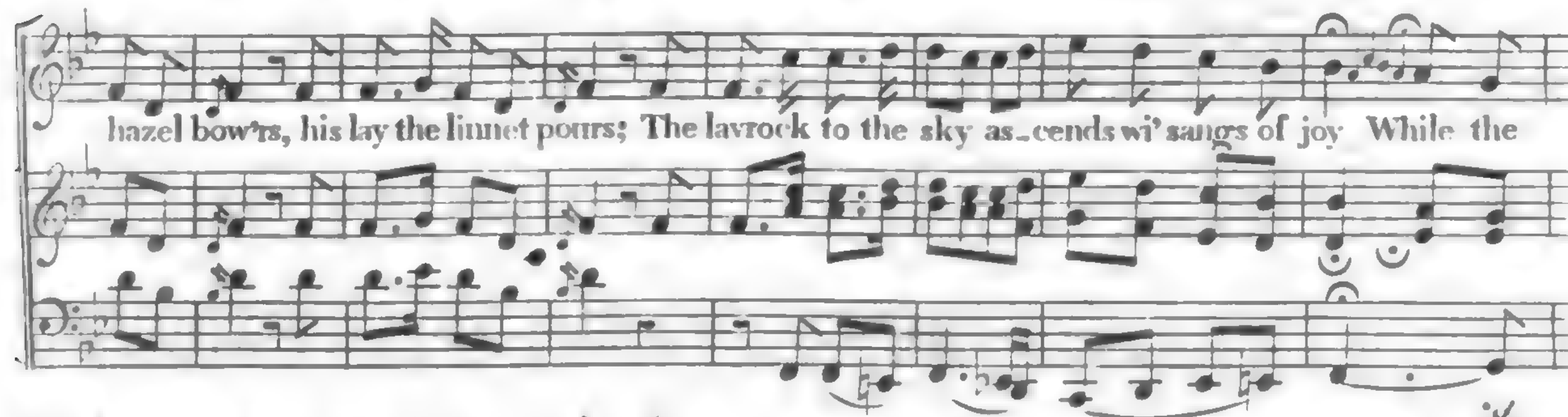
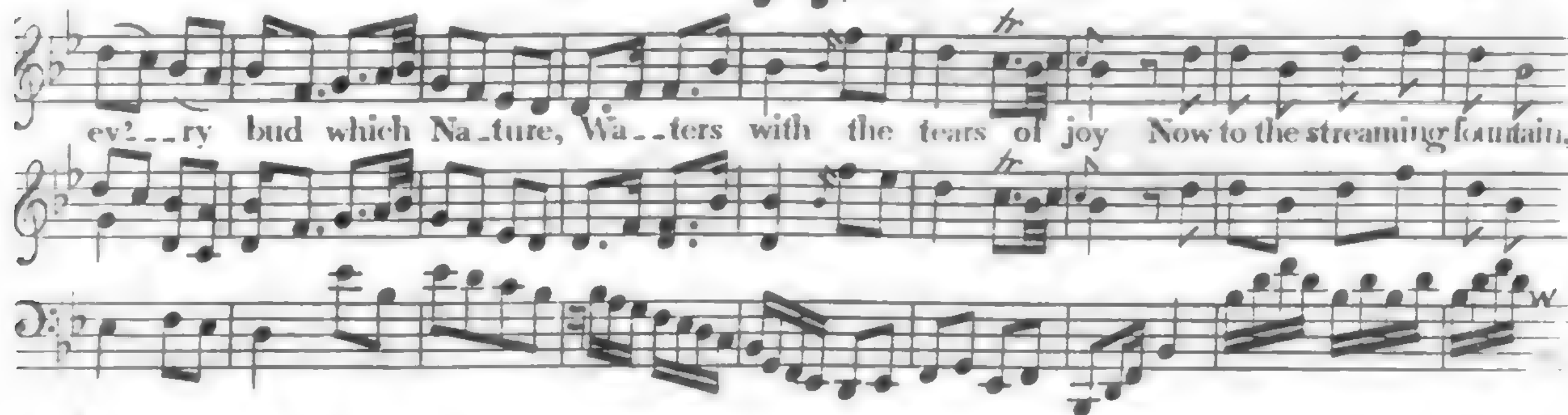
Love has bound me hand and foot And I would fain be in Jo. O

let me in this a--e night this a--e night this a--e night For pity's sake this

Violino
a--e night O rise and let me in Jo.

Sleepst thou so, Sir God take thee.

lante
essivo.



SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU, FAIREST CREATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

The Heroine of this most exquisite Song, as well as of the one that follows it, was MISS LORIMER of Craigieburn, near Moffat.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ;	Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,	Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Numbering every bud which nature	Nature gladdening and adorning ;
Waters wi' the tears of joy.	Such to me my lovely maid.
Now, to the streaming fountain,	When frae my Jeanie parted,
Or up the heathy mountain,	Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, (my sky ;
The hart, hind, and roe, freely wildly-wanton stray :	Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast
In twining hazel bowers	But when she charms my sight,
His lay the linnet pours ;	In pride of beauty's light ;
The lavrock to the sky	When through my very heart
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy ;	Her beaming glories dart ;
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day !	'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy !

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,	But did you see my dearest Phillis,
Round the wealthy titled bride :	In simplicity's array ;
But when compar'd with real passion,	Lovely as yon sweet opening flower is,
Poor is all that princely pride.	Shrinking from the gaze of day.
What are their showy treasures,	O then the heart alarming,
What are their noisy pleasures,	And all resistless charming,
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :	In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul !
The polish'd jewel's blaze	Ambition would disown
May draw the wond'ring gaze,	The world's imperial crown,
And courtly grandeur bright	Ev'n av'rice would deny
The fancy may delight,	His worshipp'd deity,
But never, never can come near the heart.	And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

COMING THRO' THE CRAIGS OF KYLE.

WRITTEN

By MISS JEAN GLOVER.

AIR—O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

COMING thro' the craigs of Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Said I, my dear, where is thy hame,
 In moor or dale, pray tell me whither?
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

We sat us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove,
 Amang the bonny blooming heather.

O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we sat, she sung a sang,
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,
 And ay the burden o' the sang
 Was—o'er the moor amang the heather.
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 And ay the burden o' the sang
 Was o'er the moor amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne
 I cou'd na think on ony ither:
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass amang the heather!

BE MINE A COT IN SOME LONE GLEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

BE mine a cot in some lone glen,
 Around it many a brier bush growing;
 May dewy rosebuds fragrance lend,
 Among the grass sweet v'lets blowing.
 There with thee contented living,
 There with thee contented living,
 I'll envy not the richest gifts
 In faithless fickle Fortune's giving.

To shield us from the winter's storm,
 An oak its lofty branches spreading,
 Around the door, (the songster's haunt,)
 The holly's verdure never fading.
 There with thee, &c.

Our garden water'd by a stream,
 Along a pebbled bed clear shining,
 Round every tree that decks its bank
 The woodbine and the ivy twining,
 There with thee, &c.

Let others through the world toil
 For honours, empty rank, and treasure,
 I'm happier in my humble cot,
 My Jeanie's love my dearest pleasure.
 There with thee contented living,
 There with thee contented living,
 I'll envy not the richest gifts
 In faithless fickle Fortune's giving.

O'er the muir among the heather.

158

Andantino
piu toso
Allegretto.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked Andantino, piu toso, Allegretto. Dynamics include sf (sforzando).

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include sf and p (piano).

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fourth system, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked Andantino, piu toso, Allegretto. Dynamics include sf (sforzando).

Musical notation for the sixth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. Dynamics include sf (sforzando).

159

Andantino
Espressivo.

Andantino
Espressivo.



The second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It features a treble and bass staff with a grand staff bracket. The tempo and mood are marked 'Andantino Espressivo.' The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music continues with various note values and rests, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west For there the bonny Lassie lives the Lassie I loe

best There wild woods grow and rivers row And many a hill between But day and night my fancy's

flight is e-ver wi' my Jean. I see her in the dewy flow'rs I see her fresh and fair I hear her in the

tuneful birds I hear her charm the air. There's not a bonny flower that springs, by fountain shaw or

green There's not a bonny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—I LOVE MY JEAN.

*This beautiful Song was written on MRS BURNS.**Added by Mr RICHARDSON for this Work.*

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air.
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
 Sweet blushing to the morn,
 Her breath is fresher than the bean,
 The fragrance of the thorn.
 The dew-drop in the morning sun,
 It canna match her e'en ;
 Oh ! life would hae nae joys for me,
 If 'twere na for my Jean.

Dear is the spot I saw her first,
 The grove where aft we met,
 But where I bade her last fareweel,
 That place I'll ne'er forget ;
 For there within my arms she vow'd,
 (The tear was in her e'e,)
 That heav'n, and earth, and a' wou'd change,
 Ere she prov'd fause to me !

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

WRITTEN

By CUNNINGHAM.

THE SAME AIR.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly thro' the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state, go, balmy Sleep !
 ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
 May's vigils while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 And see !—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight fairies rove,
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love :
 For see the rosy May draws nigh ;
 She claims a virgin queen :
 And hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

O PHELY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

The Heroine was Miss PHILLIS MACMURDO.—WILLY, the Editor believes, was an imaginary personage.

A JACOBITE AIR.

He.

‘ O PHELY, happy be that day,
 ‘ When roving through the gather’d hay,
 ‘ My youthful heart was stown away,
 ‘ And by thy charms, my Phely.’

She.

“ O Willy, ay I bless the grove
 “ Where first I own’d my maiden love,
 “ Whilst thou did’st pledge the Powers above,
 “ To be my ain dear Willy.”

He.

‘ As songsters of the early year
 ‘ Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 ‘ So ilka day to me mair dear
 ‘ And charming is my Phely.’

She.

“ As on the brier the budding rose
 “ Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
 “ So in my tender bosom grows
 “ The love I bear my Willy.”

He.

‘ The milder sun and bluer sky
 ‘ That crown my harvest cares wi’ joy,
 ‘ Were ne’er sae welcome to my eye,
 ‘ As is a sight o’ Phely.’

She.

“ The little swallow’s wanton wing,
 “ Tho’ wafting o’er the flowery spring,
 “ Did ne’er to me sic tidings bring,
 “ As meeting o’ my Willy.”

He.

‘ The bee that thro’ the sunny hour
 ‘ Sips nectar in the op’ning flower,
 ‘ Compar’d wi’ my delight is poor
 ‘ Upon the lips o’ Phely.’

She.

“ The woodbine in the dewy weat,
 “ When ev’ning shades in silence meet,
 “ Is nought sae fragrant or sae sweet
 “ As is a kiss o’ Willy.”

He.

‘ Let fortune’s wheel at random rin,
 ‘ And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
 ‘ My thoughts are a’ bound up in ane,
 ‘ And that’s my ain dear Phely.’

She.

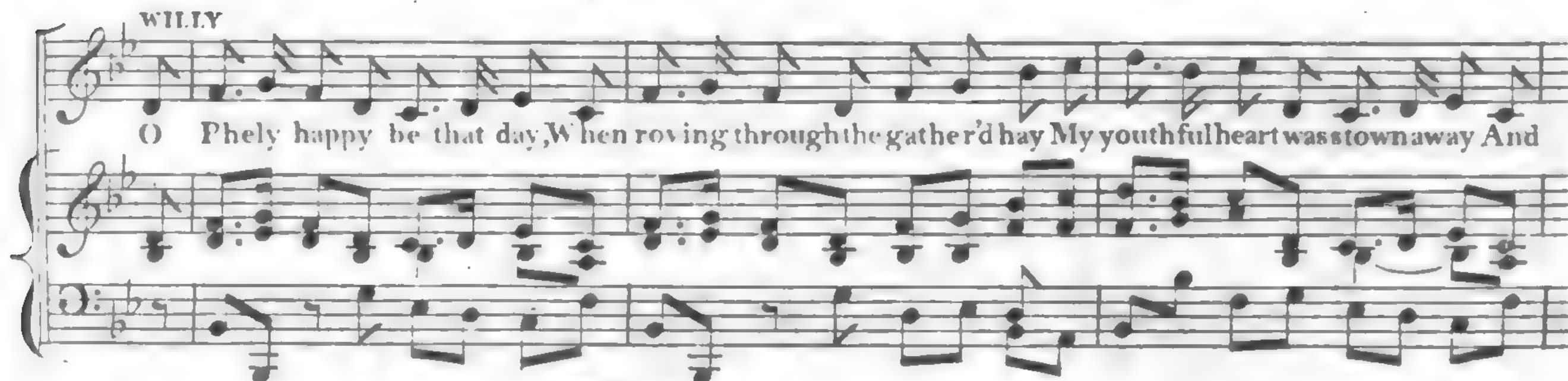
“ What’s a’ the joys that gowd can gi’e?
 “ I care na wealth a single flie:
 “ The lad I love’s the lad for me,
 “ And that’s my ain dear Willy.”

Phely & Willy

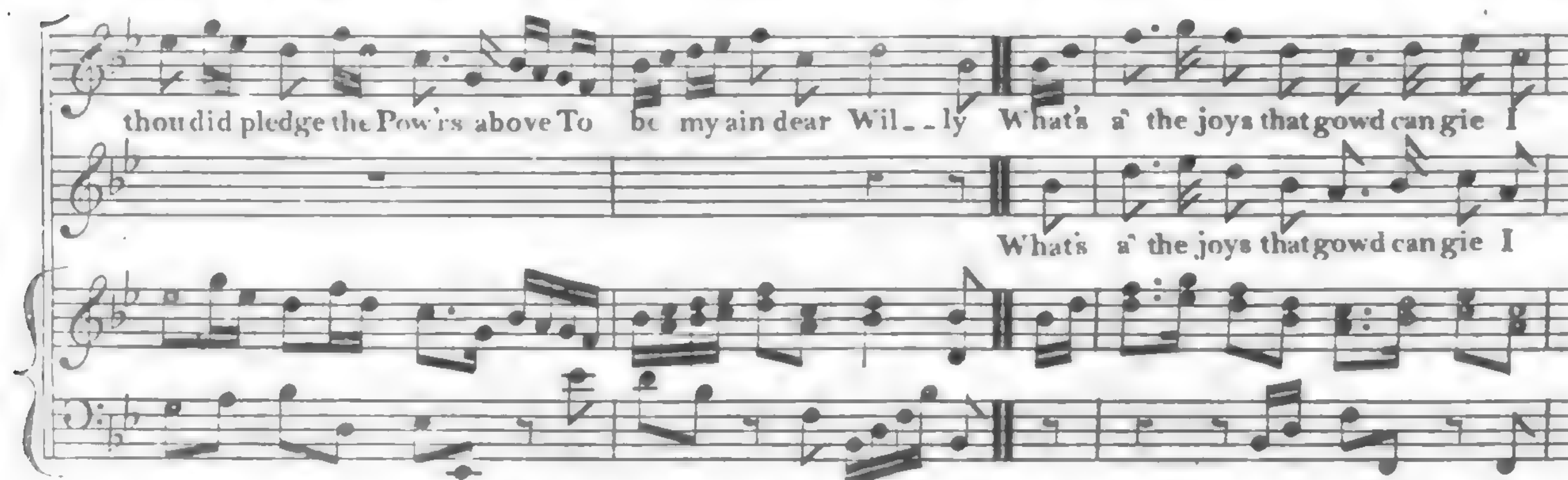
Duet
Andantino
piu tosto
Allegretto



WILLY



PHELY



O how far... On the hills and far away.

Allegretto

O how can my poor heart be glad When absent from my Sailor lad Or how can

I the thought forego He's on the seas to meet the foe Where e'er I wander stay or rove Still still my heart is

with my Love My nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away On the seas and far a...

CHORUS.

Tenor Voice

On the seas and far a...

way On stormy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.

way On stormy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.

HOW CAN MY POOR HEART BE GLAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA'.

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad;
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe:
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my Love;
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When Winter rules with boundless power,
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray
 For his weal that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may heav'n with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW:

FROM

MR SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

AIR—THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

This affecting Fragment, obtained by Mr SCOTT from recitation, is said to relate to the execution of COCKBURN of Henderland, a Border Freebooter, hanged over the Gate of his own Tower by JAMES V. in the course of that memorable Expedition in 1529, which was fatal to JOHNIE ARMSTRONG, ADAM SCOTT of Tushielaw, and many other Marauders.

MY love built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away;
And brought the king at dead of night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremity!

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way!

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair!

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green!

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about awa to gae?

THE CRUEL CHIEF:

FOUNDED ON AN OLD HIGHLAND TRADITION,

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

THE SAME AIR.

WITH trembling feet near the close of day,
Through yon green wood I made my way,
I met the chief of Auchnacloy,
And never from that hour knew joy.

He ask'd what I did there alone,
And where the grey-hair'd carle was gone,
Who bore the banner with such pride,
And the comely youth that fought beside.

My faltering tongue, unus'd to lie,
The tear that glisten'd in my eye,
My cheek by sudden fear made cold,
Too well the fatal secret told!

With cords he bound me to an oak,
And cruel words of terror spoke,
To make me show the secret way
Where my father dear and my true love lay.

"O spare my father's hoary hair,
"My true love's spring of beauty spare!"—
"I'll give a chief's unbroken word,
"And pledge my honour on my sword."

"O if this vow you break to me,
"The gates of bliss may you never see!"—
"If I should break my plighted word,
"Then break the arm that wields the sword."

My eyes grew dim while I led the way
To the yellow broom where my father lay;
Methought the birds, as I went along,
Bemoan'd me in their evening song!

The sun was sinking in the sea,
No more to cheer, or lighten me;
The raven croak'd as I drew near,
Methought the echoes cry'd, Forbear!

But when I saw my true love start,
I thought his look would split my heart,
And when I heard my father sigh,
I shrunk, and durst not meet his eye!

O then the gloomy Auchnacloy
Beheld my grief with savage joy.
"With one of these you now must part,
"Then say who firmest holds your heart."

"Though not to slay them I gave my oath,
"I promised not to save them both;
"Shall the sword then strike the hoary head?
"Or the youthful lover's blood be shed?"

No words had I, no tear could flow,
My father saw my silent woe;
"My daughter, why that mournful pause,
"I wish not life, I have no cause!"

"The snow of time is on my head,
"I soon must mingle with the dead;
"My sons fell in this fatal strife,
"And bitter are the dregs of life!"

Forlorn and sad, without a home,
"A wretched outcast I must roam!"
"No care have I on earth but thee,
"Then set the youthful warrior free."

"His valiant arm and well bent bow
"Shall shelter thee when I am low;
"His sons may yet revenge this shame,
"And bear our arms, and raise our name."

My love, with downcast eyes, stood near,
And lean'd in silence on his spear;
O had the chief been there alone,
'Twould soon have reach'd his heart of stone.

Why, father, didst thou urge again!
Why, nature, didst thou plead in vain!
Why did I speak the guilty word,
Nor trust in heaven's avenging Lord!

With broken voice I gave consent,
I hop'd the chief would still relent;
But he told me with a scornful smile,
He had but mock'd me all the while!

He drew an arrow to the head,
And thro' my true love's heart it sped:—
"Another lover you may gain,
"But a father you would seek in vain."

My father sunk where my lover died,
I kneel'd in fierce despair beside:
"O never, monster, may'st thou see
"A gallant son to honour thee!"

"O never may a daughter fair
"Arise to bless thy hoary hair!
"As my father's race now ends in me,
"So may thy bloody house in thee!"

The border widow's lament

162

Affettuoso
assai.

My Love built me a bon-ny bow'r, And
clad it a' wi' li-ly flow'r A braw-er bow'r ye
ne'er did see Than my true Love he built for me.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Affettuoso assai.' in the left hand, with the right hand playing a melodic line. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'My Love built me a bon-ny bow'r, And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The third system continues the vocal line with 'clad it a' wi' li-ly flow'r A braw-er bow'r ye'. The fourth system concludes the vocal phrase with 'ne'er did see Than my true Love he built for me.' The piano accompaniment features a 'sf' (sforzando) marking in the fourth system. The final system shows the piano playing a concluding passage with a 'sf' marking and a fermata over the final chord.

Where's he &c. - An' Up & near them a' Hilly.

*Allegretto
pintosto
vivace*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, followed by a single treble staff for the voice. The tempo and mood are indicated as *Allegretto pintosto vivace*. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

The lyrics are as follows:

Where's he for honest po-ver-ty that hangs his head and a' that The coward slave we pass him by we
dare be poor for a' that. For a' that and a' that our toils obscure and a' that, The
rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that. For a' that and a' that, our
For a' that and a' that, our
toils obscure and a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.
toils obscure and a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

The score includes a chorus section marked "CHORUS." and ends with a double bar line.

THE HONEST MAN THE BEST OF MEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

The Editor has taken the liberty to alter the two first words of this Song for the sake of the Music, and because there is an ellipsis in the line as it stands in the Author's copy, "Is there for honest poverty," which, in singing, at least, has a bad effect.

AIR—UP AND WAR THEM A', WILLIE.

WHERE's he for honest poverty

That hangs his head and a' that?

The coward slave we pass him by,

We dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

Our toils obscure, and a' that,

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man's the gowd for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

What though on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hoddin grey, and a' that,

Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,

A man's a man for a' that:

For a' that and a' that,

Their tinsel shew, and a' that,

The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,

Is king o' men, for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a Lord,

Wha struts and stares, and a' that;

Though hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a coof for a' that:

For a' that, and a' that,

His ribband, star, and a' that,

The man of independent mind,

He looks and laughs at a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

A prince can make a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, and a' that,

But an honest man's aboon his might,

Gude faith he maunna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

Their dignities and a' that;

The pith of sense and pride of worth,

Are higher rank than a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

Then let us pray, that come it may,

As come it will for a' that,

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,

May bear the gree, and a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,

It's coming yet for a' that,

That man to man, the world o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that. *For a' that, &c.*

BUT ARE YE SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE.

The following simple and beautiful ballad first came into public view about the year 1771, and was probably composed not much anterior to that period.

THE SAME AIR.

BUT are you sure the news is true!

And are you sure he's weel?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Fy, lass, fling by your wheel!

Is this a time to think o' thrift,

When Colin's at the door?

Rax me my cloak, Ill down the quay,

And see him come ashore.

There's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a';

There's nae luck about the house,

When our goodman's awa'.

Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pot;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat:

Mak' their shoon as black as slaes,

Their stockings white as snaw;

It's a' to pleasure our goodman,

He likes to see them braw. *There's nae luck, &c.*

There are twa hens into the crib,

Ha'e fed this month and mair;

Mak' haste, and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,

My bishop satin gown;

And then gae tell the bailie's wife,

That Colin's come to town. *There's nae luck, &c.*

My turkey slippers I'll put on,

My stockings pearl blue;

And a' to pleasure our goodman,

For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,

His breath's like cauler air;

His very tread has music in't,

As he comes up the stair. *There's nae luck, &c.*

And will I see his face again!

And will I hear him speak!

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,

In troth I'm like to greet! *There's nae luck, &c.*

O SAY, MY SWEET NAN, CAN YOU LIE IN A HAMMOCK?

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

AIR—O BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK.

- ‘ O SAY, my sweet Nan, can you lie in a hammock,
 ‘ While the mountain seas rage, can you swing in a hammock,
 ‘ As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o’er us,
 ‘ Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus?—
 ‘ O yes! my dear Jack? I can lie in a hammock
 ‘ While the mountain seas rage, can sleep sound in a hammock,
 ‘ Rude billows will rock me when love smiles to cheer me;—
 ‘ If *thy* slumbers sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me!”
- ‘ But say! my sweet lass, when the tempest’s all smashing,
 ‘ The topsails all split, and the topmasts down crashing,
 ‘ When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer her,
 ‘ Will my Nancy not shrink, when such dangers are near her?—
 ‘ Ah no! my lov’d Jack, while the tempest’s loud bawling,
 ‘ The topsails all split, and the topmasts down falling,
 ‘ In watching *your* dangers, my own will pass over,
 ‘ In prayers for your safety, no fears I’ll discover!”
- ‘ But say! if at night the sad cry comes for wearing,
 ‘ The *breakers* a-head, and the boatswain loud swearing;
 ‘ While the mainyard dips deep, and white billows break o’er us,
 ‘ Will my Nancy not shrink, then, amid the dread chorus?—
 ‘ O no! my dear lad, when these dangers are near me,
 ‘ My Jack’s kindly whispers will soothe me, will cheer me;
 ‘ A kiss snatch’d in secret amid the dread horror
 ‘ Will hush the rude chorus, and still every terror.”
- ‘ But oh! my lov’d Nan, when the ship is done clearing,
 ‘ The matches all lighted,—the French foe fast nearing,
 ‘ Can you stand to your gun, while pale death drops around you?
 ‘ ‘Tis *then*, my sweet Nancy! new fears will confound you!—
 ‘ No, no! my dear Jack, to these fears love’s a stranger,
 ‘ When you fight by my side, I’ll defy every danger?
 ‘ On *your fate* my fond eye will be fixt while you’re near me,
 ‘ If you fall! Nancy dies!—if you live, love will cheer me!”

TO BE SUNG BY BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.

- ‘ Come! come, then, dear Nan! let us swing in a hammock!
 ‘ While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!
 ‘ With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather!
 ‘ While we live we shall love—when we fall—fall together!”
 ‘ Come! come, then, dear Jack, let us swing in a hammock!
 ‘ While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!
 ‘ With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather?
 ‘ While we live, we shall love!—when we fall—fall together!”

THE OLD SONG,

O SAY, BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK?

THE SAME AIR.

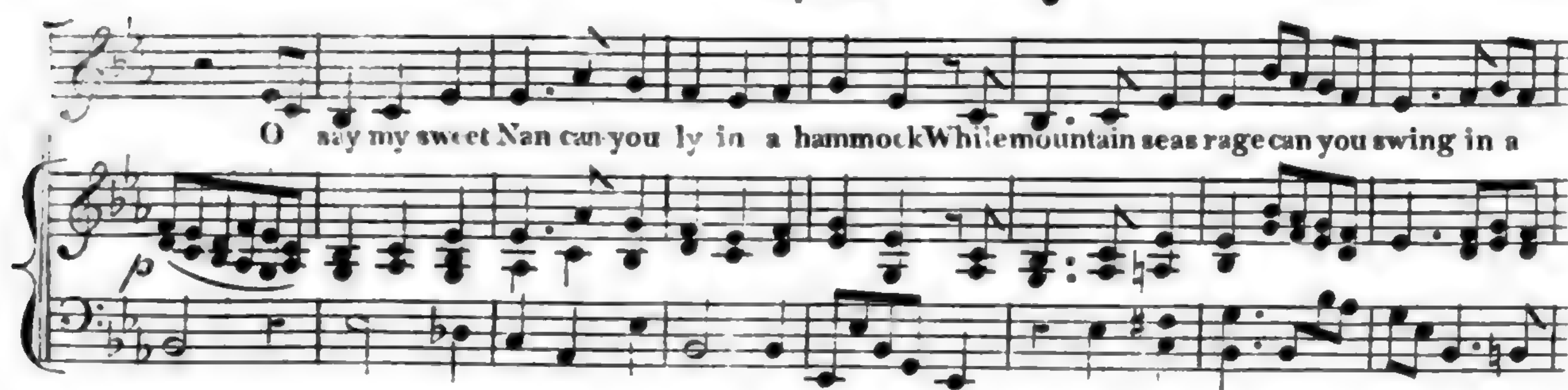
- ‘ O! SAY, bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack,
 ‘ And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet;
 ‘ O! say, would you leave baith your mither and daddy,
 ‘ And follow the camp with your soldier laddy?—
 ‘ O! yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack,
 ‘ And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet;
 ‘ I’d neither ask leave of my mither or daddy,
 ‘ But follow my dearest, my soldier laddy.”
- ‘ O! say, bonny lass, wou’d you go a-campaigning,
 ‘ And bear all the hardships of battle and famine;
 ‘ When wounded and bleeding, then wou’dst thou draw near me,
 ‘ And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?—
 ‘ O! yes, bonny lad, I’ll think naething of it,
 ‘ But follow my Henry, and carry his wallet;
 ‘ Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me,
 ‘ My soldier is near me, and naething can harm me!”
- ‘ But say, bonny lass, when I go into battle,
 ‘ Where dying men groan, and loud cannons rattle!—
 ‘ O then, bonny lad, I will share all thy harms,
 ‘ And should’st thou be kill’d, I will die in thy arms!”
 ‘ But say, bonny lass’, &c. (repeating the lines.)

164
Say Sir Obenry Lass can you ly in a barrack.

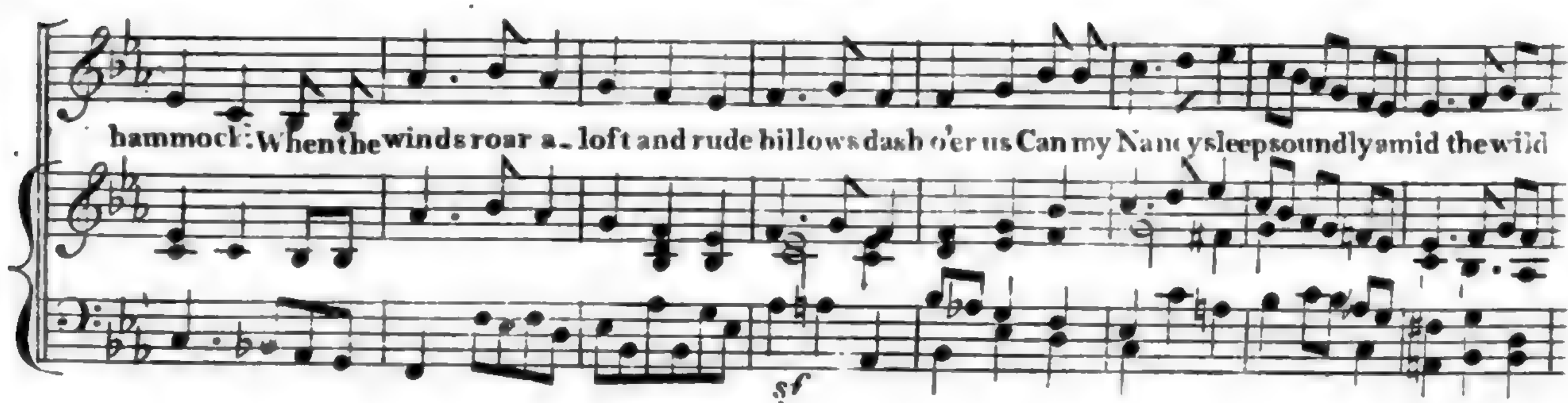
Andantino
espressivo



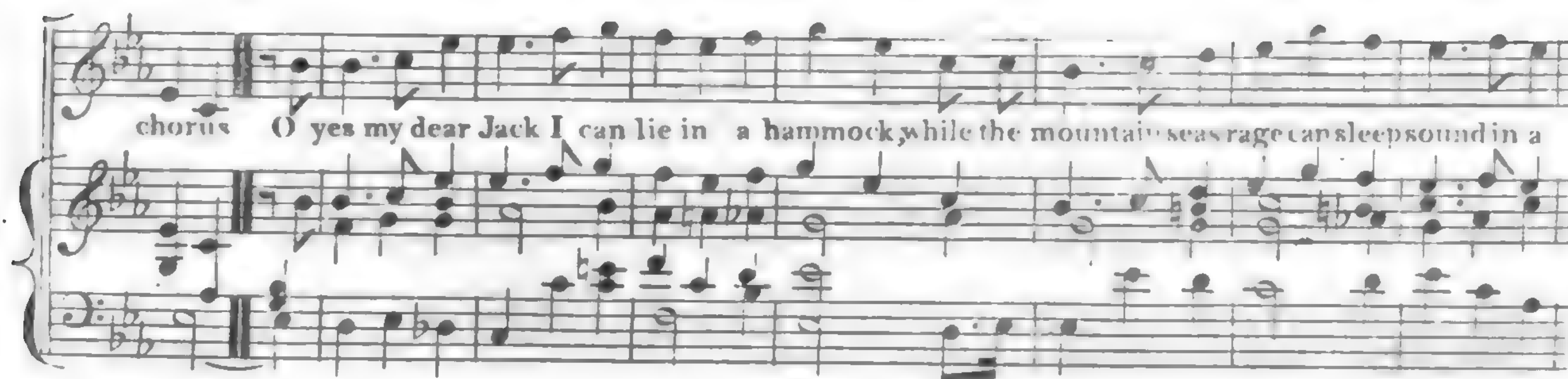
O say my sweet Nan can you ly in a hammock While mountain seas rage can you swing in a



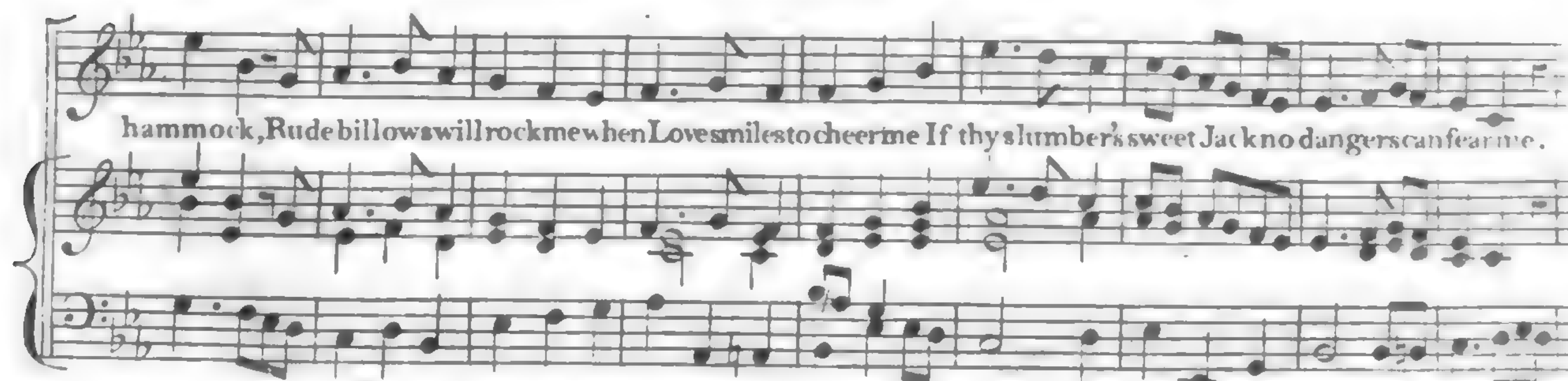
hammock: When the winds roar a-loft and rude billows dash o'er us Can my Nan ysleep soundly amid the wild



chorus O yes my dear Jack I can lie in a hammock while the mountain seas rage can sleep sound in a



hammock, Rude billows will rock me when Loves smile to cheer me If thy slumber's sweet Jack no dangers can fear me.



Auld gude man. Air. The east neck of Tyne.

Each half of this air must be twice sung, the first time with the upper line of words, & then of course with the under line.



1st Verse Auld gude man, ye're a drunkencarle drunken carle A the day lang ye

2^d Verse Auld gude wife ye're a flytin body flytin body Will ye hae now but

wink and drink and gape and gaunt Of sotish loons ye're the pink & pearl pink and pearl I'll fa'rd doited

gude be thank'd the wit ye want The puttin' cow should be ay a doddy ay a doddy Mak na sic an

3^d Verse

ne'er do weel. Ye're a sow auld man Ye get fu' auld man Fye shame auld man to your wame auld man Sair

awsome reel. 4th Ver. It's a lee gude wife It's your teagude wife Na na gude wife ye spend a' gude wife Ye

pinch'd I win wi' spinning tow, A plack to cleed your back and pow.

need na fa' on me pell mell Ye like a drap fu' weil your sel.

AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR—THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

She. **A**ULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;
 Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,
 Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel!

He. Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin body, flytin body;
Will ye hae, but, gude be prais'd, the *wit* ye want;
 The puttin cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,
 Mak na sic an awsome reel.

She. Ye're a sow, auld man,
 Ye get fou, auld man,
 Fye shame! auld man,
 To your wame, auld man,
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,
 A plack to clead your back and pow!

He. It's a lie, gudewife,
 It's your tea, gudewife:
 Na, na, gudewife,
 Ye spend a', gudewife,
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
 Ye like a drap fu'-weel yoursel!

She. Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?
 An 'twere na just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
 Deil a drap wad weet my mou.

He. Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
 Soon soon to tak' a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy;
 But twa score o' years we hae fought thegither, fought thegither,
 Time it is to gree, I trow.

She. I'm wrang, auld John,
 Owr lang, auld John,
 For nought, gude John,
 We ha'e fought, gude John;
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
 We're far owr feckless now to feght.

He. Ye're right, gudewife,
 The night, gudewife,
 Our cup, good Kate,
 We'll sup, good Kate;
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
 And toom the stoup atween us twa!

HARK ! THE MAVIS EVENING SANG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

HARK ! the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie, bonnie, dearie.
Ca' them where the burn rows,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden-side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moon-shine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nought of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart,
I can die,—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie ! *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

By Mr DUDGEON.

THE SAME AIR.

UP amang yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark ! she sings, young Sandy's kind,
And he's promised ay to lo'e me ;
Here's a broach, I ne'er shall tine't,
Till he's fairly married to me.
Drive away, ye drone time,
And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning darena bleat :
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,

Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping ay his flock thegither ;
But a plaid wi' bare hoghs,
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,
Canty glee or Highland cronach ;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel or round a ring.
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl he's ay the bangster ;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest winded sangster.
Sangs that do o' Sandy sing
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang.

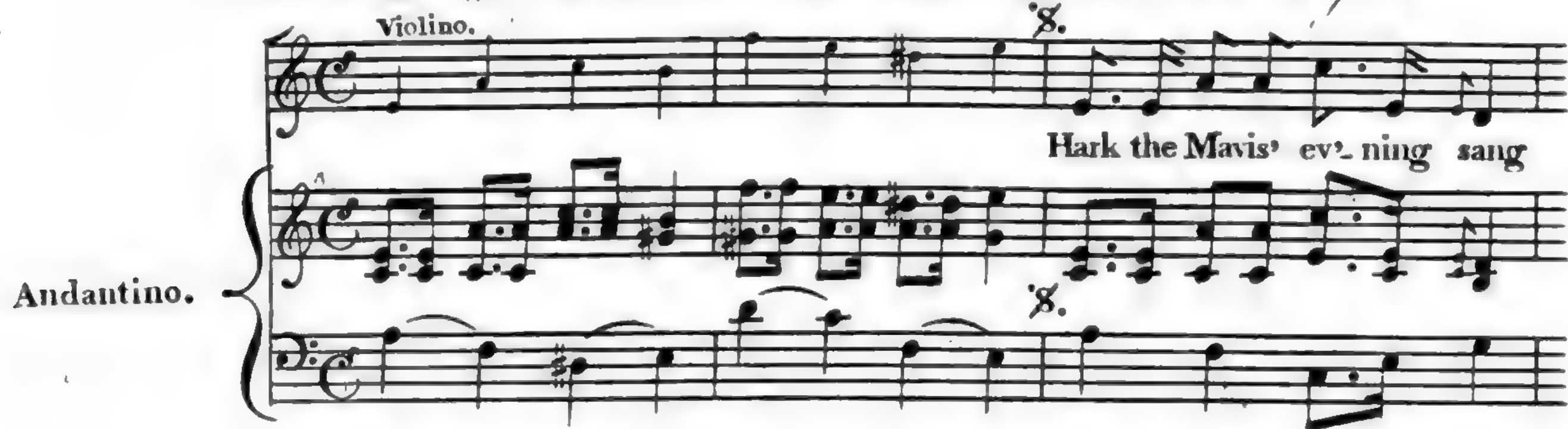
Hark the Mavis. See, The Maid that tends the goats.

166

Violino.

Andantino.

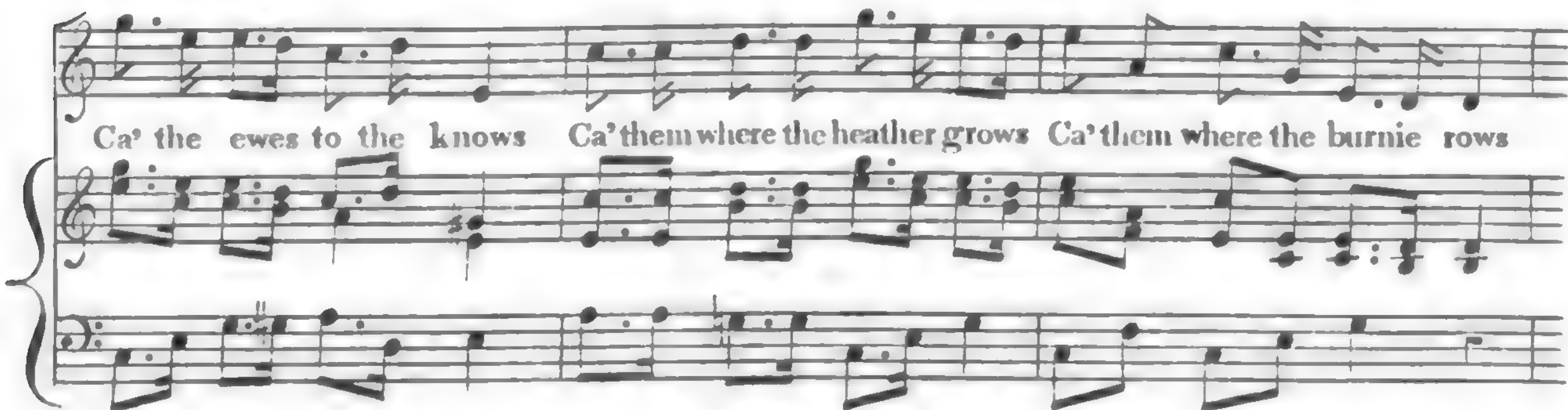
Hark the Mavis' ev'ning sang



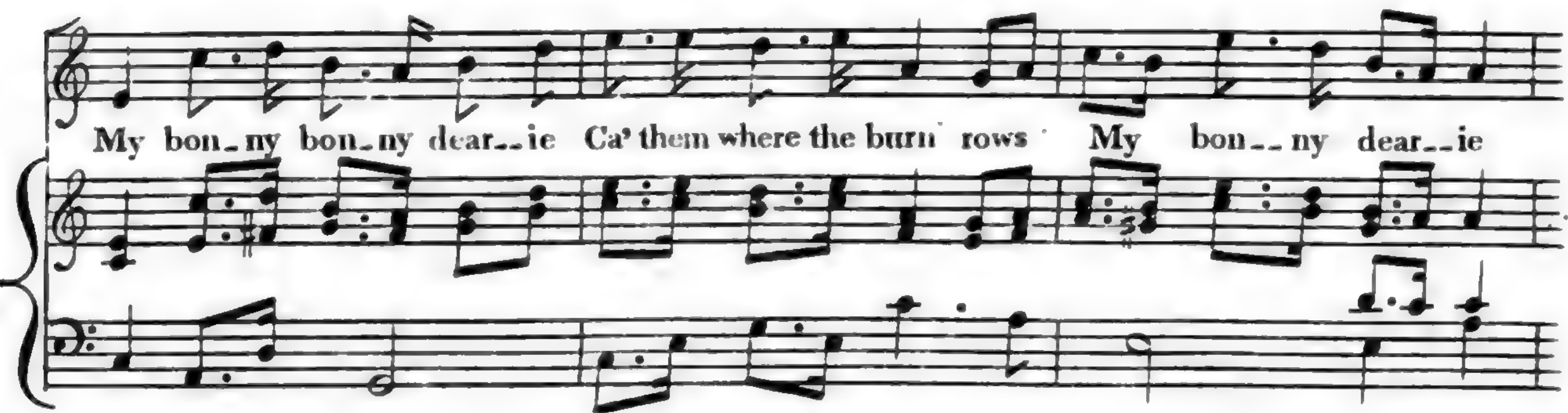
Sounding Clouden's woods a-mang Then a fauld'ing let us gang My bon--ny dear--ie



Ca' the ewes to the knows Ca'them where the heather grows Ca'them where the burnie rows



My bon--ny bon--ny dear--ie Ca'them where the burn' rows My bon--ny dear--ie



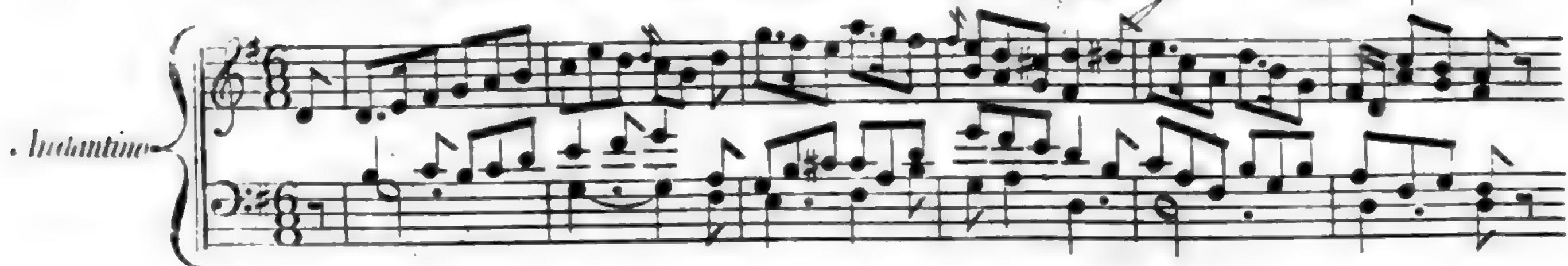
Violino.

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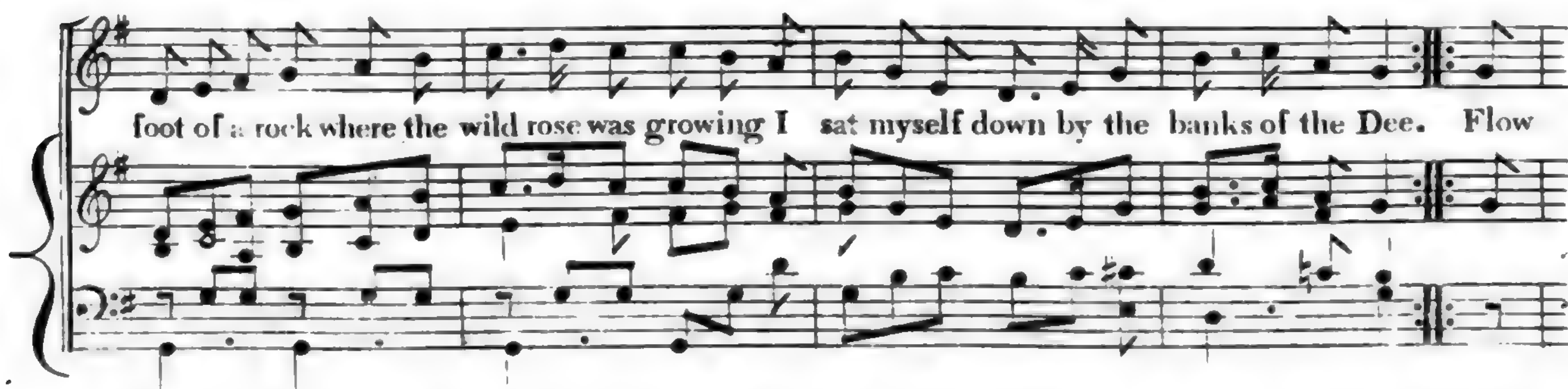


'Twas summer &c. Air, Languid

Andantino



'Twas summer and softly the breezes were blowing And sweetly the wood pigeon coo'd from the tree At the



foot of a rock where the wild rose was growing I sat myself down by the banks of the Dee. Flow



on lovely Dee flow on thou sweet river Thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever For



there I first gain'd the affection and favour Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.



'T WAS SUMMER, &c.—THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

WRITTEN

By JOHN TAIT, Esq.

AND RETOUCHEE BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

AIR—LANGOLEE.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree ;
 At the foot of a rock, where the wild-rose was growing,
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
 Flow on, lovely Dee ! flow on, thou sweet river !
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever ;
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
 Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels,—for valiant is he :
 And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth ! o'er the rude-roaring billows,
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
 And left me to wander 'mongst those once-lov'd willows
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him ;
 Blest peace may restore my dear Jamie to me ;
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES.

AIR—FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries;
I wish I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Oh Helen fair! oh Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and at thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Oh Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet put o'er my een;
I wish my grave were growing green
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curs'd be the heart that hatch'd the thought,
And curs'd the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
My love dropt down and spake nae mair!
O think na ye my heart was sair
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Where Helen lies, where Helen lies,
I wish I were where Helen lies!
Soon may I be where Helen Helen lies,
Who died for love of me!

* The Story of this Ballad is thus given by Mr PENNANT in his *Tour in Scotland*:—"In the Burying-Ground of Kirkconnell is the grave of the fair ELLEN IRVINE and that of her Lover: She was daughter of the house of Kirkconnell, and was beloved by two Gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful Rival to his resentment, and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle that washes these grounds. ELLEN perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell, and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the Infidels. On his return he visited the grave of his unfortunate Mistress, stretched himself on it, and, expiring on the spot, was interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with 'Hic jacet ADAM FLEMING: the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman, except an ancient Ballad, of no great merit, which records the tragical event.'" Mr PENNANT probably alludes to that edition of the ballad which is given in the *Statistical Account of the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleming*; it is much longer than the above, and contains some meagre and incongruous verses.

O WERE I LAID WHERE COLIN LIES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

O WERE I laid where Colin lies,
Could I but close these weary eyes,
And wake no more, with fruitless sighs,
The joyless day to see.

Or if I still must languish here,
Would but his passing shade appear!
And whisper soft in fancy's ear,
"Come, love; I wait for thee!"

When these sad eyes have ceas'd to weep,
And weary woe is lost in sleep,
Though drowsy dews my senses steep,
My soul still wakes with thee.

'Tis then I rest from pain awhile,
And hear thy voice, and see thy smile,
And all my secret griefs beguile,
Those griefs so dear to me!

My life, my soul, my all is gone,
Forlorn I wander here alone,
O were but this my parting groan,
For death is life to me!

For though I knew some magic art,
To blot thy image from my heart,
With that lov'd form I ne'er would part
Till death should set me free!

Then where our mingled ashes sleep,
Shall faithful lovers meet to weep,
And tenderest vows in sorrows steep,
To love as true as we!

I wish &c. for fair Helen of Kirkconnell. 168

Allegretto

I wish I were where Helen lies, For night and day on me she cries, for night and day on

me she cries O that I were where Helen lies On fair Kir- kon- nell lea Oh

Helen fair Oh Helen chaste Were I with thee I would be blest Were I with thee I

would be blest, Where thou liest low and at thy rest On fair Kirkon- nell lea.

Whistle o'er the lave o't

Allegretto
Scherzando

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively, rhythmic pattern. The left staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

First when Mag---gy was my care Heav'n I thought was in her air

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Now we're mar--ried spier-nae mair But whis...tle o'er the lave o't.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild Sweet and harm--less as a child

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Wi...ser men than me's be---guil'd So whis...tle o'er the lave o't.

The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

The piano conclusion consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef. It features a series of chords and single notes, ending with a final chord. Dynamics markings include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

This Air is said to have been composed by a JOHN BRUCE, who was an esteemed Violin-player in Dumfries, about the beginning of the 18th century. "This I know, (said BURNS,) BRUCE, who was an honest man, though a red-wud Highlandman; constantly claimed it, "and by all the old Musical people here is believed to be the author of it."

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, speir nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how agree,
I care na by how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wiser men than me.'s beguil'd,
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;
I could write,—but Meg maun see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

O WHAT HAD I ADO, &c.—THE DRUNKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

AIR—HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

OH! what had I ado for to marry!
 My wife she drinks naething but sack and canary,
 I to her friends complain'd right early,
 O! gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly;
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 O! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
 Now she has drunken my bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' the dubs and the larie;
 O gin my wife, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely;
 O gin my wife, &c.

Wou'd she drink her ain things, I wou'd na care;
 But she drinks my claiths I canna' weel spare;
 When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly;
 O gin my wife, &c.

My Sunday's coat, she has laid it a wad,
 The best blue bonnet was e'er on my head;
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely;
 O gin my wife, &c.

My bonnie white mittens I wore on my hands
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly;
 O gin my wife, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
 Nor did I deny her the comforts of life:
 For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley;
 O gin my wife, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse,
 If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scold and she'll curse,
 She live's like a queen, I scrimped and sparely;
 O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wou'd her allow:
 But when she sits down, she gets hersel' fu';
 And when she is fu' she is unco camstarie;
 O gin my wife, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
 Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house
 wants;
 Rants some foolish sang, like, 'Up your heart, Charlie,'
 O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
 The lasses she ca's baith limmers and jades,
 And ca's mysel' ay an auld cuckold carlie;
 O gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly;
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 O! gin my wife would drink hooly and fairly.

The drunken wife of Galloway.

170

Allegretto

Violino
Pizzicato arco

Oh! what had I a - do for to marry, My wife she drinks naething but
sack and ca - na - ry I to her friends com - plain'd right ear - ly
O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo - ly and fair - ly hoo - ly and fair - ly
hoo - ly and fair - ly O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo - ly and fair - ly.

Violino
Pizz? arco

p

Come under ye—Sir John Macgill.

Allegretto.

Come under my plaidy the night's gaen to fa' Come in frae the cauld blast the

drift and the snaw Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear Lassie be...

lieve me for twa. Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can

blaw O come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear Lassie believe me for twa.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY, &c.—MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

WRITTEN

By HECTOR MACNIELL, Esq.

AIR—JOHNNY MACGILL.

‘**C**OME under my plaidy, the night’s ga’en to fa’,
 ‘ Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
 ‘ Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 ‘ There’s room in’t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
 ‘ Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 ‘ I’ll hap you frae ev’ry cauld blast that will blaw;
 ‘ O come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 ‘ There’s room in’t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.’

“ Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae ’wa !
 “ I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw :
 “ Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy, I’ll no sit beside ye,
 “ Ye may be my gutchard !—auld Donald, gae ’wa !
 “ I’m ga’en to meet Johnny, he’s young and he’s
 bonny ;
 “ He’s been at Meg’s bridal, sae trig and sae braw !
 “ O nane dances sae lightly ! sae gracefu’ ! sae tightly !
 “ His cheek’s likethenew rose, his brow’s likethesnaw.”

‘ Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa ;
 ‘ Your Jock’s but a gowk and has naething ava ;
 ‘ The hale o’ his pack he has now on his back :
 ‘ He’s therty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 ‘ Be frank now and kindly,—I’ll busk you ay finely ;
 ‘ To kirk or to market they’ll few gang sae braw ;
 ‘ A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 ‘ And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca’.’

“ My father ay tell’d me, my mither and a’
 “ Ye’d make a gude husband, and keep me ay braw ;
 “ It’s true I lo’e Johnny, he’s gude and he’s bonny,
 “ But, waes me ! ye ken he has naething ava !
 “ I ha’e little tocher ; you’ve made a gude offer ;
 “ I’m now mair than twenty ; my time is but sma’ !
 “ Sae gi’e me your plaidy ; I’ll e’en sit beside ye,
 “ I thought ye’d been aulder than threescore and twa.”

She sat down ayont him, aside the stane wa’
 Whar Johnny was list’ning, and heard her tell a’.
 The day was appointed ! his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack ’gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.
 He wander’d hame weary, the night it was dreary !
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep ’mang the snaw ;
 The howlet was screamin, while Johnny cried, “ Wo-
 “ men
 “ Wou’d marry auld Nick, if he’d keep them ay braw !”

O the de’il’s in the lasses : they gang now sae braw,
 They’ll e’en match wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa ;
 The hale o’ this marriage is gowd and a carriage ;
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw !
 O the de’il’s in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,
 They’ll e’en match wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa ;
 The hale o’ this marriage, is gowd and a carriage ;
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw !

COME REST YE HERE, JOHNNIE, WHAT NEWS, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR—THE SOLDIER LADDIE.

- ‘ **C**OME rest ye here, Johnie, what news frae the south?
 ‘ Here’s whey in a luggie to slocken your drowth,
 ‘ Our soldiers are landed, my hopes are maist deeing,
 ‘ I’m fear’d, John, to ask ye, is Jamie in being?
 “ Aye, troth, lass, they’re landed, and hameward they’re coming,
 “ In braw order marching, wi’ fifing and drumming:
 “ I sell’t my grey plaid, my cauld winter’s warm happin,
 “ To cheer their leal hearts wi’ a gill and a chappin.

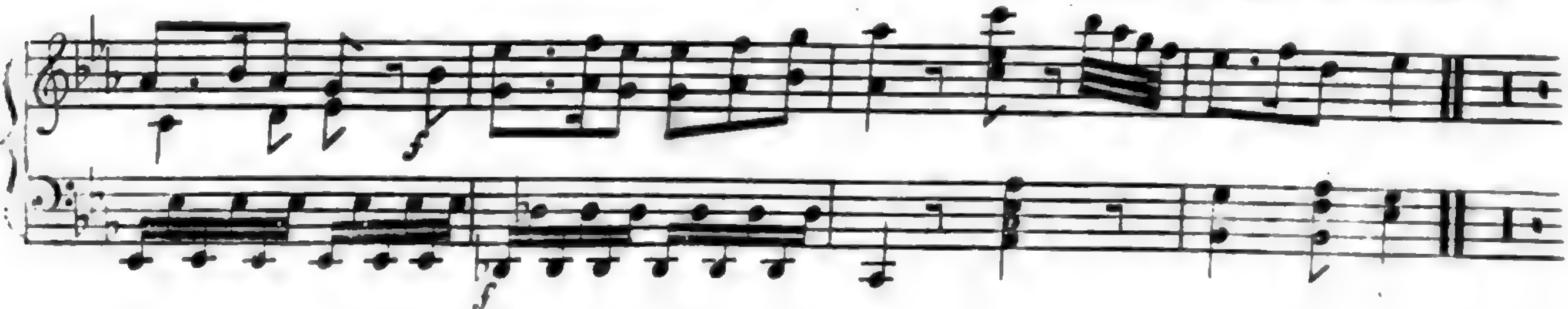
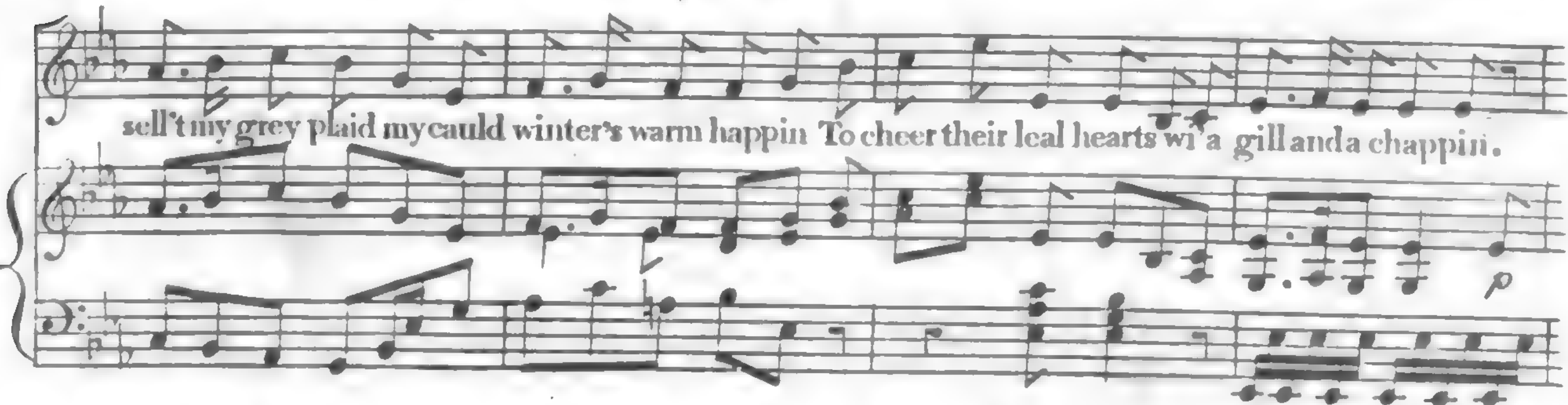
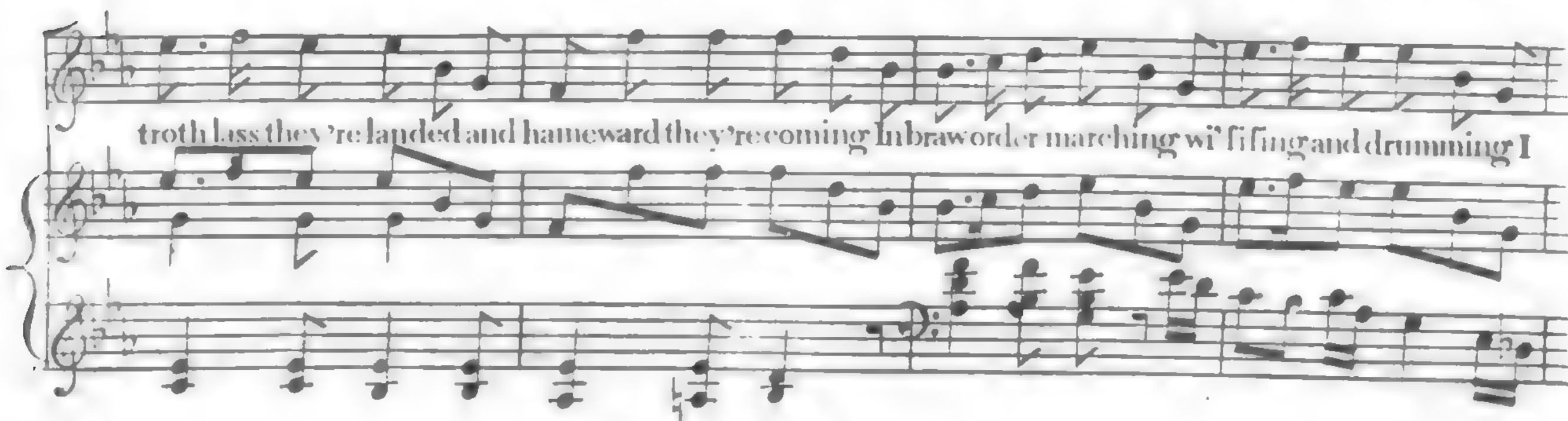
 “ Your father’s gudebrither, the serjeant, wi’ glée,
 “ Pu’d a crown frae his pouch, and, loud laughing, quo’ he,
 “ Ye’re owre auld to list, or ye’d rug this fast frae me—
 “ Mair drink here!”—‘ But, John, O nae word o’ poor Jamie?
 “ The deil ’s i’ the lassie, there ’s nought in her noddle
 “ But Jamie, ay Jamie, she cares na ae boddle
 “ For grey-headed heroes; weel, what should I say now,
 “ The lad’s safe and weel, and what mair wad ye hae now?”

 ‘ He’s weel! Gude be prais’d, my dear laddie is weel!
 ‘ Sic news! hech man, John, ye’re a sonsy auld chiel!
 ‘ I’m doited—I’m dais’d—its fu’ time I were rinnin,
 ‘ The wark might be done ere I think o’ beginnin.
 ‘ I’ll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,
 ‘ And link o’er the hills where the caller wind blaws,
 ‘ And meet the dear lad, wha was true to me ever,
 ‘ And dorty nae mair—O I’ll part wi’ him never!”

Come rest ye here Johnnie what news frae the South Here's whey in a luggie to stocken your growth Our

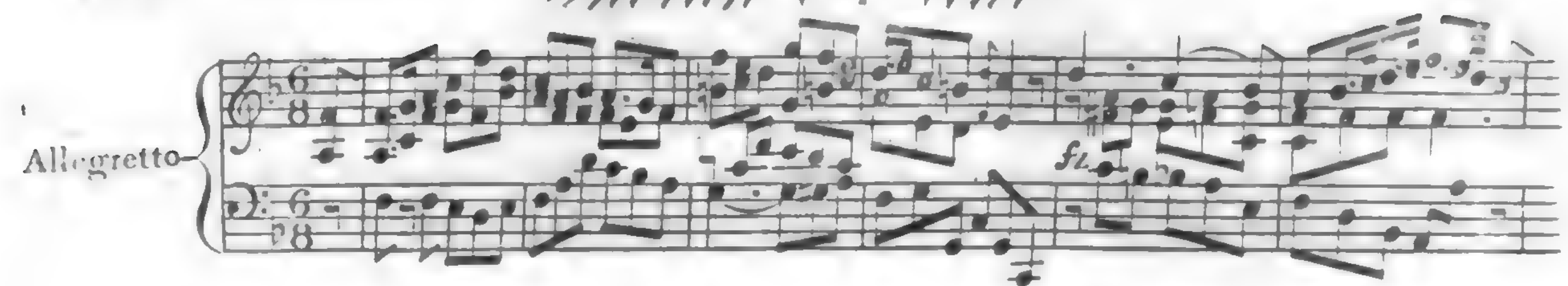
179

Allegretto.



Shelah O' Neal

Allegretto



OFT I WENT TO HER, &c.—OR, SHELAH O'NEAL.

THE AIR AND THE VERSES

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

Oft, oft, I went to her, to sigh and to woo her;
Of mighty fine things did I say a great deal;
Above all the rest, what still pleas'd her the best,
Was, "Och! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neal?"
My point I soon carried, for fast we got married;
The weight o' my bargain I then 'gan to feel;
She scolded and fisted, O then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neal.

But tir'd and dull-hearted, my corps I deserted,
And fled off to regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army, where nought was to harm me,
Not the devil himself in the shape of a bomb.
I fought ev'ry battle, where cannon did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas! and their sharp-pointed steel;
But in all the wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found
Aught so sharp as thy tongue, O curs'd Shelah O'Neal.

AT WILLIE'S WEDDING ON THE GREEN.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

AT Willy's wedding on the green,
 The lasses, bonny witches,
 Were buskit out in aprons clean,
 And snaw-white Sunday's mutches.
 Auld Mysie bade the lads tak' tent,
 But Jock wad nae believe her;
 And soon the fool his folly kent,
 For—Jenny dang the weaver.
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

In ilka countra-dance and reel,
 Wi' her he wad be babbin;
 When she sat down, then he sat down,
 And till her wad be gabbin:
 Whare'er she gaed, or but or ben,
 The coof wad never leave her,
 Ay cacklin like a clockin hen,
 But—Jenny dang the weaver.
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

Quoth he, " My lass, to speak my mind,
 " Good haith ! I need na swither :
 " You've bonny een, and, gif you're kind,
 " I needna court anither."
 He humm'd and ha'd—the lass cried feugh !
 And bade the fool no deave her ;
 Then snapt her thumb, and lap and leugh,
 And—dang the silly weaver !
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

Jenny dang the weaver.

Vivace

Scherzando

Piano introduction for 'Jenny dang the weaver'. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The introduction features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *ff* (fortissimo).

First system of the song. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "At Willie's wedding on the green, The lasses, bonny witches, Were busked out in a - prons clean, And

Second system of the song. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "snaw white Sunday's mutches. Auld Maysie bade the lads take tent, But Jock wou'd na believe her, But

Third system of the song. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "soon the fool his folly kent, For Jenny dang the weaver. CHORUS. Sing fa la la fa la la la fa

Fourth system of the song. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "la la la la la la fa la la la la la la Sing Jenny dang the wea...ver.

Fifth system of the song. The right hand has a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The left hand has a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are: "la la la la la la fa la la la la la la Sing Jenny dang the wea...ver.

Pat & Kate

PAT. KATE.

Och pretty Kate my darling Kate Here take my hand and I'm your Mate, I'd



PAT. KATE.

rath...er die, Fy Kate fy fy Did e'er fool talk at such a rate.



KATE. PAT.


O Pat you are a teasing lad The basest plague that e'er I had, The

O Kate I am a pleasing lad The neatest swain that e'er you had, I



live long day, You prate a...way I really be...lieve you'll put me mad.

sigh all day, I pine a...way I really be...lieve you'll put me mad.



OCH! PRETTY KATE, MY DARLING KATE:

A Love-Dialogue,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

IRISH AIR.

“ OCH! pretty Kate, my darling Kate,
 “ Here, take my hand, and I'm your mate.”
 ‘ I'd sooner die!’ “ Fye Kate, fye, fye!”
 ‘ Did ever fool talk at such a rate?
 ‘ O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,
 ‘ The basest plague that e'er I had:
 ‘ The live-long day you prate away,
 ‘ I really believe you'll put me mad.’
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,
 “ The neatest swain that e'er you had:
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,
 “ I really believe you'll put me mad.”

“ Ah! little Norah would be mine,
 “ I know by many a leering sign.”
 ‘ Then take your drab, you boasting blab,
 ‘ For Katrine never will be thine.
 ‘ O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,
 ‘ The basest plague that e'er I had:
 ‘ The live-long day you prate away,
 ‘ I really believe you'll put me mad.’
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,
 “ The neatest swain that e'er you had:
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,
 “ I really believe you'll put me mad.”

“ No, Kate, sweet Kate alone can please,
 “ She keeps the key of all my ease:
 “ Then, if you frown, poor Patrick's down,
 “ You'll kill me, Kate, it's plain as pease.”
 ‘ O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,
 ‘ The basest plague that e'er I had;
 ‘ The live-long day you prate away,
 ‘ I really believe you'll put me mad.’
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,
 “ The neatest swain that e'er you had:
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,
 “ I really believe you'll put me mad.”

MY SORROW, DEEP SORROW, INCESSANT RETURNING.

TRANSLATED, FOR THIS WORK, FROM THE GAELIC,

By MRS GRANT.

AIR—MACGREGOR OF RUARA'S LAMENT.

The following Translation of the very popular and ancient Gaelic Song of MACGREGOR NA RUARA, the Editor has no doubt will be peculiarly acceptable to those who know the Original, and can judge of the fidelity of the English version. It would appear that Macgregor had, by some intestine commotion, been banished from his inheritance of Glenlyon; and while wandering as an outlaw through the mountains of Inverness-shire, that he, along with several Foster Brothers, his guides and protectors, had been surprised and killed by his enemies. One of the Foster-Brothers, who survived, gives vent to his feelings in the lamentation which follows, viz.

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning,
When I think of Macgregor, true heir of Glenlyon,
Where still to sad fancy his banners seem flying.
Of Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,
With their bold martial strain set each bosom a-bounding,
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

The badge of Strathspey from yon pine by the fountain,
Distinguish'd the hero when climbing the mountain,
The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,
And destruction fled wide from the bow bent so narrow;
His darts, so well polish'd and bright, were a treasure
That the son of a king might have boasted with pleasure.
When the brave son of Murdoch so gracefully held them,
Well pois'd and sure aim'd, never weapon excell'd them.

Now, dead to the honour and pride I inherit,
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit!
Tho' insult or injury now should oppress me,
My protector is gone, and nought else can distress me.
Deaf to my loud sorrows and blind to my weeping,
My aid, my support, in yon chapel lies sleeping,
In that cold narrow bed he shall slumber for ever,
Yet nought from my fancy his image can sever.

He that shar'd the kind breast which my infancy nourish'd,
Now hid in the earth, leaves no trace where he flourish'd.
No obsequies fitting his pale corse adorning,
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning,
No virgins high born, with their tears to bedew thee,
To deck out thy grave, or with flowrets to strew thee.
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

FROM THE CHACE ON THE MOUNTAINS, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

From the chace on the mountains as I was returning,
By the side of a fountain Malvina sat mourning;
To the winds that loud whistled, she told her sad story;
And the vallies re-echo'd Macgregor a Ruara!
Like a flash of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara,
More fleet than the roe-buck on lofty Ben-lara;
"Oh! where is Macgregor? say, where does he hover?
"Say, son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?"

The voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded,
'Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded,
'Spent with watching and toil, to the rocks I convey'd him,
'Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.'
As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fair blossom,
So died the soft bud of fond hope in her bosom;
"O Macgregor, (she cried,) is betray'd and surrounded!
"By falsehood betray'd, and by treachery wounded!"

Near the brook in the vale now the green turf does hide her,
And Macgregor in silence reposes beside her:
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;
Near the loud roaring waters their spirits oft wander.

My sorrow &c. Air. Macgregor of Rhuaric lament. 176

Andante
Espressivo.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked Andante Espressivo. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. A forte (fz) dynamic marking is present in the final measure.

First system of the vocal melody. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics "My sor-row deep sor-row in-". The left hand provides a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *tr* (trill) and *sf* (sforzando).

Second system of the vocal melody. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics "...ces-sant re- turn-ing, Time still as it flies adds in-crease to my". The left hand provides a piano accompaniment.

Third system of the vocal melody. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics "mourn-ing When I think of Mac-gre-gor true heir of Glen-ly-on, Where". The left hand provides a piano accompaniment.

Fourth system of the vocal melody. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics "still to sad fan-cy his ban-ners seem fly-ing." followed by a *Cres.* (Crescendo) marking. The left hand provides a piano accompaniment.

Fifth system of the vocal melody. The right hand contains the vocal line with lyrics "For" followed by a *Pia: ral.* (Pia: ralente) marking. The left hand provides a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *sf* (sforzando), and *Pia:*.

Muirland Willie

Vivace

Now harken and I will tell you how young muirland Wil lie came here to woo Tho'

he could neither say nor do. The truth I tell to you. And ay he cried what

e'er be a tide, Maggie I'll hae to be my bride, With a fal da ra fal la da ra la fal

With a fal da ra fal la da ra la fal

lal da ra lal da ra la-----

lal da ra lal da ra la-----

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Vivace' in 6/8 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes lyrics for the first part of the song, a chorus, and a final instrumental section. The lyrics are: 'Now harken and I will tell you how young muirland Wil lie came here to woo Tho' he could neither say nor do. The truth I tell to you. And ay he cried what e'er be a tide, Maggie I'll hae to be my bride, With a fal da ra fal la da ra la fal With a fal da ra fal la da ra la fal lal da ra lal da ra la----- lal da ra lal da ra la-----'. The score is written in a standard musical notation with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat.

HARKEN AND I WILL TELL YOU HOW.

AIR—MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do,
The truth I tell to you;
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'ae hae to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray mare as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your daughter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gi'e ye me?
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my daughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town?
I think my daughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd into the house,
And vow but he was wondrous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a plough,
Twa gude ga'en yades and gear eneugh,
The place they ca' it Caldeneugh;
I scorn to tell a lie:
Besides, I hae frae the great laird,
A peat-pat and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist;
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
And for mysell you needna fear,
Troth tak me whan you like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and prie'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Synne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your daughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she's left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say, what 'il ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quoth he, I hae na meikle,
But sit 's I hae, ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three souns of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's hae the wedding dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quoth he, a bargain be 't,
I'm far frae hame, mak' haste, let 's do 't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythisome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our lads's een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

(Last Stanza.)
Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Sic daffin, laughin, and sic fun,
The minstrels they did never blin',
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
And ay they cross'd and merrily met,*
With a fal, dal, &c.

* The critical observer will find, that the Editor has taken the liberty of altering two lines of the last stanza, viz. the second and the sixth. He thought it a pity that there should be any thing in such a truly excellent song to render it objectionable in good company. But lest he should fall under the heavy displeasure of the antiquary, he shall subjoin the original lines. Would it were in his power to add the Name of the Author of the above most masterly composition. BURNS, with his characteristic enthusiasm, said, it had given him many a heart-ache to think, that the men of genius who had composed our fine Scottish lyrics should be unknown.

Original lines.

2. Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him.
6. And ay their wames together met.

THICKEST NIGHT O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

The Poet here supposes Lord Strathallan giving vent to his sorrows, while he lay concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the defeat and dispersion of his party, in following the fortunes of the Chevalier de St GEORGE. In the Poet's Memoranda respecting Scottish songs, we find the following notice of Strathallan's lament: "This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best hearted men living, Allan Masterton, Schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But, to tell the truth, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of vive la bagatelle."

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave.
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the Heavens deny'd success.
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend!

Strathallan's Lament.

178

Andante
risoluto.

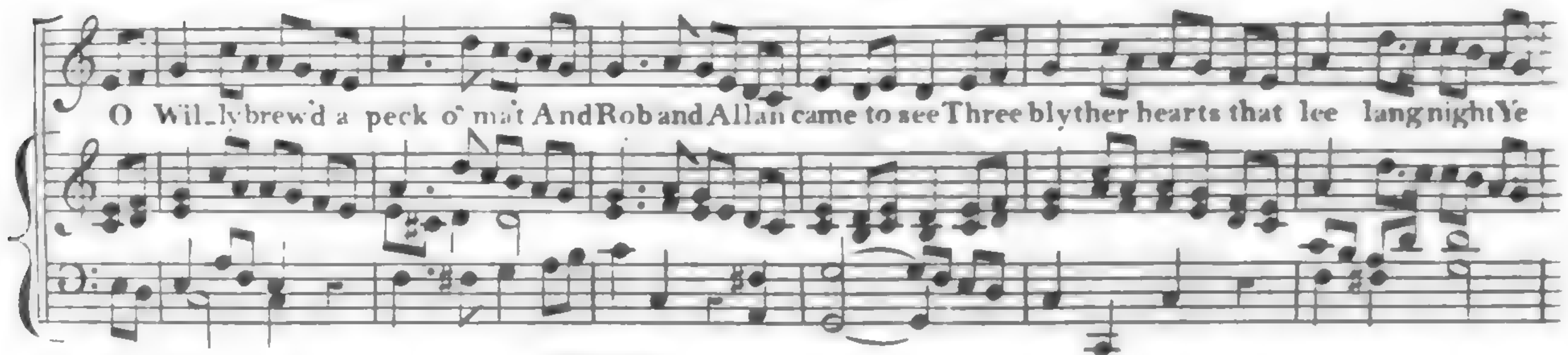
Thick-est night sur-round my dwell-ing How-ling tem-pests o'er me rave Tur-bid

tor-rents win-try swel-ling Roar-ing by my lone-ly Cave Chrystal

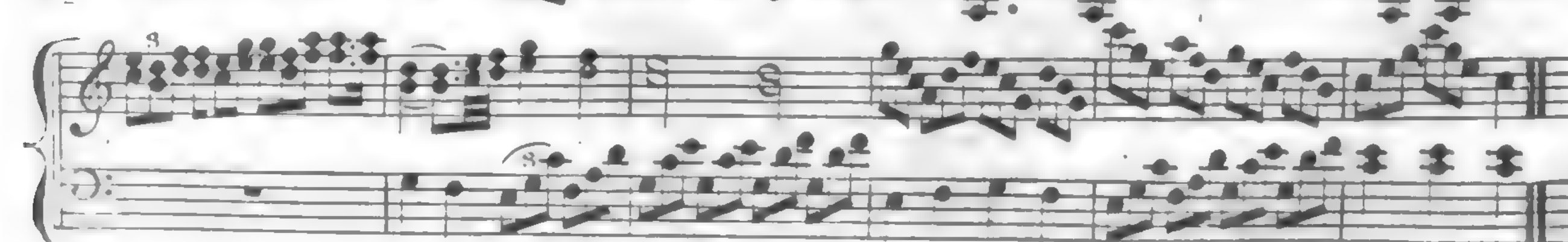
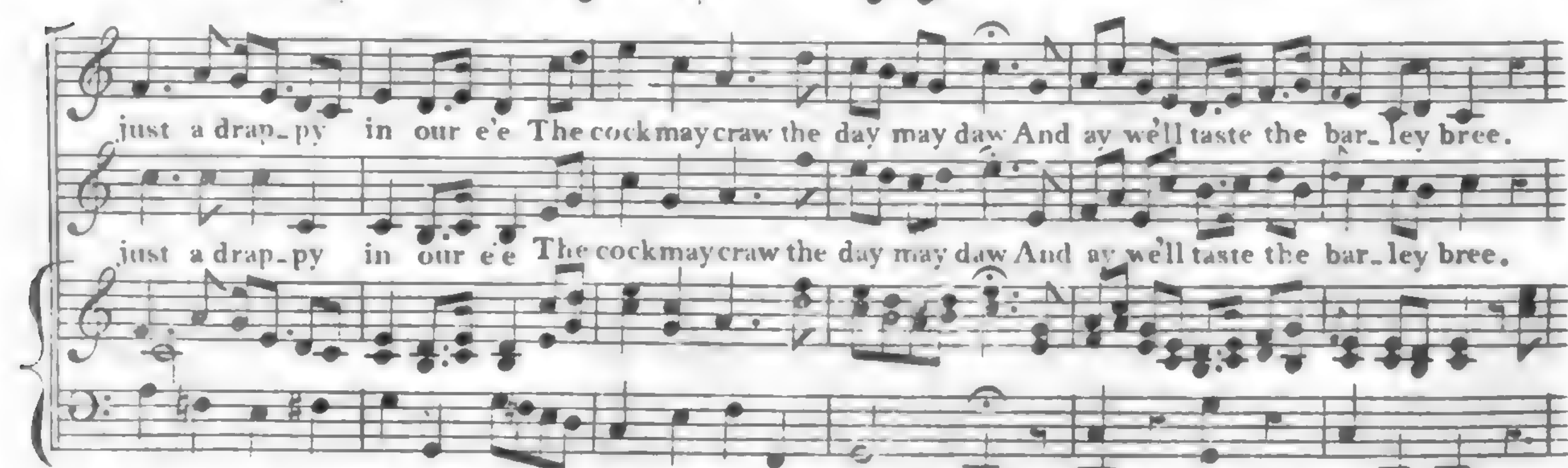
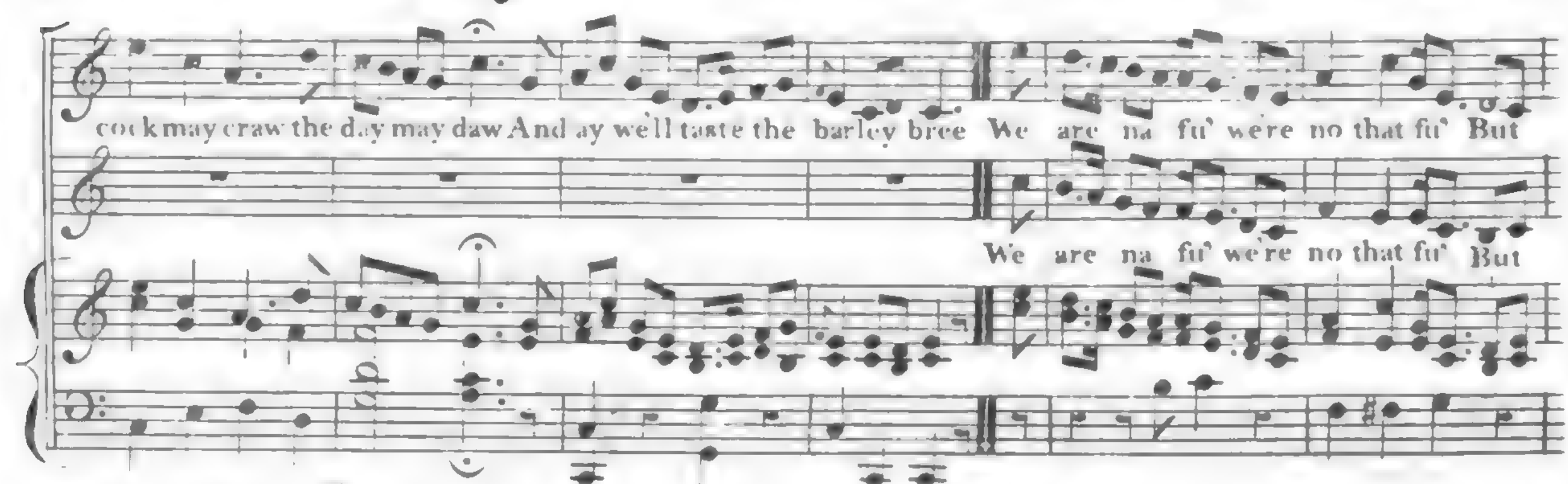
stream-lets gently flow-ing Bu-sy haunts of base man-kind Western

breez-es soft-ly blow-ing Suit not my dis-tract-ed mind.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante risoluto.' The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*The happy Topers.**Allegretto*

CHORUS



O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE HAPPY TOPERS.

The Poet says, "This Air is Allan Masterton's; the Song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr William Nicol, of the High-School, Edinburgh, during the Autumn vacation, being at Moffat, honest Allan, then on a visit to Dalswinton, and I, went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate it."

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to see,
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',
But just a drappy in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
We are na fu', &c.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',
But just a drappy in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
We are na fu', &c.

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',
But just a drappy in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
We are na fu', &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are na fu', we're nae that fu',
But just a drappy in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
We are na fu', &c.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE.

WRITTEN

By MISS BLAMIRE.

THE AIR COMPOSED FOR THE WORDS BY WILLIAM CLARKE, ORGANIST, EDINBURGH.

And never before published.

WHAT ails this heart of mine,
 What means this wat'ry e'e?
 What gars me ay turn could as death,
 When I tak' leave o' thee?
 When thou art far awa',
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
 But change o' place, and change o' folk
 May gar thy fancy jee.

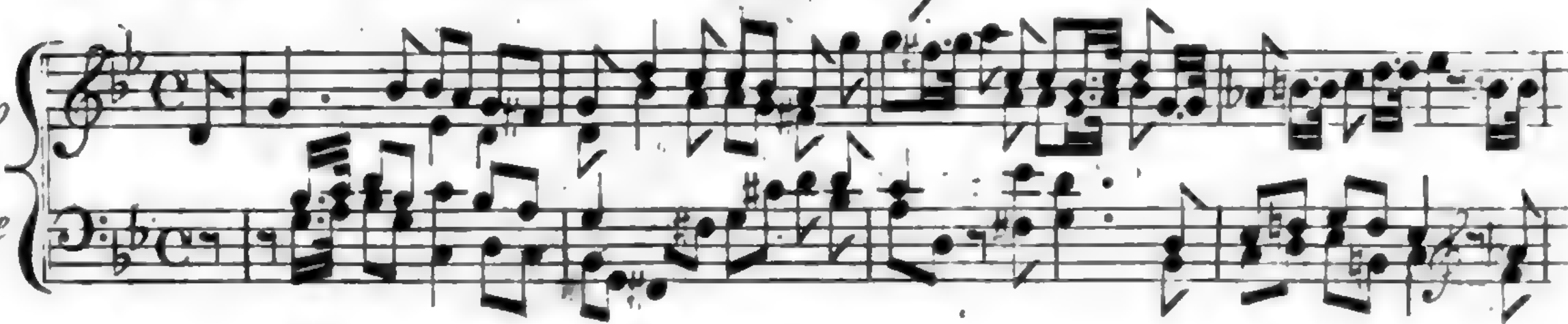
Then I'll sit down and moan,
 Beneath yon spreading tree,
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
 I'll ca't a word frae thee!
 Syne I'll gang to the bower
 Which thou wi' roses tied,
 'Twas there, by mony a blushing bud,
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee:
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale
 By ev'ry burn and tree.
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
 Though lovers absent be;
 And when I think I see thee still,
 I think I'm still with thee.

What ails this heart of mine.

180

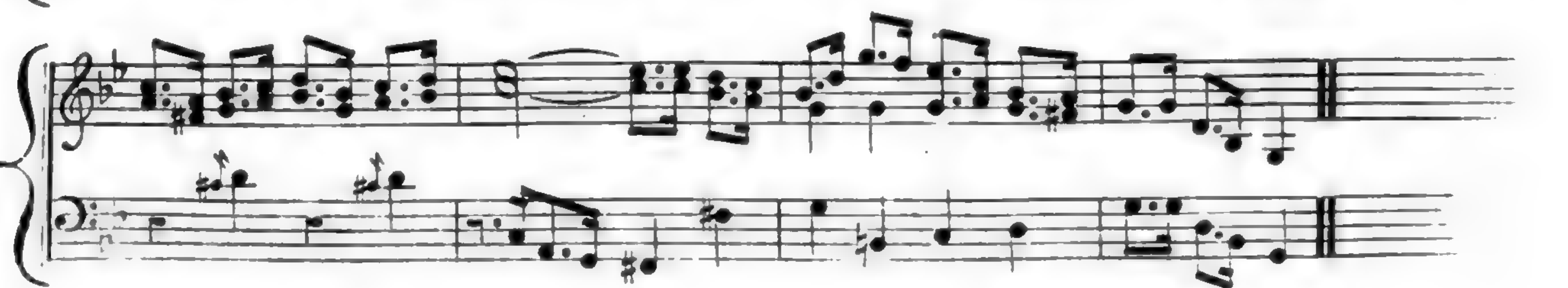
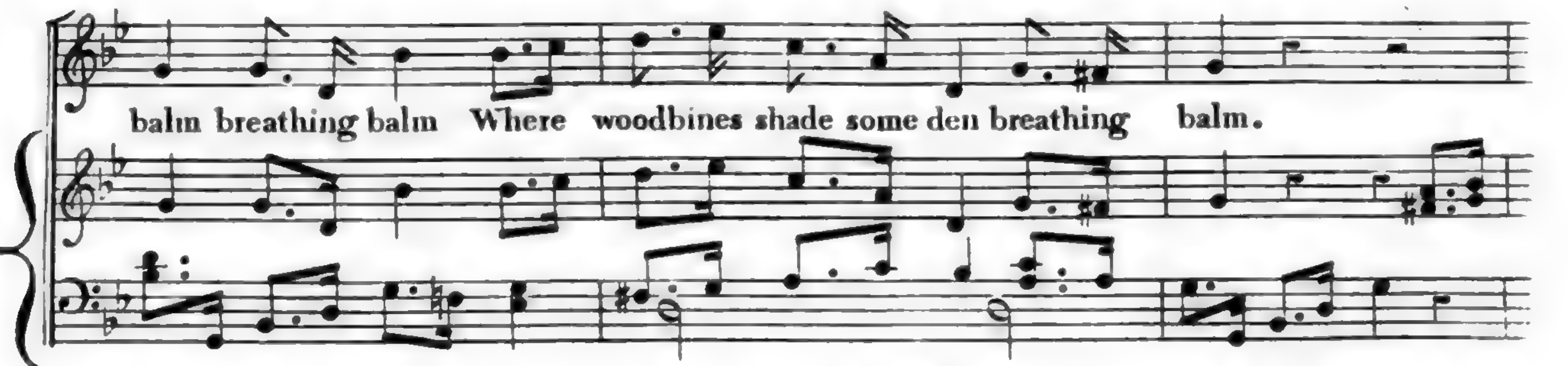
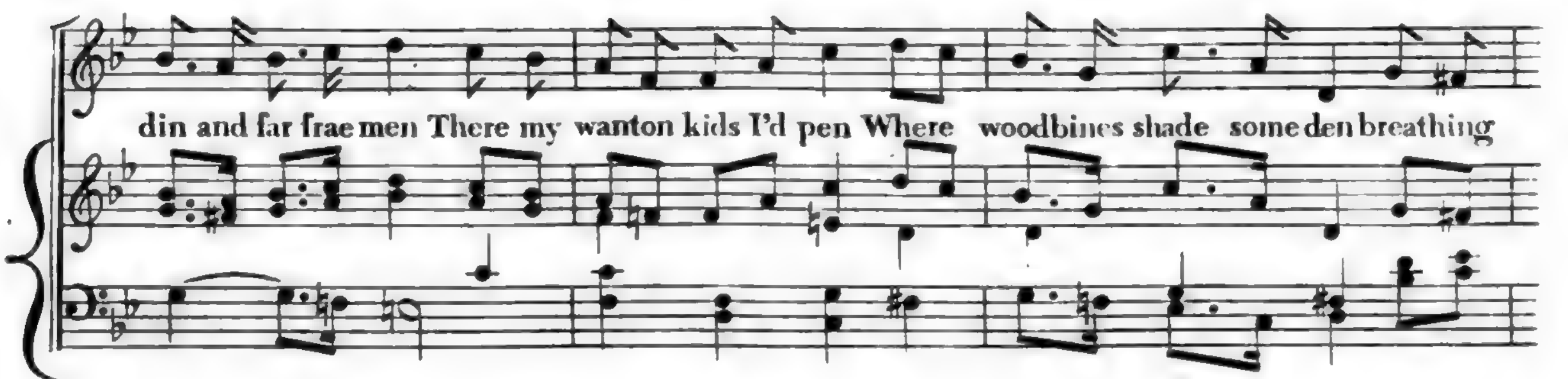
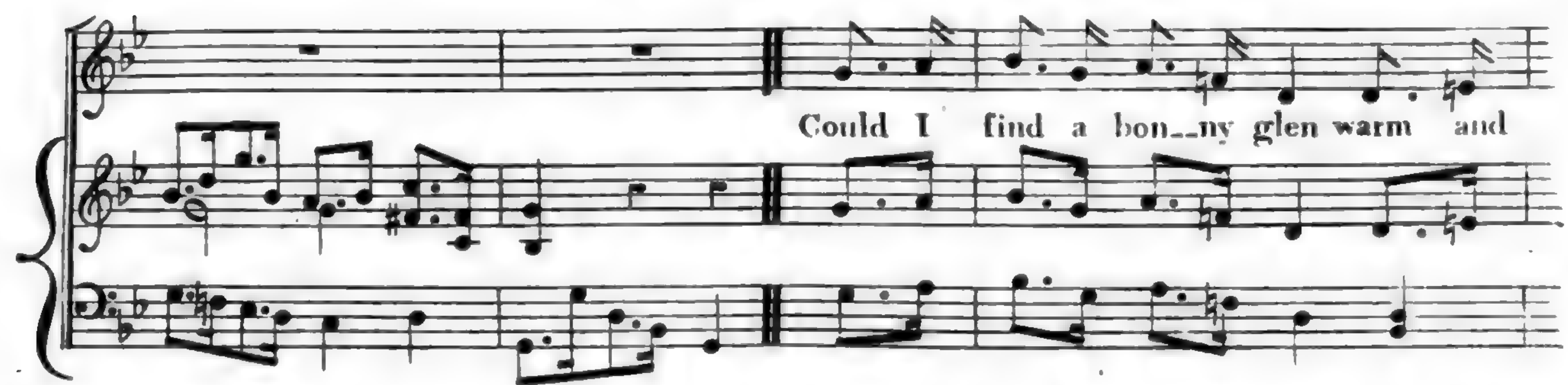
Duett
Andantino
con molto
espressione



What ails this heart of mine What means this woe
What ails this heart of mine What means this woe
When I come by turn could as death when I take leave of thee When thou art far away I should
When I come by turn could as death when I take leave of thee When thou art far away I should
dearer be to me But change of folk and change of place may part thy fond eye from me
dearer be to me But change of folk and change of place may part thy fond eye from me

And in the
espresso

The verses may also be sung to the following tune.

*Could I find a bonny glen. - Air. The wish.**Allegretto*

COULD I FIND A BONNY GLEN, WARM AND CALM, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

AIR—THE WISH.

COULD I find a bonny glen,
 Warm and calm, warm and calm,
 Could I find a bonny glen,
 Warm and calm ;
 Free frae din, and far frae men,
 There my wanton kids I'd pen,
 Where woodbines shade some den,
 Breathing balm, breathing balm,
 Where woodbines shade some den,
 Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill
 Shields the deer, shields the deer,
 Where the steep and woody hill
 Shields the deer ;
 Where the wood-lark singing shrill,
 Guards his nest beside the rill,
 And the thrush with tawny bill
 Warbles clear, warbles clear,
 And the thrush with tawny bill
 Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall
 Echoes round, echoes round,
 Where the dashing waterfall
 Echoes round ;
 And the rustling aspin tall,
 And the owl at ev'ning's call,
 Plaining from the ivy'd wall,
 Joins the sound, joins the sound,
 Plaining from the ivy'd wall,
 Joins the sound.

There my only love I'd own,
 All unseen, all unseen,
 There my only love I'd own,
 All unseen ;
 There I'd live for her alone,
 To the restless world unknown,
 And my heart should be the throne
 For my queen, for my queen ;
 And my heart should be the throne
 For my queen.

THERE LIV'D ANCE A CARLE IN KELLYBURN BRAES.

AIR—KELLYBURN BRAES.

This Song, which is said to be old, was communicated by BURNS, and probably received some touches from him.

THERE liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, "How do you fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
"But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have,
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony mad bear,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
Whae'er she gat hands on cam' near her nae mair,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,
"O help! master, help! or she'll ruin us a',"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I ha'e been a de'il now the sock o' my life,
"Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

So Cloutie was glad to return wi' his pack,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme;
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

HECH! WHAT A CHANGE—OR, OLD AND NEW TIMES IN EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

THE SAME AIR.

In singing the following words to the air, the crotchet which ends the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th lines, must be made two quavers; and a quaver must sometimes be added at the beginning of the lines.

HECH! what a change ha'e we now in this town!
The lads a' sae braw, the lasses sae glancin',
Folk maun be dizzie gaun ay in the roun',
For de'il a haet's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock,
When ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit staigie;
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock
But trotted about upon honest shanks-nagie.

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty house-wife to the flesh-market pac'd,
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as gude then, and friends were as leal,
Tho' coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin';
Right air we were tell't by the house-maid or chiel,
"Sir, an' ye please, here's your lass and a lantern."

The town may be clouted and pieced, till it meets
A' neebours benorth and besouth, without baltin';
Brigs may be biggit ower lums and ower streets,
The Nor' loch itsel' heaped heigh as the Calton.

But whar is true friendship, and whar will you see
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?
Tak' grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

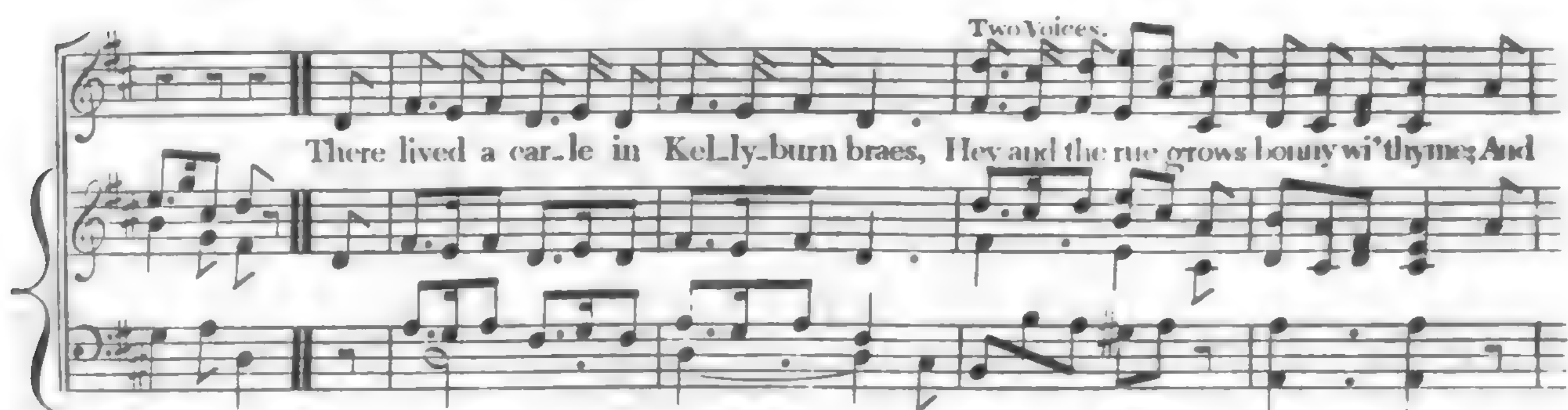
There lived a carle in Kellyburn braes. 182

Vivace.



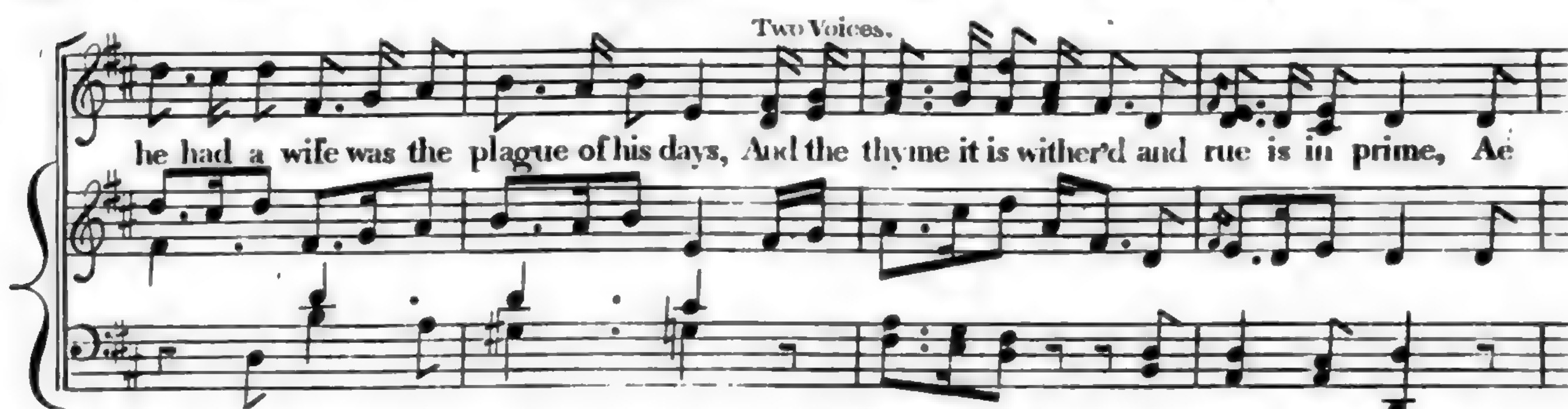
Two Voices.

There lived a car-le in Kel-ly-burn braes, Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme; And



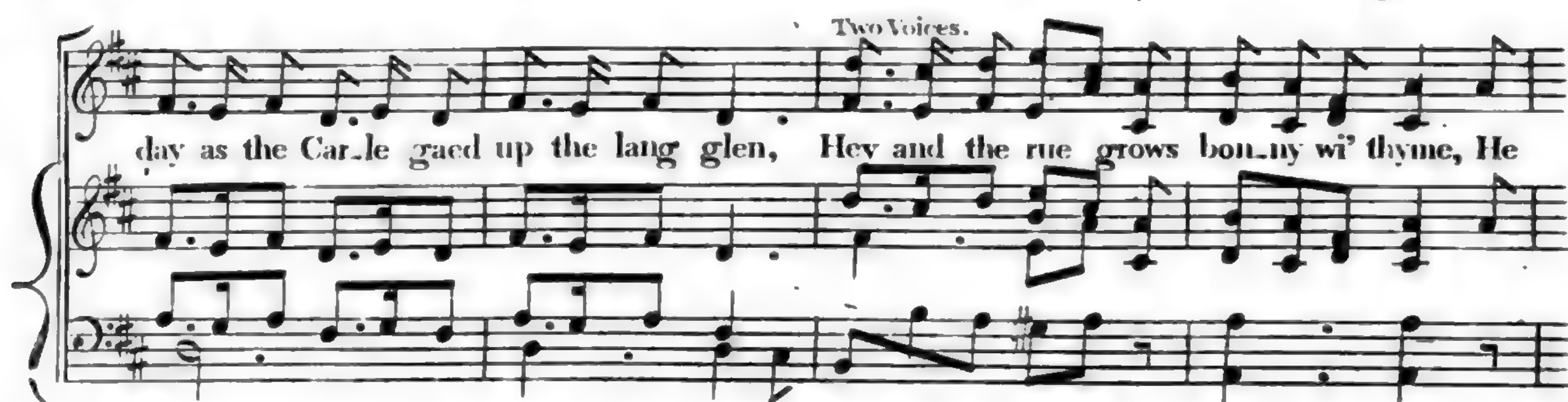
Two Voices.

he had a wife was the plague of his days, And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime, Ae



Two Voices.

day as the Car-le gaed up the lang glen, Hey and the rue grows bon-ny wi' thyme, He



Two Voices.

met wi' the deil wha said, how do ye fen, And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

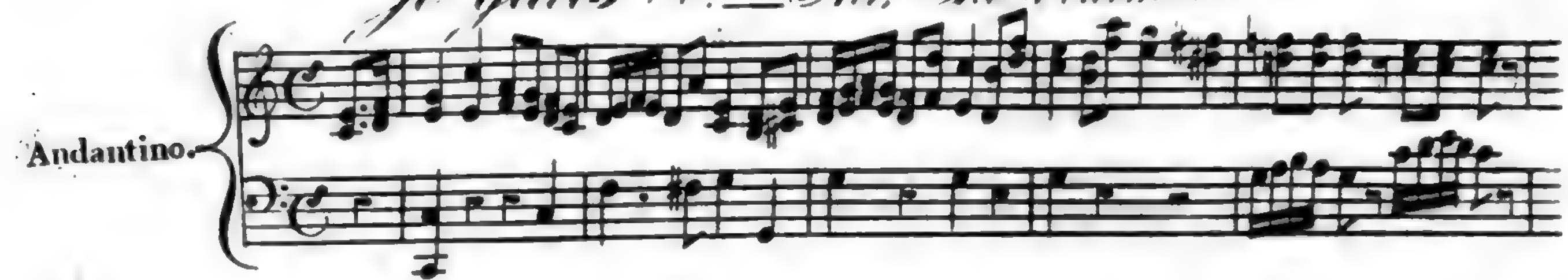


For: **Pia:** **pp**



Ye gales &c. — Air. The boatman

Andantino.



Violino.



YE GALES THAT GENTLY WAVE THE SEA.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—THE BOATMAN.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,
 Bear me from hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scot-man:
 In haly bands we join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 Ere I could for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot-man.
 Wae worth the man wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views love's arts to use,
 While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hause thee.
 Love gies the word, then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boatmen,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,
 My blythe, my bonny Scot-man.

HOW MILD THAT EVE THE SUN WENT DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.*

THE SAME AIR.

How mild that eve the sun went down,
 The west with roses strewing;
 How gently sigh'd the evening gale,
 The closing flowers bedewing;
 When first you promis'd to be mine,
 And in my arms reclining,
 Vow'd by the evening's lovely star,
 That hour so brightly shining.

The crimson light that hardly pierc'd
 The thorn's luxuriant blossom,
 With deeper blushes gently ting'd
 Thy glowing cheek and bosom.
 Oft yet I feel the balmy gale
 That breath'd, our soul's delighting,
 Oft yet I hear each warbler's song
 To love and joy inviting.

I hear the murmur of the rill
 Beneath the birches flowing;
 Still see the wild flowers varied hues
 That on its banks were growing.
 For ever dear shall mem'ry hold
 That evening's sacred pleasure!
 And dear the partner of its joys
 Beyond all earthly treasure!

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO BE A MAN.

WRITTEN BY

The Rev. JOHN SKINNER.

AIR—JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know ;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and ev'ry where,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down ;
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town :
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime,
A *Mistress* I must find ;
For love, they say, gives one an air,
And ev'n improves the mind :
On *Phillis* fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes ;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice :
To Cupid, then, with hearty pray'r,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do :
But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone ;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain,
To *Friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain :
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine ;
An honest friend 's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I ;
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply :
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd
He heard, and spurn'd my moan ;
I hied me home, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a *Patriot* turn ;
Began to dot on Johny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne.
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal.
But ere a month or two was past,
I found myself betray'd ;
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves
Insult the very throne,
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed :
I pitch'd on *Books* for company,
And gravely tried to read ;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And study'd night and day ;
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote
That happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth :
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none ;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below ;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name ;
For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take,
From such a man as me ;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree ;
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where,
Then do as I have done ;
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.

John of Badenyon.

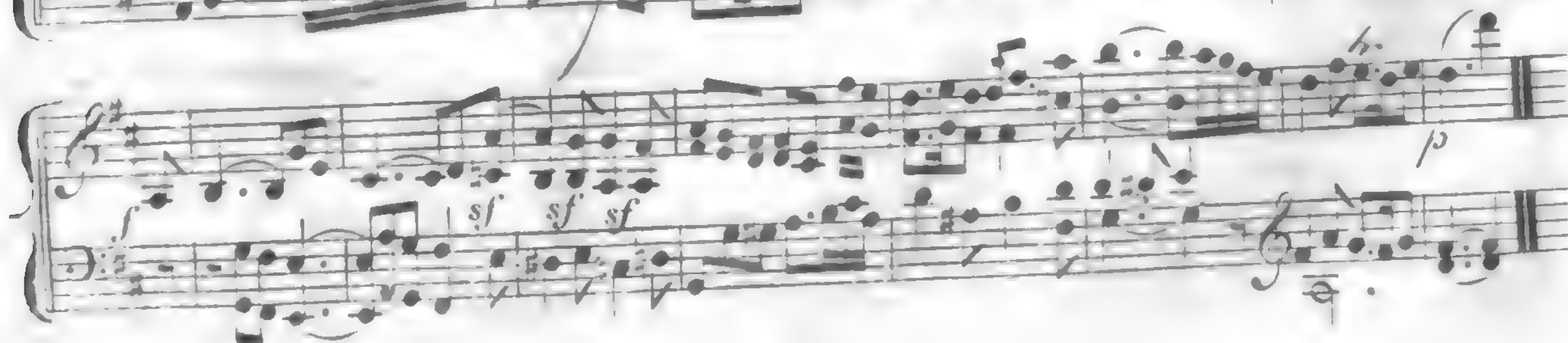
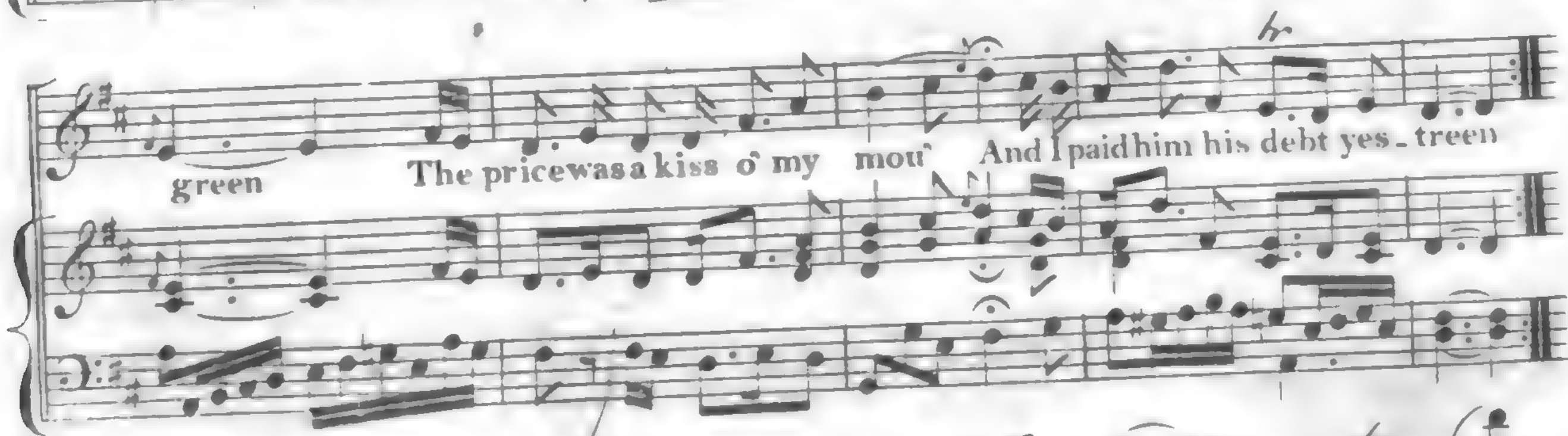
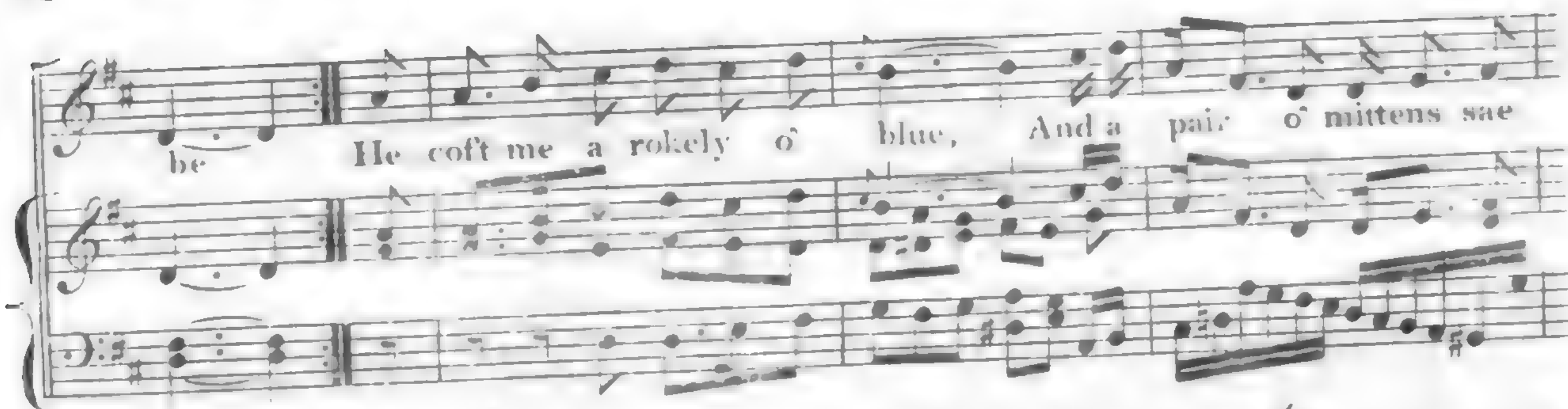
184

Andantino.

Pia. *For.*

When first I came to be a man of twenty years or so, I thought myself a handsome youth, And
fain the world would know, In best attire I stept a broad, With spirits brisk and gay, And
here and there and ev'ry where, Was like a morn in May. No care I had nor fear of want, But
rambled up and down, And for a beau I might have pass'd. In country or in town I still was pleas'd where—
e'er I went, And when I was a lone, I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself, With John of Badenyon.

The musical score is written for piano in a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Altogether Happy Dick Danson.

I LO'E NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

WRITTEN

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

AIR—HAPPY DICK DAWSON.

This Air is so like "My Lodging is on the cold ground," that the one must have been taken from the other.

I LO'E ne'er a laddie but ane,
 He loe's ne'er a lassie but me,
 He promis'd to mak me his ain,
 And his ain I surely will be.
 He coft me a rokely o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittens sae green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',
 And I paid him his debt yestreen.

My mither's ay making a fraise,
 And says I'm o'er young for a wife;
 But lang e'er she counted my days,
 My father had ta'en her for life;
 Sae, mither, just settle your tongue,
 And dinna be flyting sae bauld;
 For if we're not married when young,
 We'll never be married when auld.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land and their lordly degree;
 I carena for aught but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me:
 His words are sae sugar'd and sweet!
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
 I listen—poor fool! and I greet;
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say,
 "Tho' we've little to brag of, ne'er fear,
 "What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
 "Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 "Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
 "Now we, tho' we've naething but health,
 "Are canty and leal evermair.

"O Marion! the heart that is true
 "Has something mair costly than gear;
 "Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
 "Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
 "Ye wardlings! gae hoard up your store,
 "And tremble for fear aught ye tyne:
 "Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 "While thus in my arms I lock mine."

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,
 Wacs me! can I tak' it amiss,
 When a lad sae unpractis'd in guile,
 Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kiss!
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 Your lovers wi' fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks—for I've gi'en my consent,
 And this night I'll tak' Jamie for life.

KEEN BLAWS THE WIND, &c.—A FRAGMENT.

By Mr PICKERING.

AIR—THE MINSTREL.

KEEN blows the wind o'er Donocht head,
 The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,
 The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale—
 "Cauld is the night, O let me in,
 "And dinna let your minstrel fa'!
 "And dinna let his winding-sheet
 "Be naething but a wreath o' snaw!

"Full ninety winters have I seen,
 "And piped where gorcocks whirring flew,
 "And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
 "To lilt which from my drone I blew!"
 My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,
 "Get up, gudeman, and let him in,

"For weel ye ken the winter night
 "Was short when he began his din."
 My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet!
 E'en tho' she bans and scolds a wee,
 But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,
 O haith! its doubly dear to me.
 "Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,
 "I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
 "Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
 "You should na stray sae far frae hame."
 "Nae hame have I," the minstrel said,
 "Sad party strife o'erturned my ha',
 "And, weeping, at the eve of life,
 "I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw!"

AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER.—A VISION.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care.
 The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The fox was howling o'er the hill,
 And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.
 The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

* By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And, by the moon-beam, shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be:
 Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His daring look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,
 The sacred posy—LIBERTIE.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear,
 But, oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!
 He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna venture't in my rhymes †

* Variation.—Now looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
 When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

† The following note is from the pen of Dr CURRIE: "This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed in JOHNSON'S Museum, is here given from the Poet's MS., with his last corrections. The scenery, so finely described, is taken from nature. "The Poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden, and by the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, founded "in the twelfth century, of whose present situation the reader may find some account in PENNANT'S Tour in Scotland, or "GROSE'S Antiquities of that division of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aerial "beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, "would forgive its being omitted. Our Poet's prudence suppressed the song of Libertie, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. "It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the "grandeur and solemnity of this preparation."

The Minstrel.

186

Andante
espressivo



Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale The



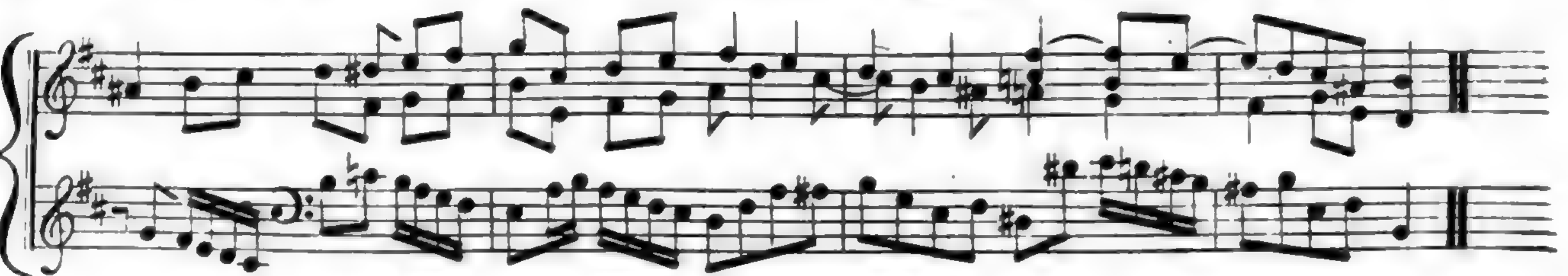
Ga--ber--lun--zie tirls my sneck And shiv'ring tells his wae--fu tale. Cauld



is the night O let me in, And din--na let your minstrel fa' And



din--na let his wind--ing sheet Be nae--thing but a wreath of snaw.



'Tis nae very lang - tir The blythesome bridal.

Allarghetto



'TIS NAE VERY LANG SINSYNE.

AIR—FY LET'S A' TO THE BRIDAL.

Tis nae very lang sinsyne
That I had a lad of my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
The lass he's courting has siller,
And I hae nane at a';
'Tis nought but the love o' the tocher
That's taen my lad awa'.

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't mysel,
That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fu' clean and fu' tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've seldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin mysel.
And when I am clad in my curt'sey,
I think mysel as braw
As Susie, wi' a her pearling,
That's taen my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does alight me, and 's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blythe that I've miss'd him,
As blythe as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit and scant;
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld,
I ken when to haud and to gi'e;
But whinging and cringing for siller,
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
And he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad would cast up,
To mak' me his partner for life,
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

THE DOGS,—A POLITICAL SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

You ask me why great dogs should snarle,
When we little dogs can agree?
I answer—the cause of all quarrel
Is nought but—the love of a fee.
Look round for a clear illustration;
Look round, and as clearly you'll see,
That every great dog in his station
Is snarling for love of a fee.

The first on the list of the great, Sir,
Is mighty great Bonaparté:
He quarrels with kingdom and state, Sir,
Unbounded dominion's his fee.
The great dog of all the great Prussias
Snarl'd fierce till he met Dumouris,
Then run—broke his word, and ne'er blushes,
But laughs at John Bull for his fee.

From kings, Sir, look down to our commons,
Ev'n there, too, great dogs disagree;
All bark about freedom, like Romans,
But all for the love of a fee.
Our *demo-dogs* all turn debate dogs
And yelp under LIBERTY's lee;
Make *every* thing bad in our state-dogs,
And howl for the—*want* of a fee.

Our *loyal* dogs bark what they're able,
Make every thing happy and free;
Look round to the treasury table,
And modestly bawl for a fee:
Each party the other despises,
(The Outs and Inns ne'er can agree)
Self interest's the blister that rises,
The plaster that heals is a fee.

Make Brinsley the clerk of the Navy,
Give Charlie the Exchequer key,
I warrant they soon cry *peccavi*,
And snarle no more for a fee.
See Billy, the boast of our nation,
None once was more snarling than he;
But, mark, now!—how calm in his station,
For long has he finger'd the fee.

You ask, then, if truth is a vapour?
And honour vain phantoms that flee?
I answer, if truth lights the taper,
The extinguisher's always a fee.
Then ask not why great dogs will quarrel,
But wonder how such e'er agree,
Dogs must shew their teeth when they snarle
For the bone of contention—a fee.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR--THE WHITE COCKADE.

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,
The lawland laws he held in scorn ;
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the land,
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
And good claymore down by his side,
The ladies hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman !
Sing hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;
For a lawland face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman !
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman !
Sing hey, &c.

But oh ! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast ;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman !
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return ;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman !
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the land,
Was match for my John Highlandman.

THE OLD SONG.

THE SAME AIR.

MY love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He takes the field wi' his white cockade.
O he's a ranting, roving lad,
He is a brisk and bonny lad,
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude grey mare, and hawkit cow,
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
O he's a ranting, roving lad,
He is a brisk and bonny lad,
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

Highland lad. - Air. The white cockade. 188

*Vivace
Brillante
ma non
troppo presto*

A highland lad my Love was born, The lawland laws he held in scorn, But he still was faithful

to his clan, My gallant braw John Highlandman. Sing hey my braw John Highlandman, Sing

ho my braw John Highlandman, There's not a lad in a' the land, Was match for my John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman, Sing ho my braw John Highlandman, There's not a Lad in a' the land, Was match for my John Highlandman.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman, Sing ho my braw John Highlandman, There's not a lad in a' the land, Was match for my John Highlandman.

Violino.

*The old Highland laddie.**Allegretto*

The musical score is written for piano and violin. The piano part is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score consists of several systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'The law-land maids gang trig and fine But aft they're sour and un-co sau-cy Sae'. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'proud they ne-ver can be kind Like my good humour'd high-land Lassie.'. The fourth system continues with 'O my bonny bonny high-land Lassie My hear-ty smiling high-land Lassie May'. The fifth system continues with 'ne-ver care make thee less fair But bloom of youth still bless my Lassie.'. The sixth system is a violin solo, indicated by the word 'Violino.' at the beginning of the staff. The violin part is written in G major and common time, featuring a melodic line with some trills and grace notes. The piano accompaniment for the violin solo is also shown.

The law-land maids gang trig and fine But aft they're sour and un-co sau-cy Sae

proud they ne-ver can be kind Like my good humour'd high-land Lassie.

O my bonny bonny high-land Lassie My hear-ty smiling high-land Lassie May

ne-ver care make thee less fair But bloom of youth still bless my Lassie.

Violino.

THE LAWLAND MAIDS GANG TRIG AND FINE.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR—THE OLD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
 Sae proud they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My hearty smiling highland lassie;
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows-town,
 Wha mak' their cheeks with patchies motie,
 I'd tak' my Katie but a gown,
 Barefooted, in her little coatie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
 My flighterin' heart gangs pittie-pattie.
 O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me, let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My hearty smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

COME, FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonny lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody:
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
 Wou'd make me longer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

IRISH AIR—OONAGH.

The Heroine of these Verses was Miss Lorimer of Craigieburn near Moffat.

S	AE flaxen were her ringlets,	Like harmony her motion ;
	Her eye-brows of a darker hue,	Her pretty ancle is a spy,
	Bewitchingly o'er-arching	Betraying fair proportion,
	Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.	Wou'd make a saint forget the sky ;
	Her smiling, sae wiling,	Sae warming, sae charming,
	Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe ;	Her faultless form and graceful air ;
	What pleasure, what treasure,	Ilk feature !—auld Nature
	Unto these rosy lips to grow !	Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair !
	Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,	Her's are the willing chains o' love,
	When first her bonnie face I saw ;	By conquering beauty's sov'reign law ;
	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
	She says she lo'es me best of a'.	She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon ;
 Fair beaming, and streaming
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang ;
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets. Air, Conough. 190

Allegretto

1 2 3 4 5
Sae flaxen were her ring-lets, Her eye-brows of a darker hue Be-witching-ly over

6 7 8 9 10 11
arch-ing twa laughing een of bonny blue Her smil-ing, sae wyl-ing Would make a wretch for-

12 13 14 15 16 17
-get his woe, What pleasure what trea-sure un-to those ro-sy lips to grow, Such was my Chloris

18 19 20 21 22
bonny face When first her bon-ny face I saw And ay my Chloris dearest charm She

23 24 Violino.
says she loe's me best of a?

The pawky auld carle... the brisk young lad

Allegretto
piuttosto
Vivace.

The pawky auld Carle came o'er the lea Wi' mo'ny good leens and days to me Say'n
goodwife for your courtesy Will ye lodge a silly poor man. The night was cauld the
carle was wet And down a-yont the in-gle he sat My daughters shouthers gan to clap And
loudly ranted and sang.

Tune, to which the above words were formerly united.

Allegretto.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

By KING JAMES V.

ON AN ADVENTURE OF HIS OWN, WHILE ON A RAMBLE IN THE DISGUISE OF AN OLD BEGGAR OR TINKER.

AIR—THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

The Editor finds that the following ballad may be sung with much greater effect to this air, than to the tune with which the verses have commonly been joined; "the brisk young lad" being a lively air, within the compass of every ordinary voice, while the other air not only wants vivacity, but requires a range of voice which few possess, and of course is seldom or never sung. The Editor has therefore united this excellent humorous ballad to the livelier air; but, to satisfy those who wish to see the other tune, it is engraved at the foot of the plate. The critical reader will perceive, that, in some instances, the Editor has been obliged to shorten the word Gaberlunzie, and slightly to alter a few words for the sake of the Singer; but it is to be observed, that greater alterations would be necessary if the ballad were sung with the former tune, which does not by any means suit the measure, any more than the spirit of the lines; so that it seems more than questionable whether the one was ever intended for the other.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' mony gude-eens and days to me,
Saying, "Gudewife, for your courtesie,
"Will ye lodge a silly poor man?"
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo' he, "were I as free
"As first when I saw this countrie,
"How blythe and merry wad I be!
"And I wad never think lang."
He grew canty, she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa together were saying,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

"And O!" quo' he, "were ye as black
"As e'er the crown o' my daddie's hat,
"On a' my kin I'd turn my back,*
"And awa wi' thee I wou'd gang."
"And Oh!" quo' she, "were I as white,
"As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
"I'd cleid me braw, and lady like,
"And awa' with thee I wou'd gang."

Between the twa was made a plot—
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wylily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent they're gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To spier for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clap'd her hands, cry'd, "Duleful day!
"For some o' our gear will be gane."
Some ran to coffer and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, "Praise be blest!
"I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

'Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
'The kirk's to kirk, and milk to yearn,
'Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
'And bid her come quickly ben.'
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
'Gudewife!' she cry'd, 'O welladay!'
'She's aff wi' the silly poor man!'

'O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
'And haste, these traitors find again!
'For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
'The wearifu' beggarly man!
Some rode upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
She cou'dna gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Meantime, far hind out owre the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa in kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The prieving was gude, it pleas'd them baith;
To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith:
Quo' she, 'to leave thee I will be laith,
'My winsome Gab'lunzie man.

'O kend my minnie I were wi' you,
'Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou;
'Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
'After the Gab'lunzie man.'
"My dear," quo' he, "ye're yet owr young,
"And hae nae learnt the beggar's tongue
"To carry wi' me frae town to town
"The Gaberlunzie on.

"Wi' caulk and keel I'll win your bread,
"And spinnels and whorles for them wha need;
"Whilk is a gentle trade to speed
"The Gaberlunzie on.
"I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee;
"And draw a black clout owr my e'e;
"A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
"While we shall be merry and sing."

* The Editor has also taken the liberty to alter the two lines marked with a star, as they appeared to him rather awkwardly worded; but, in order to satisfy the Antiquary, the original lines are here subjoined.

'Tis I wad lay thee by my back.
And fast to her gudewife 'gan to say.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

AIR—TIBBIE FOWLER.

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her,
 Seven but, and seven ben,
 And mony mair are wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, puing at her,
 Courting at her, canna get her;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
 Ten cam rowing o'er the water;
 Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,
 There's twa and thirty wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, puing at her,
 Courting at her, canna get her;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
 Cockle-shells wad set her better;
 High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
 And a' the lads are wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, puing at her,
 Courting at her, canna get her;
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 If she hae the name o' siller,
 Set her up on Tintoc tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.
 Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
 If she want the penny siller,
 A flie may fell her i' the air
 Before there come a man till her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

WILLIE WASTLE'S WIFE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony body;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter;
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baurins by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a washin:
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves, like midden creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Tibbie Fowler.

192

*Scherzando
ma non
troppo presto*

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The music is written for piano and features a lively, scherzando character. It consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand providing a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Scherzando ma non troppo presto'.

First system of the song. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'Tibbie Fowler o' the glen there's owre mony wooing at her, Seven but and seven ben And mony mair'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Scherzando ma non troppo presto'.

Second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'woeing at her. Wooing at her, pu'ing at her, Courting at her canna get her filthy elf its for her pelf that'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system. The tempo is marked 'Scherzando ma non troppo presto'.

Chorus section of the song. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'a' the lads are wooing at her. Wooing at her pu'ing at her Courting at her canna get her, Wooing at her pu'ing at her Courting at her canna get her,'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Scherzando ma non troppo presto'.

Final system of the song. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'filthy elf its for her pelf that a' the lads are wooing at her. filthy elf its for her pelf that a' the lads are wooing at her.'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Scherzando ma non troppo presto'.

Let my Lass be young.

Violino

*Allegretto
piu tosto
Vivace.*

Let my lass be young my wine be old, My cottage snug, friends

ne- ver cold, My life no te dious tale twice told, And happy shall I be

Tempt me not with pageant pow'r, Nor give to me the miser's board But may contentment

Violino

cheer my bow'r And plenty deck my board *for* *sf* *sf* *sf*

The above Air, the three Captains, with Haydn's Symph. & Accompan. first publish'd in 1817
instead of a meagre Air in the former editions call'd Sir Patrick Spence.

LET MY LASS BE YOUNG, MY WINE BE OLD.

WRITTEN AND HERE PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF

ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

IRISH AIR—THE THREE CAPTAINS.

This lively and very pleasing Air is introduced in the present Edition instead of a meagre air, called SIR PATRICK SPENCE, which the Editor rather inadvertently admitted into the first Edition of his Work. The following Verses will be found quite appropriate to the new Air.

LET my lass be young, my wine be old,
 My cottage snug, friends never cold,
 My life no tedious tale twice told,
 And happy shall I be.
 Tempt me not with pageant power,
 Nor give to me the Miser's hoard;
 But may Contentment cheer my bower,
 And Plenty deck my board.

The selfish wretch in pride may roll,
 And viands cull from pole to pole;
 My purse shall serve each kindred soul,
 And set the hapless free.
 These, when partial Fate has given,
 These with health to taste the store,
 Earth itself becomes a heaven,
 And nought to wish for more.

NOW WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—EDINBURGH KATE.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill;
 Since ye're out of your mother's sight,
 Let's tak a walk up to the hill.

O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while;
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile;
 The mavis, blackbird, and the lark,
 The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk your brow.
 We'll pu' the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And rest upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that caller shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And breathe the tender tale of love.*

* The critical reader will perceive that the Editor has made a slight alteration upon the last line of each of the two last stanzas of the above Song.

KATE'S ANSWER.

ALSO WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRIN OWR ME.

My mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me,
 I canna get leave to look at my Love,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak your offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
 Then, Sandy, you'll fret, and wyte your poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
 Of siller, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear,
 And sae we hae need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o' your land, and there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

Now wat ye &c. Sir Edinburgh Kate. 194

Andantino
grazioso

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen Coming down the street my Jo! My mistress in her tartan kilt
bonny braw and sweet my Jo. My dear quoth I thanks to the night, That never wish'd a lover ill Since
ye're out of your mother's sight I'll stae a' wa' up to the hill.

The Answer.

Allergretto

My mother's ay a' lowti o'er me she did the same be fore me I canna get leave to
leat my Love Or else shell bel to devour me, Right fain you are, I'll be your of fer Sweet Sir but I'll fire my
to - cher Then Sandy you'll set and wyte your poor Kate When e'er ye keep in your toom cof - fer.

195 *When o'er the hill the lea rig -*

Allegretto

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rapid, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

When o'er the hill the eas-tern star tells buehtin time is near my Jo; And

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

cat - tle frae the furrow'd field re - turn see dowf and weary O Down

The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chords and moving lines in both hands.

by the burn where scotted birks wi' dew are hang - ing clear my Jo, I'll

The third line of the song. The vocal melody remains consistent in style. The piano accompaniment continues to support the melody with rhythmic patterns.

meet thee on the lea rig my ain bird der - ri. O!

The fourth line of the song. The piano accompaniment shows some dynamic markings, including a piano (*p*) and a crescendo (*cres*) leading into the final line.

The final line of the song, which is purely instrumental for the piano. It features a concluding cadence with a final chord in both hands, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

WHEN O'ER THE HILL THE EASTERN STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
 And owsen frae the furrowed field
 Return sae dowf and weary O:
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
 I'd rove and ne'er be irie O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Adown the burn to steer, my jo:
 Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It makes my heart sae cheery O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

YE BRAES OF TOUCH, HOW SWEET YE SMILE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By A LADY.

THE SAME AIR.

YE braes of Touch,* how sweet ye smile,
 When ev'ning lingers in the sky;
 Your lovely shades my cares beguile
 Ev'n seen thro' sorrow's wat'ry eye.
 Not fairer flowers Arcadia blest,
 Not sweeter Tempe's verdant vale,
 When in thy green retreats I rest,
 Where music floats on ev'ry gale.

Ye braes of Touch, how fresh ye bloom,
 When spring calls forth her earliest flow'rs,
 I feel my heart its peace resume
 When shelter'd in your vocal bow'rs.

Your dashing falls, your tranquil groves,
 Your wand'ring streams that murmur sweet,
 Where ease reclines, and freedom roves
 Around the Muse's fav'rite seat.

Your every wildly-varied charm,
 When bright with summer's ardent beams,
 Can wounded mem'ry's power disarm,
 And raise the soul to happier themes.

Ye braes of Touch, how gay ye smile,
 When rising larks salute the day,
 Your rural charms my cares beguile,
 And wake the long forgotten lay.

* TOUCH, near Stirling, the seat of ARCHIBALD SETON, Esq.—The word is pronounced with the guttural sound of the Scottish dialect; but as that sound would be difficult to the English singer, it may be pronounced as if it were spelled TOUK.

THE GYPSIE'S CAME TO OUR GOOD LORD'S GATE.

AIR—JOHNY FAW—OR, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

Some verses commonly printed as part of this ballad, are here omitted, as being unfit for this work. BURNS, in his Memoranda on Scottish Song, says, that Johnny Faw is the only old Song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

THE Gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae compleat,
That down came our fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
Wi' a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They coost the glamer o'er her.

'O come with me,' says Johnny Faw,
'O come with me, my deary;
'For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,
'Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

"Here, tak frae me this gay mantle,
"And bring to me a plaidie;
"Tho' kith and kin and a' had sworn,
"I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
"And my good lord beside me;
"This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
"Whatever shall betide me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
"She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
"Gae saddle and make him ready,
"Before I either eat or sleep,
"I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Of courage stout and steady,
And we were a' put down for aye,
A fair young wanton lady.

A person of the name of JOHNE FAW is said to have been king of the Gypsies in the time of JAMES V., who, about the year 1542, issued a curious proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist Johnne Faw, there stiled, "Lord and Erle of Littil Egypt," in seizing and securing certain fugitive gypsies, in order that they might be punished by Johnne, their lord and master, conform to his laws; for which purpose the magistrates were to lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. And the king charges his lieges not to molest the said Johnne Faw, and his company, in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty; and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners, were ordered to receive him and his company, upon their expenses, for furthering them to parts beyond sea. See M. Laurin's Remarkable Cases, p. 774.

It is not improbable that this Johnne Faw is the Hero of the above ballad; and the rank and title of the Heroine seems to be ascertained, from the following verse of a different copy:

There was seven gypsies in a gang,
And they were brisk and bonny, O,
And they're to be hanged all in a row,
For the Erle of Castle's lady, O.

Cassilis.

CRAZ'D WALTER CAME TO OUR LADY'S GATE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

CRAZ'D WALTER came to our lady's gate,
And he sung sad and sweetly;
"O soft is the smile of my lovely Kate,
"It melts my soul completely."
The lady view'd with a scornful frown
The gentle maniac's sorrow,
"O look not on me so proudly down,
"I'll wed you, love, to-morrow.

"I'll twine a chaplet round your brow
"Of rue, and the wilding's blossom;
"I'll plunge where spreading lilies grow,
"In yon still water's bosom.
"No roof defends me from the sky,
"No blazing hearth does cheer me,
"When wand'ring late where owls do cry,
"The passing strangers fear me.

"When bright the frosty moon shines late,
"Through dark blue skies so clearly,
"Come, see my haunt, O lovely Kate,
"Where I watch the day-spring early.

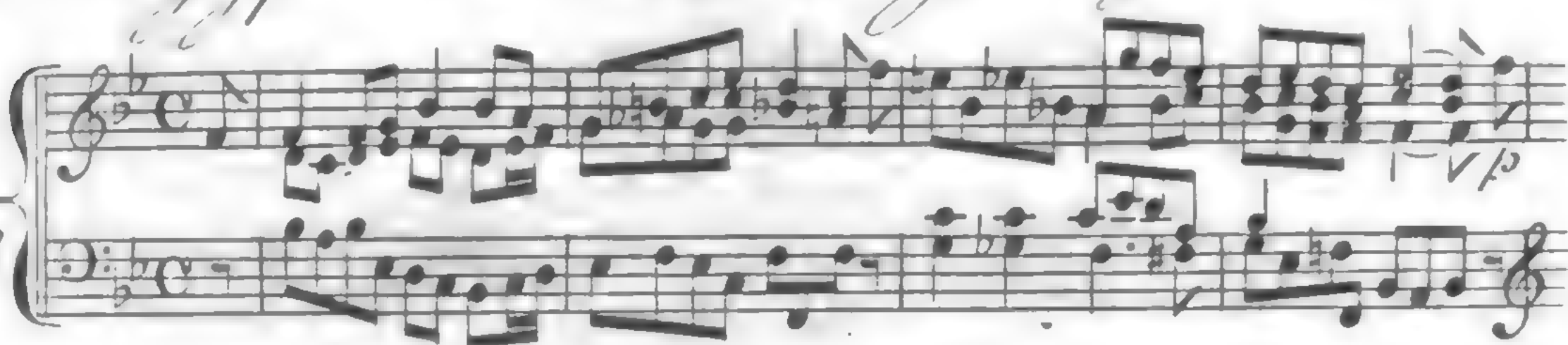
"Beneath yon broad-oak's solemn shade,
"The wither'd leaves I gather;
"There is poor Walter's lowly bed,
"In wild and wintery weather.

"There, in the dreary hour of night,
"When stormy clouds are flying,
"I watch your chamber's distant light,
"To view your shadow trying.
"When slumber wraps your careless mind
"In downie ease reclining,
"My love-notes mingle with the wind,
"In restless anguish pining.

"Frown, ye dark storms of angry night,
"Come with your terrors round me;
"Chace from my brain that smile so bright,
"The look that first did wound me.
"Or smile once more, my lovely Kate,
"To soothe poor Walter's sorrow;
"Think of the wretched wanderer's fate,
"Who sees no joyful morrow."

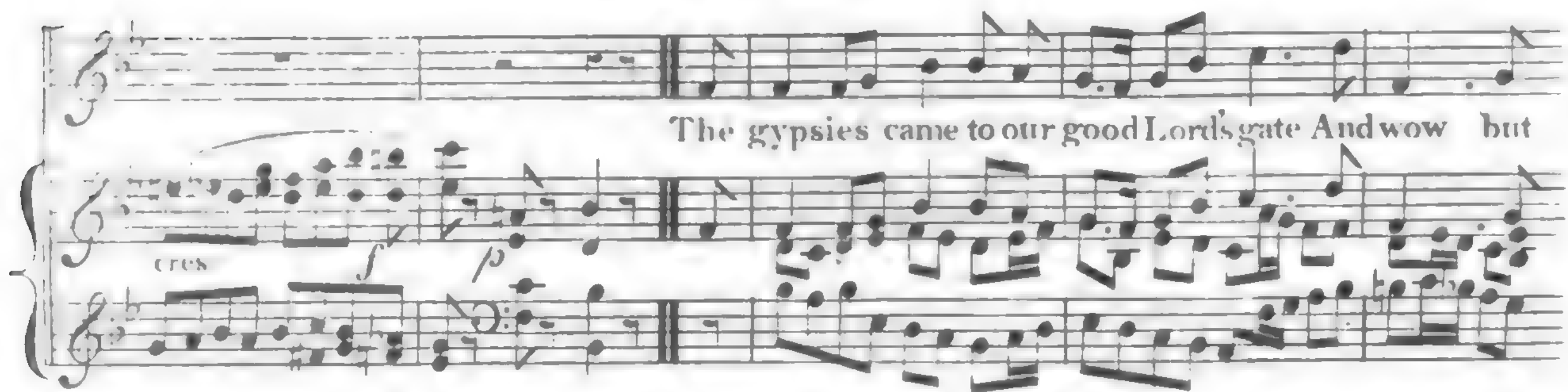
196
The gypsies came. Air, Johnny Faw.

*Andante
espressivo*



Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the expression is 'espressivo'. The piece ends with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate And woe but



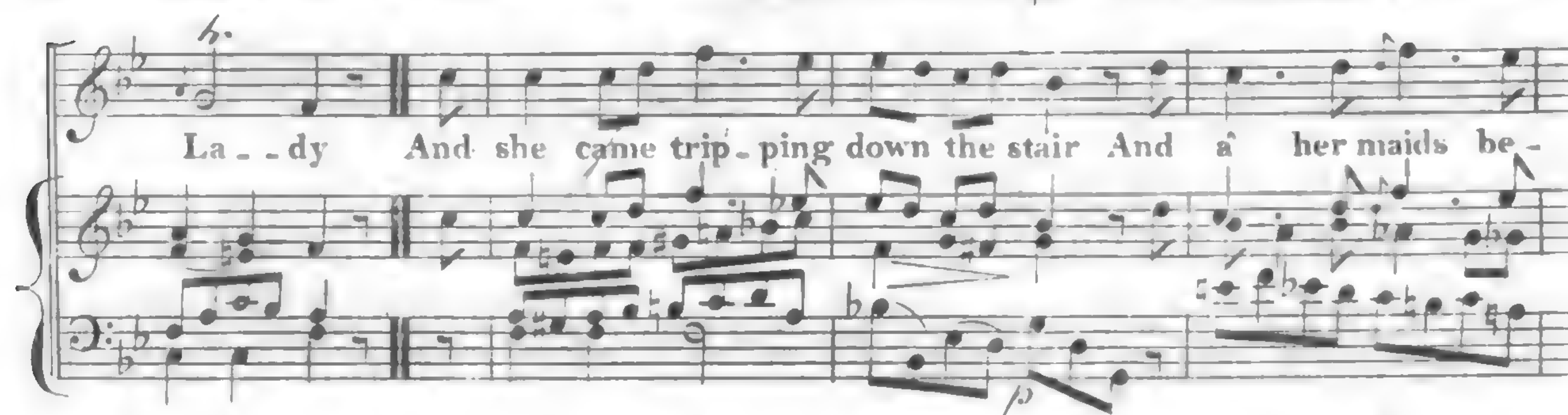
First system of the song. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate And woe but'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include 'cres' (crescendo) and 'p' (piano).

they sang sweet-ly They sang sae sweet and sae complete, That down came the fair



Second system of the song. The vocal line continues with 'they sang sweet-ly They sang sae sweet and sae complete, That down came the fair'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include 'p' (piano).

La - - dy And she came trip-ping down the stair And a' her maids be-



Third system of the song. The vocal line continues with 'La - - dy And she came trip-ping down the stair And a' her maids be-'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include 'p' (piano).

- fore her As soon as they saw her well fa'rd face They cast the glamie o'er her



Fourth system of the song. The vocal line continues with '- fore her As soon as they saw her well fa'rd face They cast the glamie o'er her'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include 'cres' (crescendo) and 'f' (forte).



Fifth system of the song. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include 'f' (forte).

Jenny's bawbee

Violino.

Allegretto.
Scherzando.



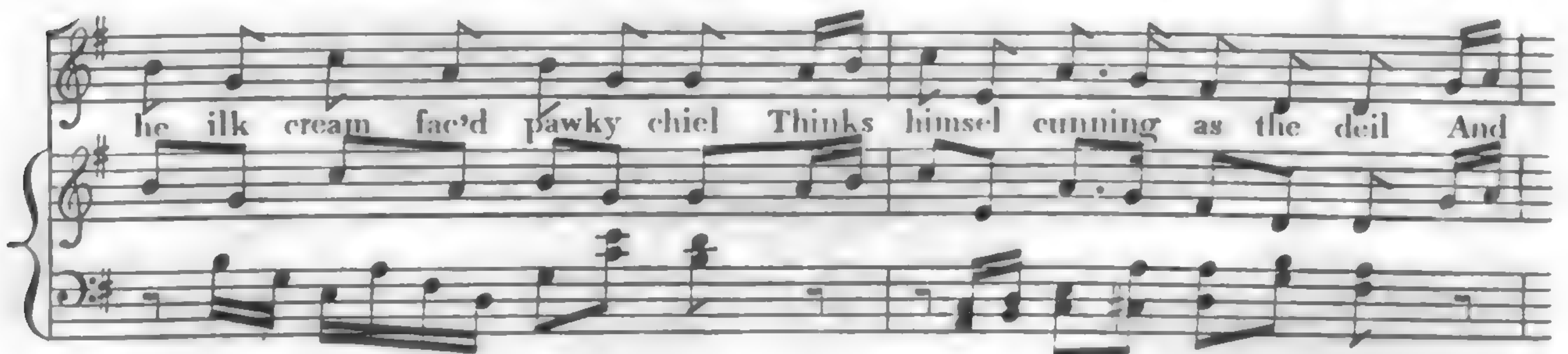
I met four chaps yon birks a--mang Wi' hing-ing lugs and faces lang I



spier'd at Neighbour Bauldy Strang What are they these I see Quo'



he ilk cream fac'd pawky chiel Thinks himsel cunning as the deil And



here they came a--wa to steal Jen-ny's baw--bee.



Violino.



I MET FOUR CHAPS YON BIRKS AMANG.

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AIR-JENNY'S BAWBEE.

CHRO CHALLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC FOR THIS WORK,

By MRS GRANT.

HIGHLAND AIR—CHRO CHALLIN.

The following Song, from the Gaelic, when sent to the Editor, was accompanied by some remarks of the Translator, which shall here be prefixed: "The verses of CRO CHALLIN have lived from the days when agriculture was in its infancy, and continue still to soothe every fold, and lull every cradle in these wild regions. A literal translation I don't pretend to give, but I will venture to appeal to every judge of Gaelic and of poetry, whether I have not rendered the spirit of this curious fragment of antiquity. The changes which time and culture have effected on manners are best traced in popular songs, more particularly the Gaelic fragments, in which the transitions from the life of a Hunter to that of a Herdsman, and from that to the more laborious and stationary pursuits of agriculture, are strongly marked. Anciently the Hunter was admired as a person of manly courage, who, in the pursuit of a livelihood, exerted the virtues of patience and fortitude, and followed Nature into her most sublime retirements. Herdsmen were then accounted the sons of little men; sordid, inferior beings, who preferred ease and safety to noble daring, and boundless variety; and were considered to be as much below the Hunter as the cattle they tended were inferior in grace and agility to the deer the others pursued. Interest, however, reversed such opinions: In process of time the maidens boasted of the numerous herds of their lovers, and viewed the Huntsman as a poor wandering adventurer. About this time the Song here translated seems to have been composed. The enamoured nymph, willing to think Colin as rich as others, talks in an obscure and figurative manner of the Cattle of Colin (Cro Challin,) and pursues the metaphor through many playful allusions to the deer, roes, fawns, &c. and their manner of sporting and feeding, in a style too minute for translation: In the end, however, it appears, that the boasted cattle of Colin were no other than those wild commoners of nature, and his sole profession that of hunting! I have endeavoured to preserve the tender simplicity of the original, and to render, almost literally, the fond repetition of endearing epithets. The love-songs of those days were the breathings of real passion: nobody thought of that most absurd of all things,—a fictitious love-song:

—— "It is silly sooth,
 "And dallies with the innocence of love,
 "Like the old age."

Mr Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear!
 Who wont the wild mountains to trace without fear;
 O where are thy flocks that so swiftly rebound,
 And fly o'er the heath without touching the ground?

So dappled, so varied, so beauteous their hue,
 So agile, so graceful, so charming to view;
 O'er all the wide forest there's nought can compeer
 With the light-bounding flocks of my Colin, my dear.

My Colin, dear Colin, my Colin, my love!
 O where are thy herds that so loftily move,
 With branches so stately their proud heads are crown'd,
 With their motion so rapid the woods all resound.

Where the birch-trees hang weeping o'er fountains so clear,
 At noon-day they're sleeping round Colin, my dear.

O Colin, sweet Colin, my Colin, my joy!
 Must those flocks and those herds all thy moments employ!

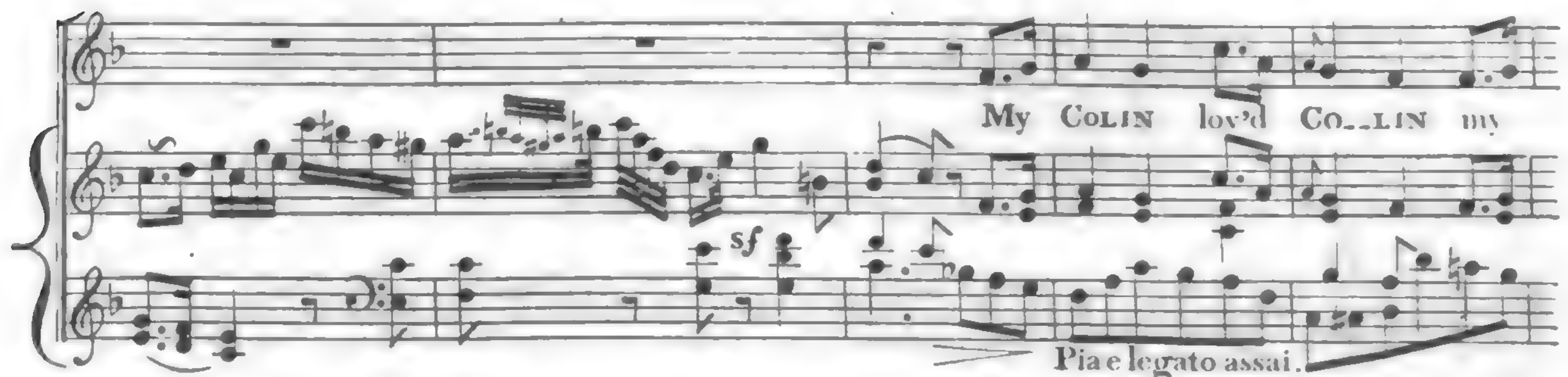
To yon waterfall's dashing I tune my sad strain,
 And gather these violets for Colin in vain;
 At sun-set he said he would meet with me here,
 Then where can he linger, my Colin, my dear?

O Colin, my darling, my pleasure, my pride!
 While the flocks of rich shepherds are grazing so wide,
 Regardless I view them, unheeded the swains,
 Whose herds scatter'd round me adorn the green plains.

Their offers I hear, and their plenty I see,
 But what are their wealth and their offers to me;
 While the light-bounding roes, and the wild mountain deer,
 Are the cattle of Colin, my hunter, my dear!

My Colin, lov'd Colin. Air, Crochallin. 198

*Andante
con molto
espressione*



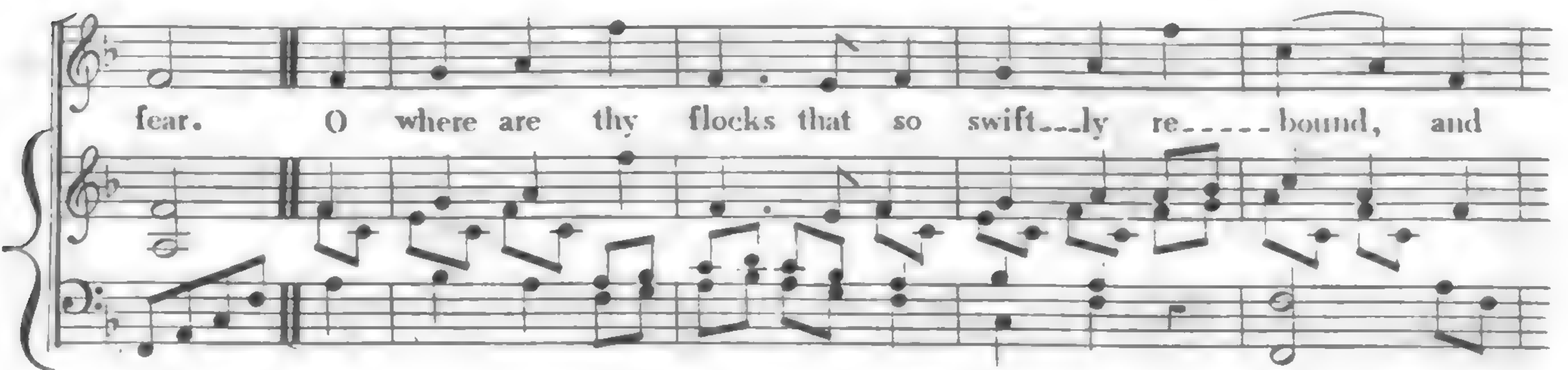
My COLIN lov'd COLLIN my

sf

Pia e legato assai.



COLLIN my dear Who went the wild moun-tains to trace with-out

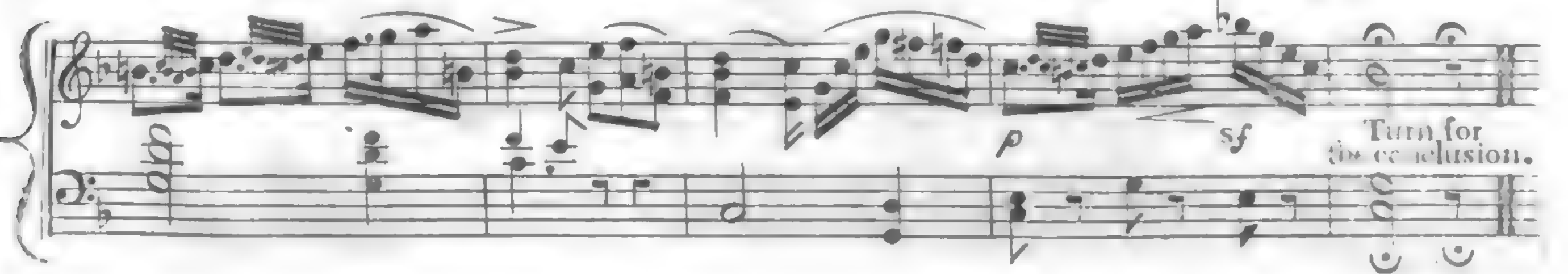


fear. O where are thy flocks that so swift-ly re-bound, and



fly o'er the heath with-out touch-ing the ground.

sf *p*



p *sf*

Turn for
the conclusion.

Colin to Flora. Air. The rock's a wee pickle ton.

*Allegretto
piuttosto
vivace*

O were I as fleet as the wings of the wind, in chace of the roes when springing Love; At the

sound of your voice I wou'd loiter be hind, So sweet is the charm of your singing Love. I

heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm wou'd slacken my speed and enervate my arm; the

deer drawing near now no more in alarm through brakes in the woods are springing Love.

fz fz p

COLIN TO FLORA.—O WERE I AS FLEET, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

AIR—THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

O WERE I as fleet as the wings of the wind,
 In chace of the roes when springing, Love,
 At the sound of your voice I would loiter behind,
 So sweet is the charm of your singing, Love.
 I heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm
 Would slacken my speed, and enervate my arm;
 See the deer, drawing near, now no more in alarm,
 Secure through the woodlands are springing, Love.

While Echo, delighted, repeats the sweet sound,
 And rocks with the music are ringing, Love;
 The hinds with their fawns come enraptur'd around,
 And lose all their fears in your singing, Love.*

If Flora to Mora can gather the deer,
 All heedless of danger, her accents to hear;
 While gazing and praising that melody clear,
 Can Colin his bow be stringing, Love?

Let my arrows be scatter'd, my bow be unstrung,
 And the deer all in safety be springing, Love;
 Let me gaze on your eyes, and attend to your tongue,
 While the woodlands in concert are ringing, Love.
 While pining and twining the chaplet for me,
 Thy hunter still chases a vision of thee;
 My youth and my truth from inconstancy free,
 I vow'd to you at the beginning, Love.

* When the maids, milking the cows in distant glens, sing Chro Challin, or any other melody, the deer frequently draw near to listen.

THE OLD SONG OF

THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't;
 But looting her down, her rock took a low,
 And that was an ill beginning o't.
 She spat on't, she flet on't, and tramp'd on its pate,
 But a' she could do, it wad hae its ain gate;
 At last she sat down, and she bitterly grat
 That ever she try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these threescore o' years,
 And ay I kept free o' the spinning o't;
 But how I was sarket, foul fa' them that spiers,
 To mind me o' the beginning o't.
 The women are now-a-days turn'd sae braw,
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa;
 The world was better when fient ane ava,
 But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin,
 That had been sae lang o' beginning o't,
 I well might have ended as I had begun,
 And never have try'd the spinning o't.

But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird,
 I thought anes a-day it wad never be speird,
 How loot ye the low tak the rock by the beard,
 When ye gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,
 To think on the ill beginning o't;
 I thought ere I died to have made out a wab,
 And this was the first beginning o't.
 But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I wou'd gie,
 That they frae spinning wou'd keep their hands free,
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But if they in spite of my counsel would run
 The dreary sad risk o' the spinning o't,
 Let them find a lown seat lighted up by the sun,
 Syne venture upon the beginning o't:
 But to do as I've done, alack and avow,
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow,—
 The meikle deil tak the spinning o't.

GOOD NIGHT, &c.—THE OLD CHIEFTAIN TO HIS SONS.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AIR—GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YE.

G ood night and joy be wi' ye a' ;	When on yon muir our gallant clan
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :	Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw !	Wha show'd himsel a better man,
In sorrow may ye never part !	Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore ?
My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;	But when in peace,—then mark me there—
The mountain fires now blaze in vain :	When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,	I gave him of our hardy fare,
And in your deeds I'll live again !	I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
 Be canty, but be good and leal ;
 Your ain ills ay ha'e heart to bear,
 Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel.
 So, e'er I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph e'er I fa' :
 My parting breath shall boast you mine ;
 Good night and joy be wi' ye a' !

Edinburgh :

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR,
 FOR THE PROPRIETOR, G. THOMSON,
 ROYAL EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH.

1820.

Good night & joy be wi' ye

200

Allegretto
e ben
marcato.

Good night and joy be wi' ye a' Your harm-less mirth has
cheer'd my heart May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw In sor-row may ye
ne-ver part My spi-rit lives, but strength is gone, The moun-tain fires now
blaze in vain Re-member sons the deeds I've done And in your deeds I'll live a-gain

sf sf sf

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano part, and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Allegretto e ben marcato.' The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'sf' (sforzando).

INDEX

TO THE

POETRY IN THE FOURTH VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.

FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page.	FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page.
A			O		
Auld gudeman ye're a drunken carle	BOSWELL, A. Esq.	165	Oft I went to her	BOSWELL	173
A highland lad my love was born . .	BURNS	188	O lassie art thou sleepin' yet . . .	BURNS	156
As I stood by yon roofless tower . .	<i>Ditto</i>	186	O Phely happy be that day	<i>Ditto</i>	160
At Willy's wedding on the green . .	BOSWELL	174	O say bonny lass, &c.	<i>Unknown</i>	164
B			O say my sweet Nan, &c.	MACNEILL	164
Behold the hour, the boat arrive . .	BURNS	154	O were I as fleet as the wings, &c. .	GRANT MRS	199
Be mine a cot in some lone glen . .	RICHARDSON	158	O were my love yon lilac fair . . .	BURNS, &c.	154
But are you sure the news is true . .	<i>Unknown</i>	163	O were I laid where Colin lies . .	GRANT MRS	168
C			O what had I ado for to marry . .	<i>Unknown</i>	170
Come fetch to me a pint o' wine . .	BURNS	189	O Willy brew'd a peck o' mawt . .	BURNS	179
Coming through the craigs of Kyle .	GLOVER MISS	158	O wise and valliant Willy	GRANT MRS	153
Come rest ye here, Johnny	BOSWELL	172	S		
Come under my plaidy	MACNEILL	171	Sae flaxen were her ringlets . . .	BURNS	190
Could I find a bonny glen	GRANT MRS	181	Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou . . .	<i>Ditto</i>	157
Craz'd Walter came, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	196	T		
F			The Catrine woods were yellow seen	BURNS	151
First when Maggy was my care . .	BURNS	169	The gypsies came, &c.	<i>Unknown</i>	196
From the chace on the mountains . .	<i>Unknown</i>	176	The lawland maids think they are fine	RAMSAY	179
G			The pawky auld carle, &c.	JAMES V.	191
Good night and joy be wi' ye a' . .	BOSWELL	200	The silver moon's enamour'd beam .	CUNNINGHAME	159
H			There liv'd ance a carle, &c. . . .	<i>Unknown</i>	182
Harken, and I will tell you how . .	<i>Unknown</i>	177	There's nought but care, &c. . . .	BURNS	155
Hark the mavis ev'ning sang . . .	BURNS	166	There was a lass and she was fair .	<i>Ditto</i>	152
Hech what a change, &c.	BOSWELL	182	There was an auld wife, &c. . . .	<i>Unknown</i>	199
How can my poor heart be glad . .	BURNS	161	Thickest night surround my dwelling	BURNS	178
How mild that eve the sun went down	RICHARDSON	183	Tibby Fowler o' the glen	<i>Unknown</i>	192
I			'Tis nae very lang sinsyne	<i>Ditto</i>	187
I lo'e na a laddie but ane	MACNEILL	185	'Twas summer and softly, &c. . . .	TAIT	167
I met four chaps yon birks amang .	BOSWELL	197	U		
I wish I were where Helen lies . .	<i>Unknown</i>	168	Up amang yon clifly rocks	DUDGEON	166
K			W		
Keen blows the wind, &c.	PICKERING	186	What ails this heart o' mine . . .	BLAIRIE MISS	180
L			When first I came to be a man . .	SKINNER	184
Let my lass be young	BOSWELL	193	When o'er the hill the eastern star .	BURNS	195
M			Where Esk its silver current leads .	<i>Unknown</i>	152
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion	BURNS	157	Where's he for honest poverty . .	BURNS	163
My Colin, lov'd Colin, &c. . . .	GRANT MRS	198	Willy was a wanton wag	<i>Unknown</i>	182
My love built me a bonny bower . .	<i>Unknown</i>	162	Willy Wastle dwal't on Tweed . .	BURNS	192
My love was born in Aberdeen . .	<i>Ditto</i>	188	With trembling feet, &c.	A LADY	162
My mither's ay glowrin o'er me . .	RAMSAY	194	Y		
My sorrow, deep sorrow, &c. . . .	GRANT MRS	176	Ye braes of Touch, how sweet, &c. .	A LADY	195
N			Ye gales that gently wave the sea .	RAMSAY	183
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen . .	RAMSAY	194	You ask me why great dogs, &c. . .	MACNEILL	187
O					
Och pretty Kate, my darling Kate .	BOSWELL	175			
Of a' the airts the wind can blow . .	BURNS, &c.	159			

INDEX

TO THE

AIRS IN THE FOURTH VOLUME.

*The Airs distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, being mentioned in ALLAN RAMSAY'S Tea-Table Miscellany, published in 1724. Those marked thus || are known to be modern. And those with this mark * are understood to be Irish.*

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS OF THIS VOLUME COMPOSED WHOLLY BY
HAYDN.

AIRS.	Page.	AIRS.	Page.
C		O'er the hills and far awa§	161
Chro Challin	198	Oonigh*	190
D		Oran gaoil	Duet . . . 154
De'il tak the wars	157	P	
E		Pat and Kate*	Duet . . . 175
Edinburgh Kate, §	194	Phely and Willy (The sow's tail to Geordy) Duet . . .	160
F		R	
Fair Helen of Kirkconnel	168	Rattling Roaring Willy	153
Fy let us a' to the bridal §	187	S	
G		Shelah O'Neal 	By A BOSWELL, Esq. . 173
Green grow the rashes	155	Strathallan's lament 	By MASTERTON . . . 178
Gude night and joy be wi' ye a'	200	T	
H		The boatman§	183
Happy Dick Dawson	185	The border widow's lament*	162
Hooly and fairly	170	The braes of Ballochmyle 	By MASTERTON . . . 151
J		The brisk young lad	191
Jenny's babee	192	The east neuk o' Fife	165
Jenny dang the weaver	174	The happy toppers 	By MASTERTON . . . 179
Johnie Faw, or the Gipsie Laddie	196	The lea rigg	195
Johnny Macgill *	171	The maid that tends the goats	163
John o' Badenyon	184	The minstrel	186
K		The old highland laddie§	189
Kellyburn braes	182	The Poet's sin Jean 	By MARSHALL . . . 159
L		The rock and a wee pickle tow§	199
Let me in this ae night	156	The soldier laddie	172
Langolee *	167	The three captains	193
M		The white cockade	188
Macgregor of Ruara's lament	176	The wish	181
Muirland Willie §	177	U	
My mither's ay glowrin o'er me §	194	Up and war them a' Willy	163
O		W	
O bonny lass, will ye ly in a barrack *	164	What ails this heart o' mine 	By W. CLARKE. Duet 180
O'er the moor amang the heather	158	Whistle o'er the lave o't	159
		Willy was a wanton wag§	152





